THE WORLD'S FAMOUS QUEENS

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS QUEENS.

BY

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"THE STORY OF SCIENCE," "THE PRINCE OF THE FLAMING STAR,"

"WHAT SHE MADE OF HER LIFE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

THE aim of this book is to give in as concise manner as possible, consistent with graphic narration and biographical completeness, the most important and interesting events in the lives of these famous rulers; together with a brief history of the various epochs in which they lived, and a description of the manners and customs of the people comprising the several nations governed by these illustrious sovereigns.

In a companion volume, entitled *The World's Famous Rulers*, will be found a record of the lives of the illustrious male monarchs of the world.

THE AUTHOR.

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QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

BOOK OF FAMOUS QUEENS.

SEMIRAMIS.

2069 B.C.

"What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?" — COWLEY.

THE name of Semiramis is associated with the story of Nineveh's glory, and the building of the mighty city of Babylon. And though historians differ widely regarding the time of her famous reign, and some even express doubts whether she ever really existed, holding that her story was a mythological legend, her name is too illustrious to be passed over in silence, and her deeds too remarkable to be ignored, if she did in truth live; and if the story is a mere legend, it is, moreover, so interwoven with historical records as to deserve mention.

The date we have chosen from among many, covering more than a thousand years, is the date of the founding of Nineveh by Ninus, who was said to be the son of the mighty Nimrod, whom some say founded this great city; his son only embellishing it. Rollin states that Nimrod was probably the famous Belus of the Babylonians, afterwards deified by the people and worshipped under the name of Baal.

The birth of Semiramis, the celebrated queen of Assyria, is shrouded in mystery. Legends say that she

was born at Ascalon, a city of Syria, and that she was the daughter of the goddess Derceto, and that her father was an Assyrian youth of striking beauty. Being deserted by her mother, she was fed by doves in the desert; and when she was about a year old, a shepherd named Simmas found the infant in a rocky place, and he adopted the foundling as his child, calling her Semiramis.

When she had grown to maidenhood, she was remarkable for her great beauty, and was also possessed of an unusual intelligence. Menones, the governor of Nineveh, having on one occasion been sent by King Ninus to inspect his Syrian flocks, beheld this beautiful maiden at the shepherd's dwelling, and being intensely pleased by her marvellous beauty, made her his wife. So great a power did Semiramis obtain over her husband Menones, that he was soon completely subject to her wishes, and so much did he respect her judgment that he sought her advice upon every project. King Ninus previously to this time had subjugated in seventeen years all the nations of Asia, with the exception of the Indians and the Bactrians. He had conquered Babylonia, Armenia, Media, Egypt, Phœnicia, Cœle Syria, Cilicia, Lycia, Lydia, Mysia, Phrygia, Bithynia, Cappadocia, and reduced the nations on the Pontus as far as the Tanais. Then he made himself master of the land of the Cadusians and Tapyrians, of the Hyrcanians, Drangians, Derbiccians, Carmanians, Chorasmians, Barcians, and Parthians. He also conquered Persia, Susiana, and Caspiana. Ninus then determined to build a mighty city, and so he founded Nineveh, or finished the work which his father had begun.

This city was built on the bank of the river Tigris. The circumference of the city was sixty miles, and it was surrounded by walls one hundred feet high, and so broad

KING NINUS.

that three chariots might ride abreast upon the top. The walls were fortified with fifteen hundred towers, each two hundred feet high. When this great city was completed, King Ninus determined to march against the Bactrians, who yet withstood his power. According to the accounts of Ctesias and Diodorus, his army numbered 1,700,000 foot-soldiers, 210,000 cavalry, and about 10,600 chariots of war. The narrowness of the passes which protect the entrance to Bactria forced Ninus to divide his forces. The king of the Bactrians met him with 400,000 men. The Assyrians were successful in forcing their way into the country, but they suffered great loss. At length all of the cities were captured except Bactria, the chief city, where was the palace of the king. Ninus now besieged this city, and Menones, who was one of the chief counsellors of the king, sent for his wife Semiramis to come to the camp. Semiramis seized this favorable opportunity to display her power. She clothed herself in peculiar garments, so that it could not be ascertained whether she was a man or a woman; and this style of robe at a later day became the costume of the Medes and Persians. When she arrived in the camp, she perceived that the attack was directed chiefly against that part of the city lying in the plain, and not against the citadel; and she also perceived that this caused the Bactrians to guard their fortifications with less vigilance. She thereupon made selection of a body of troops who were accustomed to climbing, and led them in person to the attack of the citadel. This she captured, and then signalled to the army below in the plains. The Bactrians, perceiving that their citadel was taken, made weak resistance, and the city was conquered. King Ninus so admired the daring courage of this beautiful woman who had gained for him such

a victory, that he determined to make her his wife, and offered his own daughter to Menones, in exchange for his wife Semiramis. But Menones was too much attached to his wife to relinquish her to another, and then Ninus threatened to put out the eyes of Menones unless he would consent to this arrangement. The unhappy Menones, overcome with jealous love and fear, hung himself in despair, and King Ninus then married Semiramis. Accounts differ regarding the death of Ninus, which placed Semiramis upon this powerful throne. According to some, Ninus died after reigning fifty-two years, and bequeathed to her the sovereign power, their young son, Ninyas, being too young to reign. Others state that Ninus, at the request of Semiramis, granted to his young and beautiful wife the absolute sovereignty of his empire for five days. The young queen of twenty was seated upon the royal throne, the signet ring was placed upon her finger, and all the provinces of the realm were commanded to do her reverence, and obey implicitly her decrees.

Semiramis, having thus secured supreme authority, made most ungrateful and wicked use of her power. She thereupon commanded her husband to be imprisoned, and afterwards put to death; and then declared herself his successor, and reigned alone during the remainder of her life. Whether she killed her husband or not, she is said to have erected for him a magnificent tomb adjoining the famous Tower of Belus, and adorned it with statues of massive gold.

She now resolved to immortalize her name by the erection of marvellous monuments, and undertaking mighty and difficult enterprises. She determined to surpass the fame of Ninus; and accordingly undertook the founding, or embellishment, of the great city of Babylon, in which

REPRESENTATION OF A SIEGE.

work she is said to have employed two millions of men.

The foundation of Babylon had already been commenced by the builders of the famous Tower of Babel. Among the works in Babylon attributed to Semiramis, are the walls and towers and citadels; the bridge over the Euphrates, the temple of Belus, and the excavation of the lake to draw off the waters of the Euphrates. She is said to have founded other cities on the Euphrates and Tigris. She built huge aqueducts, connected various cities by roads and highways, in the construction of which she was forced to level mountains and fill up valleys. She is said to have marched with a large army to Media, and planted the garden near Mount Bagistanon. This mountain is more than ten thousand feet high, and she caused its steep face to be smoothed, and on it her picture was cut, surrounded by one hundred guards. She afterwards made another large garden near the city of Chauon, in Media, and in the midst of it, upon a high rock, she erected a splendid palace, in which she remained for a long time. In Ecbatana she also built a magnificent palace; and in order to provide the city with water, she caused a tunnel to be cut through the base of the lofty mountain Orontes, to a lake lying upon its further side. The following is one of the many inscriptions she caused to be carved upon the monuments of her power and surprising greatness.

"Nature bestowed on me the form of a woman; my actions have surpassed those of the most valiant of men. I ruled the empire of Ninus, which stretched eastward as far as the river Hyhanam, southward to the land of incense and of myrrh, and northward to the country of the Scythians and Sogdians. Before me, no Assyrian

had seen the great sea. I beheld with my own eyes four seas, and their shores acknowledged my power. I constrained the mighty rivers to flow according to my will, and I led their waters to fertilize lands that had been before barren and without inhabitants. I raised impregnable towers; I constructed paved roads in ways hitherto untrodden but by the beast of the forests; and in the midst of these mighty works I found time for pleasure and for friendship."

Semiramis was very vigilant and daring in the administration of her government. It is related that one morning, when she was making her toilet, it was reported to her that a revolt had broken out among a portion of the citizens. She immediately rushed forth, half-attired, with hair floating in disorder, and bravely faced the tumultuous crowd of rioters. Her presence and eloquence quickly appeased their fury, and then she returned and calmly finished her toilet.

At length she determined to subjugate India. For two years she made preparations for this expedition. Her army consisted of 3,000,000 foot-soldiers, 500,000 horsemen, and 100,000 chariots. As the Indians were famous for their vast numbers of elephants which they used in battle, which were considered almost invincible, Semiramis determined to endeavor to overcome this obstacle by stratagem. She accordingly ordered 100,000 camels to be covered with the sewn skins of black oxen, in imitation of elephants; and each animal was mounted by a warrior. For crossing the Indus, 2,000 ships were built, and then taken to pieces and strapped on the backs of camels, while travelling on land. Stabrobates, the king of the Indians, had raised a mighty force to meet her. As Semiramis approached his realm, he sent

BATTLE PIECE FROM NINEVEH.

messengers to her to inquire why she was making war upon him, and demanding to know who she was who thus dared to invade his kingdom. The haughty Assyrian queen replied, "Go to your king, and tell him I will myself inform him who I am and why I am come hither."

In the first contest Semiramis was victorious, and she took 100,000 prisoners; a thousand ships of the Indians were sunk in the Indus. But the Indian king, pretending flight, led the army of Semiramis after him. Having caused a large bridge to be built over the Indus, Semiramis landed her entire army on the other side, and with her mock elephants in front of her forces, she pursued the retreating Indians. At first the Indians were alarmed by these false elephants; but finding out the stratagem, the king of India turned, and attacking Semiramis with his real elephants, her troops were put to flight, and she herself was wounded by an arrow and javelin thrown by the Indian king, who was mounted on his largest elephant. Semiramis and the remnant of her army hastened across the Indus; and as Stabrobates had been warned by seers not to cross the river, they came to terms of capitulation, and exchanged prisoners. Then Semiramis returned to Assyria with only one-third of her army left.

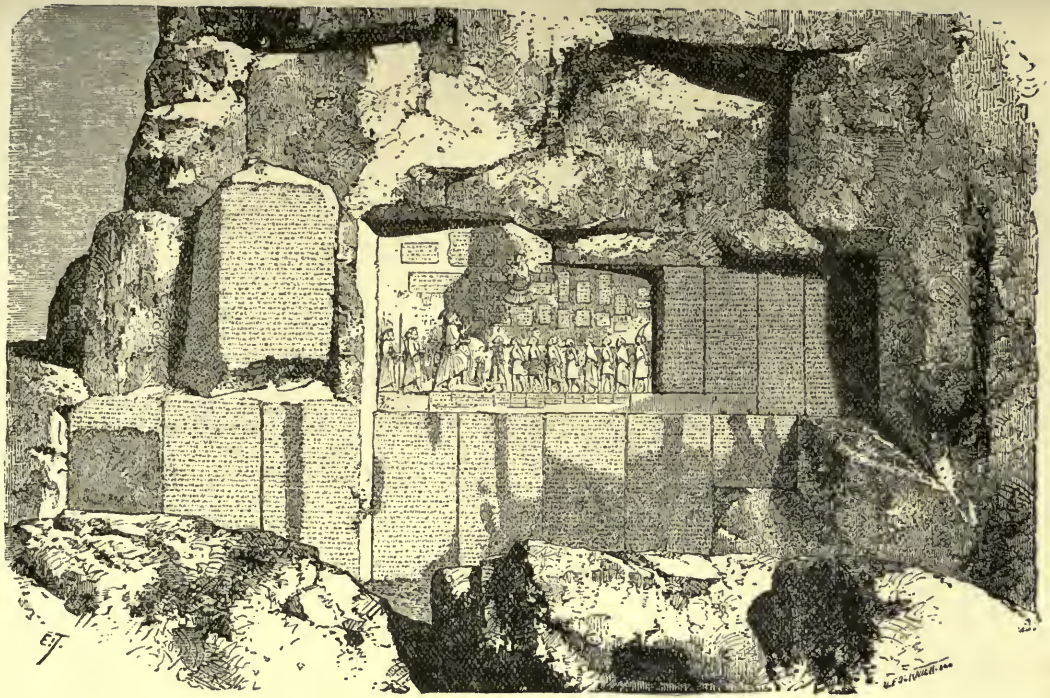
When she arrived again within the borders of her own kingdom, she was informed that her son Ninyas had conspired against her. As the oracle in the temple of Jupiter Ammon had previously declared that when her son should conspire against her, she would disappear from the sight of mortals and be received among the immortals, this news occasioned no resentment against Ninyas; but she immediately abdicated the throne and transferred the kingdom to him, and is said to have put herself to death,

as though according to the oracle she had raised herself to the gods. Others relate that she was reported to have been changed into a dove, and thereupon flew out of the palace with a flock of doves. Wherefore, the Assyrians regard Semiramis as an immortal, and the dove as sacred to divinity. She was sixty-two years of age, having reigned forty-two years.

The following is one of the inscriptions in which she gives her own genealogy, claiming celestial origin. She is said to have inscribed her name and praises of her own greatness upon many of the monuments she erected to immortalize herself.

"MY FATHER WAS JUPITER BELUS;
MY GRANDFATHER, BABYLONIAN SATURN;
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, ETHIOPIAN SATURN;
MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S FATHER, EGYPTIAN SATURN;
AND MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S GRANDFATHER, PHŒNIX CŒLUS OGYGES."

This amusing catalogue of high-sounding ancestors may not seem so very ridiculous in view of the supposition that she never did exist as a mortal, but that her name and exploits have come down through the legends of poetry. For it is stated by some authorities that the story of Semiramis, as related by Ctesias, from which source Diodorus takes his account, was founded upon Medo-Persian poems sung by the minstrels of Media and Persia, and that these poems represent the Assyrians as worshipping a female deity, who was called Istar-Bilit, the war-goddess, and also goddess of love. Istar of Arbela was the goddess of battle, and Istar of Nineveh was the goddess of love. Doves were sacred to her, and in the temples of Syria there were statues of this god-



ROCK INSCRIPTION.

dess with a golden dove on her head. She was invoked there under the name of Semiramis, a word meaning "high name." Thus the Medo-Persian minstrels have changed the legend of an Assyrian goddess into a heroine, and made her the founder of the Assyrian empire, just as Greek poets represent their heroes as children of the Immortals of Olympus.

Whether the story of Semiramis is a fabulous legend, or whether she is really a historical character, is rather difficult to determine; but her supposed exploits are so interwoven with Assyrian and Babylonian history that most authorities give her a prominent historical place; and if half of her marvellous deeds are true, she must without doubt hold an illustrious place amongst the famous queens of ancient history.

DIDO.

937 B.C.

"As on the banks of Eurotas, or on Mount Cynthus' top, Diana leads her train of mountain nymphs, bearing her quiver on her shoulder, and moving majestic, she towers above the other goddesses; such Dido was, and such, with cheerful grace, she passed amid her train, urging forward the labor of founding and enlarging her mighty kingdom."— VIRGIL.

THERE are two accounts given of the famous Queen Dido. According to the historian Justin, Dido, called also Elissa, was the daughter of Belus II., king of Tyre. Ithobal, king of Tyre, and father of the famous Jezebel, called in Scripture Ethbaal, was said to have been her great-grandfather. Upon the death of Dido's father, her brother Pygmalion came to the throne. Dido married her maternal uncle, Acerbas, who is also called Sichæus by Virgil. Acerbas was the priest of Hercules, an office next in rank to that of king.

This priest possessed immense treasures which King Pygmalion desired to secure, and thereupon he assassinated Acerbas whilst the priest was officiating at the altar. Dido, who was greatly attached to her husband, was horrified at her brother's atrocious wickedness, and inconsolable in her great loss. She immediately determined to flee from Tyre, and take with her the treasures of her husband, that they might not fall into the hands of the avaricious murderer. Having secretly collected quite a number of followers, Dido embarked in a fleet, and sailed

from Tyre. Pygmalion, fearing that he would lose the coveted treasures, sent messengers to his sister begging her to return. The ships of Pygmalion's ambassadors having overtaken Dido, they delivered to her the request of the king. Dido apparently assented, but took the precaution when embarking to place in her ship, in the presence of Pygmalion's messengers, several bales filled with sand, which she informed them contained the treasures. When they were out at sea, Dido commanded her attendants to throw these bales into the sea; and then representing to those who had come from the monarch that only death awaited them, should they return to Pygmalion without the treasure, which they now supposed was buried in the ocean, she induced them to become her companions in her flight. Thereupon large numbers of the chief men joined her party. Dido, with her fleet, sailed first to Cyprus, which island had belonged to the dominions of her father, who had conquered it. Here she was met by the priest of Jupiter, and together with his entire family, he joined her expedition, in obedience to the supposed will of the gods. Dido also took on board her fleet eighty maidens of Cyprus, who afterwards married her Tyrian subjects.

Having been driven by a storm on to the coast of Africa, Dido bargained with the inhabitants for the purchase of some land upon which to make a settlement. The natives, fearful of the power of these new neighbors, would only consent to sell such a portion of land as could be covered by a bull's hide. But the wily Dido was not to be thus baffled; and conceding to their terms with apparent willingness, she cut the hide of the bull into long and slender thongs, thus being able to enclose with them a large portion of ground. The space thus purchased was hence called *Byrsa*, from the Greek word, meaning

"a hide," though some writers contend that the name of Byrsa, the citadel of Carthage, was derived from the Punic term *Basra*, "a fortification." Around this first settlement the city of Carthage arose, and Byrsa became the citadel of the place.

It is said, that when the foundations were dug, a horse's head was found, which was thought to be a good omen, and a presage of the future warlike genius of the people. After this Tyrian colony had become established, the fame of their queen, Dido, gained for her many suitors. But she refused all their offers, having made a vow that she would remain faithful to the memory of her husband, Acerbas. At length, Iarbas, king of Mauritania, sought her hand in marriage, and threatened war if his offers were rejected. Justin thus tells the story: —

Iarbas, sending for ten of the principal Carthaginians, demanded Dido in marriage, threatening to declare war against her in case of refusal. The ambassadors, being afraid to deliver the message of Iarbas to their queen, told her with Punic honesty, that he wanted to have some person sent him who was capable of civilizing and polishing himself and his Africans, but that there was no possibility of finding any Carthaginian who would be willing to leave his place and kindred, for the conversation of barbarians, who were as savage as the wildest beasts. Here the queen, with indignation interrupting them, and asking if they were not ashamed to refuse living in any manner which might be beneficial to their country, to which they owed even their lives, they then delivered the king's message, and bade her set them a pattern, and sacrifice herself to her country's welfare. Dido being thus ensnared, called on Sichæus with tears and lamentations, and answered that she would go where

HELEN OF TROY.

the fate of her city called her. She demanded three months for consideration. During this interval she caused a large funeral pile to be erected, as if for the purpose of offering a propitiatory sacrifice to the manes of Acerbas. At the expiration of the time allotted she ascended the fatal pile, and with her last breath told the spectators that she was going to her husband, as they had ordered her. She then plunged a dagger into her heart, before they realized her fatal intention.

This action procured for her the name of *Dido*, a "heroine" or "valiant woman," her previous name having been Elissa; though some authorities declare that *Dido* neither denotes the "heroine," as Servius maintains; nor the "man-slayer," as Eustathius pretends; nor the "wanderer," as other writers claim; but the name *Dido* means nothing more than "the beloved," whether the reference be to Baal or to her husband. The other appellation, Elissa, is said to mean "the exulting," or "joyous one," though Bochart claims that it signifies "the divine maiden."

Her subjects after her death paid her divine honors.

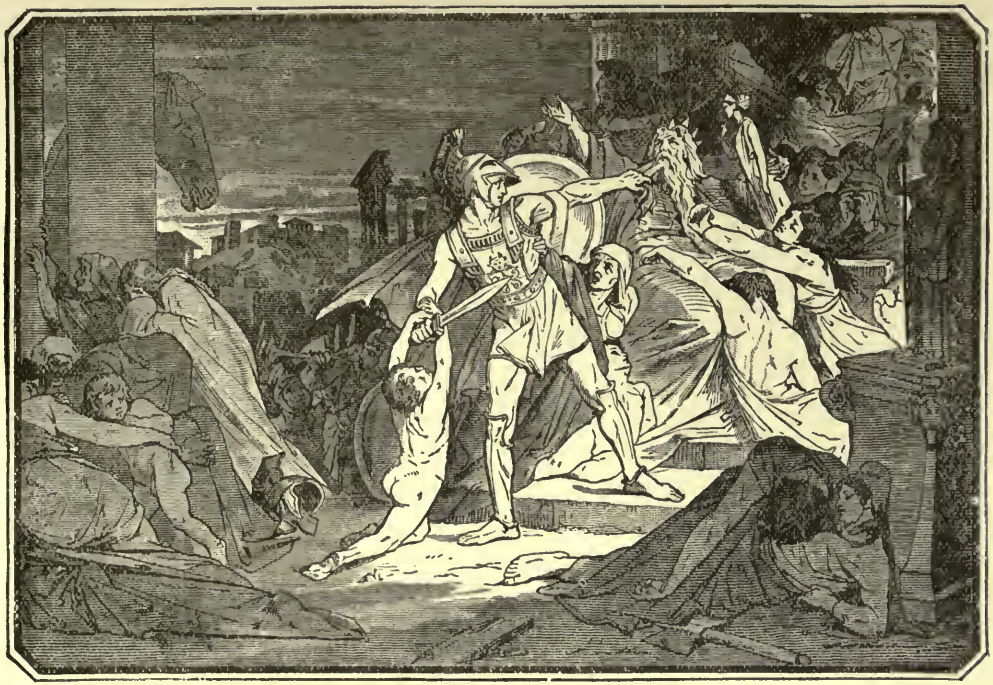
Thus authorities differ as much over Dido's name as accounts differ regarding her life. Virgil's poetical version of the story deviates quite materially from the historical narrative of Justin; but as Virgil's famous poem of the Æneid has obtained such world-wide fame, and gained a lasting place in classic literature, his story of Dido is too important to pass by unnoticed, and may be thus briefly narrated. According to Virgil's account, Dido flourished about the time of the Trojan War, whereas historians place her 247 years later in history, or about 937 B.C.

Dunlop, in his History of Roman Literature, says:

"Virgil wrote at such a distance of time from the events which formed the groundwork of his poem, and the events themselves were so obscure, that he could depart from history without violating probability. Thus it appears from chronology that Dido lived nearly three hundred years after the Trojan War; but the point was one of obscure antiquity, known perhaps to few readers, and not very precisely ascertained. Hence, so far was the violence offered to chronology from revolting his countrymen, that Ovid, who was so knowing in ancient histories and fables, wrote an heroic epistle as addressed by Dido to Æneas."

The reason of Dido's death is also differently stated by Virgil. But, notwithstanding these great and unreconcilable discrepancies, no one can fail to enjoy the charming story of Dido as related by the gifted poet.

After the fall of Troy, as narrated by the Greek poet Homer in the Iliad, the city was taken by the stratagem of the wooden horse. Priam, the old king of Troy, was slain by Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles; Paris, the son of Priam, having previously killed the great Achilles by the shot of an arrow in his heel, as Hector had prophesied at his death. After the death of Paris, Helen married Deiphobus, his brother, and at the taking of Troy betrayed him, in order to reconcile herself to Menelaüs, her first husband, who received her again into favor. Homer continues the story of Ulysses in the Odyssey, while Virgil, the Latin poet, takes up the history of Æneas after the fall of Troy, and gives account of his many adventures by land and sea. As our sketch has only to do with his visit to Carthage and his meeting with Queen Dido there, we must confine our narration to that part of the Æneid.



SACKING OF TROY. DEATH OF PRIAM.

While the battle was still raging in the city of Troy, and the old King Priam was slain in his palace by the son of the great Achilles, Æneas, finding the fate of Troy was sealed, hastened to his own home, and taking his old father Anchises upon his shoulders, and leading his little son Ascanius by the hand, followed by his wife Creüsa, they fled from the city to the temple of Ceres, where they were to meet others, who should accompany them upon their wanderings. But as Æneas hastened to go, Creüsa, his wife, was severed from him. Leaving Anchises and his son with his comrades who had assembled at the temple of Ceres, Æneas fled back into the city, searching for his wife. But nowhere could he find her, and as he sought her, sorrowing, lo! as he called her name, her image seemed to stand before him; and thus her spirit addressed him: —

"Why art thou vainly troubled? The ruler of Olympus willeth not that Creüsa should bear thee company in thy journey. Weep not, then, for Creüsa, whom thou lovest, nor think that I shall be carried away to be a bond-slave to some Grecian woman. Such fate befits not a daughter of Dardanus, and daughter-in-law of Venus. The mighty Mother of the Gods keepeth me in this land to serve her. And now, farewell, and love the young Ascanius, even thy son and mine." So saying, the spirit vanished from his sight, and Æneas, weeping, returned to his father and son and his comrades, now gathered at the temple of Ceres.

Then Æneas and his companions builded themselves ships, that they might sail over the seas, in obedience to the command of the gods, that they should seek another land; and when a year was wellnigh passed, the work was finished. Whereupon they sailed, taking their gods

with them. We have not space to recount their experiences in Thrace, Delos, or Crete; or to tell the story of the dreadful Cyclopés; nor of the death and burial of old Anchises in Sicily. But scarcely had they sailed from the land of Sicily, when Juno beheld them. Most wrathful was her countenance as she looked down upon these hated Trojans; and she said to herself: "Shall these men of Troy always baffle my august will? Shall I, though wife to mighty Jupiter, avail nothing against these people? Behold, none shall pay me honor and sacrifice if mortals thus withstand the wishes of the Goddess of Olympus." Thus musing in her heart, she betook herself to the land of Æolia, where King Æolus holdeth the winds within the mountains; and though they roar within the earth with furious mutterings, their king restraineth them according to his will. To him fair Juno spoke: "O Æolus, whom great Jupiter maketh king of the powerful winds, listen to my words. A nation whom I hold in no favor now saileth over the Tuscan seas. Loose now thy storms against them, so that their ships be buried in the deep; and behold, I will reward thee with the fairest maiden of all those lovely nymphs who around me wait my bidding."

Then King Æolus answered: —

"O Queen of dread Olympus! 'tis thine to order what thou wilt, and mine to obey thine august commands. It was thy gracious gift which bestowed upon me this sovereignty, and by thy favor am I permitted a place at the table of the gods."

Whereupon he unbarred the doors of the prison of the winds, which straightway rushed forth together in a mighty host, and rolled mountain high the waves of the sea. And thunders muttered, and lightnings flashed

ÆNEAS' FLIGHT FROM TROY.

across the heavens. Then were Æneas and his companions in great fear, and they called upon the gods in terror. Some of their ships were sunk in the sea, others shattered by the winds. Then was King Neptune roused by the wild commotions which waged in his dominions, and being aware of the wiles of his sister-goddess, he called to the winds with commanding voice: —

"What is this, ye winds, that ye dare to trouble my dominions without my august summons? Begone, and tell your king that the sea is mine to rule, and bid him confine his power to his allotted rocks and caves."

Then did King Neptune cross the sea in his chariot; and the rebellious waves sank back affrighted at the bidding of their mighty sovereign; and behold, the sea was calm and placid as the summer's smile. And the gods of the sea drew the ships from the rocks, King Neptune lifting them with his ponderous trident. So Æneas and his companions, being sore wearied with the storm, made for the nearest land in haste, and thus they found a haven in a land, even Africa. Hither came Æneas with seven ships.

Glad indeed were the men of Troy to stand once more upon dry land. Meanwhile, Æneas climbed a cliff to look upon the land whither they had come, and see if haply he might behold his comrades' ships, which, though he saw not, his labor was not in vain, for on the shore he noted three majestic stags, and, following, a goodly herd. Then did he let his arrows fly till seven of the animals were killed, which furnished ample food for the men upon his seven ships; which event greatly cheered their hearts; and thereupon they made a feast upon the shore, Æneas encouraging them with hopeful words of future peace and happiness.

Meanwhile upon these things great Jupiter looked down. And as he gazed, fair Venus, mother of Æneas, approached the mighty Jove with shining eyes bedimmed with tears. And thus she spoke: "O great Father, Ruler of all things! Didst thou not promise that my son Æneas and the men of Troy should rule o'er land and sea? Why art thou, then, turned back from thy purpose?" To whom Jove answered, whilst at the same moment he bent his awful head and kissed her brow, and his stern features calmed themselves like sunshine breaking through tempestuous clouds: "Fear not, my daughter! the fate of thy children changeth not. Thou shalt see this longed-for city which the Trojan race shall build, and thou shalt receive thy great-hearted Æneas safe on Mount Olympus.

"Æneas shall subdue the people of Italy, and build a city there, and shall reign three years; and after thirty years shall the boy Ascanius, who shall hereafter be called Iülus, change his throne from Lavinium to Alba, and for three hundred years shall Hector's kindred rule therein. Then shall twin sons be born, whom a she-wolf shall suckle. The one of whom, even Romulus, shall build a mighty city in honor of Mars, and it shall be called Rome. Juno shall then repent her of her wrath, and join with me in favor of the men of Rome, and they shall bear rule even over Argos and Mycenæ."

Having thus spoken, the mighty Jupiter called to his presence swift Mercury, who, donning winged sandals and golden helmet, flew shortly to Carthage, and as Jove commanded, turned the heart of Dido and her people to receive with favor these Trojan strangers thus cast upon their shores.

On the next day, Æneas, taking only Achates with him, went forth to view this new land whither they had

come. And lo! Venus, his mother, met him in the midst of a thiek wood. But the goddess veiled her heavenly features so that he knew her not, for she appeared habited as a Spartan maiden, after the fashion of a huntress.

Then first she spoke: "Have ye seen one of my sisters hereabouts? She is clothed in the skin of a spotted lynx, and girded with a quiver; or perehance she hunts a wild boar with horn and hound." To whom Æneas answered, wondering at her imperial bearing whieh her disguise could not entirely eonceal: "O Virgin! for what shall I indeed call thee; for surely neither thy mien nor voiee betokens mortal woman. Methinks thou art in truth some goddess, — perchanee sister of Phœbus, or haply some heavenly nymph. I have not seen thy sister; but I pray, forsooth, that thou wouldst tell us whither we have been driven, and who are the people amongst whom we find ourselves."

And Venus replied: "It is indeed a Tyrian eity that is near by, though the land be Libya. Dido is queen of this great eity, having eome hither from Tyre, flying from a wieked brother who had killed her husband in avaricious greed.

"This Dido was married to one Sichæus, riehest among all the men of Phœnieia, and greatly beloved by his wife, whose brother Pygmalion held the throne of Tyre and thirsted for possession of the vast treasures of his brother-in-law, the priest of Hereules. And even at the altar he slew him, but hid the matter from Dido, hoping to get the eoveted gold. But behold, the shade of Sichæus appeared to faithful Dido, showing his wounds by whieh he had been deprived of mortal life, and told her where he had hidden his treasures in the earth, bidding her secure them straightway and prepare for

instant flight from Tyre and Pygmalion's greed and cruelties.

"Then did Dido gather together many of the Tyrian nobles and men of skill, and with them she fled across the sea, and landed on this coast, where she has reared a mighty city, even brave Carthage; but from whence art thou, and whither do ye go?" To whom Æneas answered: "The long story of our wanderings would require many hours to relate. But suffice it, we are men of Troy, driven by storms to this Libyan shore. Men call me Prince Æneas, and my race is from Jupiter himself. We seek the land of Italy, for thither the gods have bidden us repair. With twenty ships did I set sail, but now scarce seven are left."

Then Venus said with tender voice and mien of sympathy: "Surely thou art beloved of the gods, whoever thou art, brave stranger! Go show thyself to the queen, even fair Dido; and as for thy ships and thy companions, fear not. Behold yon flock of twenty snow-white swans flying through air. See, e'en though an eagle swoops down from the sky and puts them to confusion for a time, again they move in order and settle safely on the ground. If I have not learned augury in vain, thus shall thy ships come safely in the harbor."

Then Venus turning, Æneas beheld a rosy light illumine her neck, and from her hair there came an odor sweet of heavenly ambrosia, and her garments grew into goddess-like vestments around her feet, ere she had vanished from the eyes of mortals. Then Æneas cried aloud: "O heavenly mother! why dost thou mock me with vain glimpses of thy much-loved form, nor suffer me to touch thy hand, nor grant me sight of thine immortal face?"

Then went Æneas and Achates towards the walls of the city, and Venus covered them with a thick mist, that thus no man should gaze on them, even though they might themselves behold all men and objects. And having mounted a hill o'erlooking the city, they marvelled much to behold its size and greatness. Some built the walls, rolling therefor great stones, while others reared the citadel, or marked the spot for houses. Others digged harbors or raised the walls of spacious theatres. Now in the midst of the city was a thickly wooded spot where Dido was erecting a noble temple in honor of Juno. Of bronze were gates and door-posts, and stately threshold with many steps thereunto.

And here Æneas wondered much to see painted upon the lofty walls the famous story of the fall of Troy. In order were the battles portrayed, and all the valiant Grecks and valorous Trojans were also there depicted; and Æneas knew himself, fighting amongst the Grecian chiefs.

Much was he moved thereat, and said with tears to Achates, his companion: "Is there any land which the story of our sorrows has not reached? Surely this fame shall profit us!" And lo! while Æneas marvelled at these things, Dido, most beautiful of women, fair as Diana, appeared amidst a throng of lovely maidens and bands of comely youths. Right nobly did she bear herself amongst her subjects, until she sat herself down on gorgeous throne in the gate of the temple, having armed heroes around her. There she dispensed justice, and apportioned to each his task in the building of her grand and stately city. Then suddenly Æneas beheld a company of men arrive with haste where Dido held her court, and quickly he perceived amongst them Antheus, and Cloanthus, and other men of Troy, from whom he had

been parted by the storm. Then leave being given Ilioneus, one of them, to address Queen Dido regarding their presence there, he thus began: "O Queen! whom Jupiter permits to rear this spacious city, we are men of Troy whom storms have driven to your midst; we pray thee spare our ships from flames, and save a people serving the gods. There is a land called Italy, whither we journey, as the gods commanded. We had a king, Æneas, but we know not whether he be alive or buried in the sea."

Then Dido answered: "Fear not, ye men of Troy! Know that I will give you help and protect you. If you will settle in this land, Trojans and Tyrians shall be equal in my sight. Would that your king were here! But I will send messengers throughout this land to seek him, lest haply he be cast upon the shore."

Then were Æneas and Achates glad to hear this welcome of the fair Queen Dido; and they would fain have shown themselves, but the mist restrained them. But lo! the cloud parted forthwith, and Æneas stood before the queen, with face and breast as of a god; for so his mother had clothed him, and cast about him a purple light, through which he shone with all the beauties of youth. Then spake he to Queen Dido: —

"Lo! I am he you ask for, even Æneas of Troy. So long as the rivers run to the seas, and the shadows fall on the hollows of the hills, so long shall thy name and glory last for this thy kindness to poor strangers cast upon thy shores."

Then Dido, after a time of silent meditation, graciously replied: "I too have wandered far, even as you, and having suffered much, have learnt to succor them that suffer. Even from the day my father Belus conquered Cyprus

have I known the wondrous tale of Troy. Come ye, therefore, to my palace."

So saying, she led Æneas to her stately palace, sending meanwhile most bountiful provision to his companions in the ships, — even twenty oxen, a hundred swine, and a hundred sheep and lambs. Then in her royal palace a sumptuous feast was spread. The tables were weighted with gold and silver vessels and cups of marvellous workmanship, whereon were engraved great deeds of valor. The rooms were adorned with luxurious couches draped with costly purple, embroidered with cunning skill; while fair Dido was herself most radiant in resplendent robes of shining tissues sparkling with priceless gems.

Then did Æneas send Achates in haste to the ships, that he might bring the young Ascanius to the feast. Also Æneas ordered that the boy should be laden with rare and costly gifts, of such things as they had saved from the ruins of Troy, that they might be presented to fair Dido as a grateful offering for her most courteous reception of himself and followers.

Among these gifts there was a mantle of golden tissue and a veil bordered with yellow acanthus: this had fair Helen brought from her Grecian home, and which her mother Leda had lovingly bestowed. There was a sceptre likewise, having belonged to Ilione, eldest daughter of King Priam; also a necklace of pearls, and a double crown of gold encrusted with dazzling jewels. But ere the boy Ascanius departed from the ships bearing these gifts, Venus contrived a cunning scheme to guard her son Æneas from any coming treachery from the men of Tyre; for Venus pondered well on Juno's hatred of her son and many wiles. So fair Venus called to her aid her bright son Cupid, even the lovely wingéd boy known as the god

of Love. To him she thus unfolded her well-laid plan: —

"Most beautiful and powerful Cupid! my best-beloved son, who laughest at the dreadful thunders of the mighty Jupiter, and canst even defy the wiles of wrathful Juno, thy aid I seek in guarding Æneas from her treacherous devices. To-day Queen Dido entertains thy brother Æneas in her palace, and showeth him courteous favor; but evil may betide unless her heart is fixed in continued liking for him. List thou, and do my bidding! His son Ascanius even now cometh from the ships, laden with rich gifts for the Carthaginian queen. I would that thou shouldst assume his dress and features and mode of speech and gait; bear thyself these presents to fair Dido, while I, meanwhile, will snatch the boy Ascanius away in a cloud, and bear him to Cythera or Idalium, and hide him there in heavy slumbers, resting on bed of sleep-producing flowers and fanned with gentle zephyrs. Do thou, meanwhile, go to the palace as Ascanius, and when Dido welcomes thee with kiss and fond embrace, breathe into her heart a fire of love, so that she shall forget the grave of Sichæus, and turn her thoughts and glances upon the handsome countenance of Æneas."

Thus did it come to pass. Ascanius slept in the cool and shady woods of Idalium, lulled by sweet-smelling flowers, and Cupid in the guise of Æneas's son did bear the costly gifts to the fair queen, which graciously she received with tender welcome and loving embraces of the beautiful boy, who, after greeting Æneas as his father, betook himself to the side of the gentle Dido; and as she toyed with his shining locks of golden hair or pressed fond kiss upon his brow, the wily Cupid did forthwith ensnare her heart; and though he had left wings and

darts behind when he put off his godlike mien, his bright eyes sent arrows of fire to her heart, and his childish clasp around her neck did thrill her being. But 'twas of the brave Æneas that she thought, and petted the pretty boy for his supposed father's sake. Much the Tyrians marvelled at the costly gifts of Prince Æneas, and more they wondered at his beautiful boy, the false Ascanius; and Dido could not satisfy her eyes with looking on this lovely vision of youthful beauty; and little wot she of the trouble that same winning child was preparing for her in the days to come.

Most sumptuous was the feast. Then the queen called for a huge cup of gold, encrusted with gems, from which King Belus, her illustrious father, often drank in his days of power; and having filled it with the sparkling wine, she cried: "Great Jupiter, thou god of feasts and mightiest of all the immortals at the table of the gods, grant joy this day to men of Troy and men of Tyre, and may our friendship endure to future generations." And having touched the foaming goblet to her lips, she handed it to the highest princes of the realm, and each in order drank. Then did the minstrel Iopas, famed for striking wondrous music from the harp, give charming entertainment to the guests, singing of sun and moon and stars; of Arcturus and Hyades, and why the winter sun hastens to dip his shining head in ocean, and why the winter nights are long and dreary; and also of men and beasts he sang; of valiant deeds and adventures of the chase. Then Queen Dido asked Æneas much of Troy and the wondrous story of its direful fall; nor was she satisfied until he had recounted all things that had befallen him, both during that famous contest and since, even till he landed on her shores. And many days were spent in telling this

most fascinating tale; for still again each day the queen begged he would renew the marvellous account of heroes slain or battles won. Much was Queen Dido moved in spirit by this story, and still with greater favor did she esteem the teller of this wondrous tale, and scarce could sleep for thinking of him.

Then thus she spake to her sister Anna: "O my sister, I have been greatly troubled this night with evil dreams. Who can be this wondrous stranger who hath come to our coasts? Surely his noble mien and brave valor betokens that he is one of the sons of the gods! Were I not steadfastly purposed that I would not yoke myself again in marriage, to this man only might I yield."

Then Anna answered: "Why wilt thou waste thy youth in useless sorrow for the dead? Think also of the dangers which surround thy throne, and to what greatness may the strength of Carthage grow through such alliance. Seek counsel of the gods, who, methinks, direct thy heart."

Thus did her sister offer comforting advice, the which, forsooth, fair Dido was not loath to take.

Then was a royal hunt prepared. The princes of Carthage waited for their queen at the palace door, where her proud steed stood champing his golden bit, caparisoned with royal trappings of gold and purple. Beauteous indeed was fair Dido, as she appeared adorned with Sidonian mantle with embroideries of divers colors. Her quiver was of gold, and of the same the rich clasp of her mantle, while her hair was caught in knot of gold. Æneas came to meet her, beautiful as Apollo himself; and forth the hunters went with goodly escort, and coming to the hills, found many goats and stags, which they chased; Ascanius scorning such easy hunting, wishing for wild boar or lion for his prey.

Then did a terrible storm arise; and seeking shelter, the guests were separated from one another, and the Tyrian princes also lost sight of their queen. By order of the gods, fair Dido and brave Æneas fled both to the same sheltering cave. Here was their troth plighted; and when the nuptial knot was tied by Hymen, god of marriage, straightway the goddess Rumor reported this event throughout all Libya, how that fair Dido was wedded to Æneas of Troy. Then was Iarbas, her former suitor, very wroth, and vowed swift vengeance, and made haste to the temple of Jupiter and spread his grief before the great ruler of Olympus. Whereupon great Jove despatched swift-footed Mercury to Æneas with this message: —

"Thus saith the king of gods and men: Is this what thy mother promised of thee, twice saving thee from the spear of the Greeks? Art thou he that shall rule Italy, and its mighty men of war, and spread thy dominions to the end of the world? What doest thou here? Why lookest thou not to Italy? Depart, and tarry not."

This message swift Mercury brought to Æneas, where he stood, with yellow jasper in his sword-hilt, and wrapped in cloak of purple, gold embroidered — Queen Dido's gifts. Having delivered the commands of mighty Jupiter to the trembling Trojan hero, the god Mercury vanished, and Æneas was left with troubled thoughts to ponder on these weighty words. At last he joined his companions, having resolved to fly from alluring Carthage; and he bid them secretly prepare their fleet for sailing. Meanwhile he sought some fitting opportunity to take a last farewell of the beautiful queen, who by her loving devotion made his going grievous.

But Dido, with jealous love, which is most keen of

sight, divined his purpose ere he had revealed it to her; and quickly seeking Æneas, she exclaimed in mingled love and anger: "Thoughtest thou to hide thy purpose and to depart in silence from this land? Carest thou not for her whom thou leavest to die? And hast thou no fear of winter storms upon the sea? Repent thee of this cruel resolve."

But Æneas, fearing the words of Jupiter, stood with averted eyes and looks which relented not. At last he spake: —

"I deny not, O Queen, the benefits thou hast done to me, nor while I live shall I forget Dido. But the gods command that I should seek Italy. Thou hast thy Carthage; why dost thou grudge Italy to us? Nor may I tarry. Even now the messenger of Jupiter came to me and bade me depart."

Then was Queen Dido very wroth; and her eyes blazed with jealous love and anger, which waged within her heart a mighty contest. At last she cried: "As for thee, I keep thee not. Go, seek thy Italy across the seas; only if there is any vengeance in heaven, thou wilt pay the penalty for this wrong. Then wilt thou call on Dido in vain. Ay, and wherever thou shalt go, I will haunt thee, and rejoice in the dwellings below to hear thy doom."

Having said which, the afflicted queen hasted to depart to her palace. But her grief o'ercame her powerful spirit, so that she fell like to one dead, and was laid by her maidens upon her bed.

Though Æneas would fain comfort the sorrowing queen, the word of Jove o'ermastered his inclination, so that he hasted to his ships and speedily prepared for flight. But when the spirit returned to fainting Dido, she cried out in heart, and bade her sister note the treacherous Trojans

who thus so poorly repaid her generous treatment. And Dido sought once more to move the mind of Æneas, even sending Anna to him to beg that if he must depart indeed, he yet would stay his going for a space of time. But stern Æneas relented not; whereupon fair Dido grew weary of her life, and as she offered sacrifice she perceived many ill omens of coming woe. Then she bethought herself of a plan to avenge her heart, though it should cost her life. But she hid the matter from her sister, and said to her that a noted prophetess had declared there was a remedy which should bring her Trojan hero back or free her of him.

Thus she deceived her trusting sister, who little imagined her direful purpose. And Queen Dido bade her sister build a funeral pile — for so the priestess had commanded — and put thereon the sword which Æneas had left behind; also the garments he wore, and the couch on which he lay, even all that was his, that they might perish together. Also an image of Æneas was laid upon the pile, and the priestess, with hair unbound, sprinkled thereon water, said to be drawn from the lake of Avernus, while she scattered evil herbs that had been cut at the full moon with a sickle of bronze. Dido herself, meanwhile, with loosened garments and bare feet, threw meal upon the fire, and called upon the gods for vengeance. Thus did the queen hide her dread purpose 'neath spell of witchery and sacrifice to the gods.

In the meantime, Æneas lay asleep in his ship, and in a dream again Mercury appeared and warned him of Dido, telling him to fly and tarry not.

Æneas, waking in great fear, called his companions, and they straightway loosed the sails and sped o'er the sea.

And in the morning, lo! Dido, from her watch-tower,

perceived the Trojan fleet had fled. Then did she smite upon her breast, and tore her hair in anguish. But still she kept her real intent from all around her; and calling to old Barcé, who had been nurse to Sichæus, she did dissemble her great grief, and bade her call her sister Anna, that she might now prepare the sacrifice; and Dido also bade old Barcé to bind a garland round her head, for she was now minded to finish the sacrifice, and to burn the image of the man of Troy. Then when the old woman hasted to do her bidding, Dido herself ran to the funeral pile, made for the burning, and drew the sword of Æneas from the scabbard, and having mounted the pile, she threw herself upon Æneas's couch, and wept and kissed his image, and cried: "Shall I die unavenged? Nevertheless, let me die. The man of Troy shall see this fire from the sea, whereon he journeys, and carry with him an augury of death."

And when her sister and her maidens, coming in haste, looked upon the pile, lo! she had fallen upon the sword, and the blood was upon her hands. Then a great cry arose throughout the palace, and Anna, rushing through the midst, called upon her name: "O my sister, was this thy purpose? Were the pile and the sword and the fire for this?" Then she climbed upon the pile and took her sister in her arms and sought to stanch the flowing blood. Three times did Dido strive to raise her eyes; three times did her spirit leave her. Then Juno, looking down from heaven and perceiving that her pain was long, in pity sent down Iris, her messenger, that she might loose the soul that struggled to be free. For, seeing that she died not by nature, nor yet by the hand of man, but before her time and by her own madness, Queen Proserpine had not shred the ringlet from her head which she shreds

DIDO IN DESPAIR AT THE FLIGHT OF ÆNEAS.

from them who die. Wherefore, Iris, flying down with dewy wings from heaven, with a thousand colors about her from the light of the sun, stood above her head and said, "I give thee to death, even as I am bidden, and loose thee from thy body." Then she shred the lock, and Queen Dido yielded up her mortal spirit.

Once more Æneas met Queen Dido when he was permitted by the gods to descend into the land of shadows, where dwelt the shades of the dead.

When Æneas and the Sibyl, who conducted him thither, came to the river Styx, then was the Boatman Charon persuaded to ferry them over, for the Sibyl showed him the marvellous bough of gold, a gift intended for the Queen of Hades; and the huge, terrible watch-dog Cerberus, which guards the portals to the Land of Shadows, was tamed by eating of the cake the Sibyl gave, made of honey and poppy-seed, causing sleep.

Thus did they come within the Mourning Fields, where dwell the souls of those who have died of love. Among these shades was Dido, fresh from the wound wherewith she slew herself. And when Æneas saw her darkly through the shadows, he wept and cried: "O Dido! it was truth, then, that they told me, — that thou hadst slain thyself with the sword? Loath was I, O Queen, — I swear it, — to leave thy land. But the gods constrained me; nor did I think that thou wouldst take such sorrow from my departure. But stay! depart not; for never again may I speak to thee, but this time only."

But Dido cast her eyes upon the ground, and her heart was hard against him, even as a rock. His tears and groans and sighs and friendly words moved not her spirit, nor could appease her wrath. Silent and scornful she departed to the grove that was hard by, where dwelt her

first husband, Sichæus, who gave her love, even as he was loved by her.

Thus was the love of Dido, which Æneas had slighted, avenged. And herewith endeth the poet's story of the famous Queen Dido, in which he telleth of her fame and beauty and unhappy love and direful death.

CLEOPATRA.

69–30 B.C.

"She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."
POPE'S HOMER'S *Iliad.*

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety." — SHAKESPEARE.

THE river shone like burnished silver, resplendent in the rays of the midday sun, as Osiris drove his shining chariot of day across high heaven's arch. The city lay along its banks in calm repose and beauty. Its palaces and villas were shaded with palms and groves of olives and clusters of stately pomegranate-trees, while flowers and fountains adorned its many stately avenues.

In his costly palace the great Roman Triumvir gave public audience to some important tribunal of state.

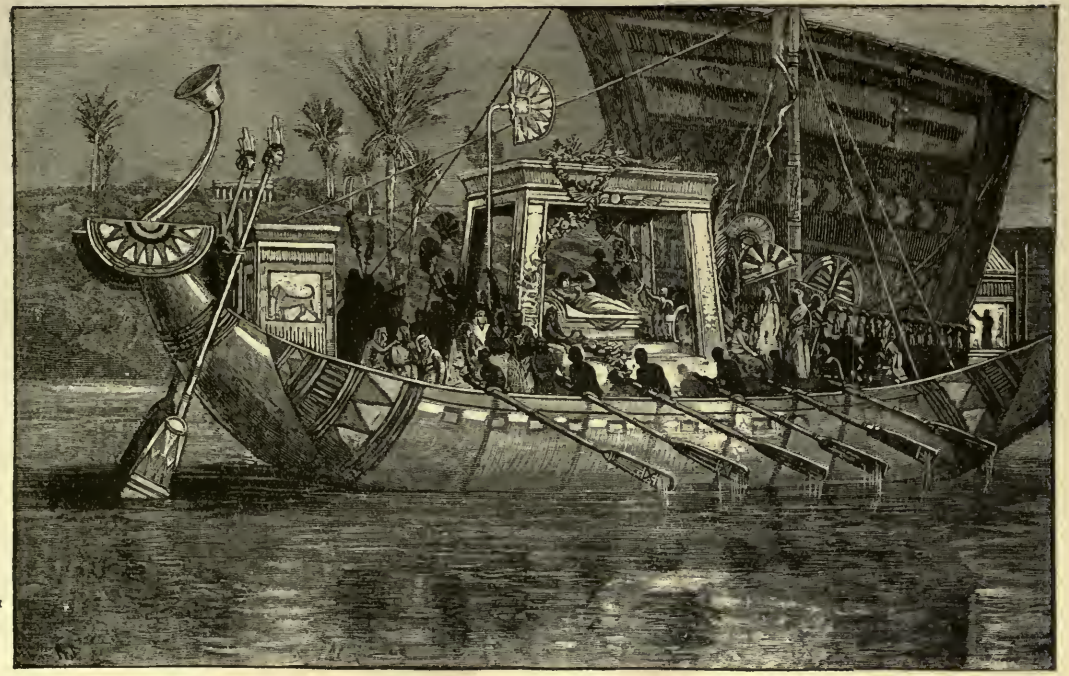
But now, above the noise of city sounds, arose the strains of distant music. So faint and yet so sweet it was wafted on the air, that all who heard must needs, perforce, be led to seek its source, as though directed by some secret spell which could not be resisted. The notes seemed floating o'er the river's shining waves; and all the people crowded on its banks, with wistful curiosity, striving to catch the first glimpse of the mysterious cause of such unwonted melody.

Then flashes, with sudden glory, before their eyes a wondrous sight, which holds them spellbound in o'erwhelming admiration. From round a curve in the undulating bank, glides swiftly before their vision a gorgeous

barge, the poop of which was beaten gold. The silken sails were royal purple, embroidered with silver lotus-blossoms; and as they swelled in the light breeze, a fragrance floated from their perfumed folds so exquisitely delicious, that the winds seemed love-sick with their odorous sweetness. The silver oars, gleaming in the sunshine, kept stroke with tune of flutes and lyres and cymbals; and the limpid water, parted by their glistening blades, followed each stroke with amorous touch and sweet caressing, as though loath to break away in rainbow-tinted showers of shining drops.

But how describe the matchless vision of womanly and goddess-like perfection which entranced the eyes of all beholders, as the gorgeous barge drew nearer to the city, moving with stately gliding motion, harmonious with the ear-enchanting melodies played by seeming sirens, nymphs, and mermaids, on silver lutes and jewelled flutes and shining cymbals.

Under a pavilion of cloth of gold and priceless tissues, upon a couch, gorgeous with costliest draperies, in picturesque repose, yet studied attitude of queenliest grace and goddess-like abandon, appeared a form and face most radiantly fair and bountifully beautiful; though orientally voluptuous yet exquisitely attractive; seemingly divine, like some heavenly goddess; and yet, in truth, so like a human woman, with warm, soft flesh and tender eyes, and deep, rich heart's blood thrilling through every vein, e'en to the end of her fair, tapering finger-tips. This radiant being was attired as Venus, Goddess of Beauty; and around her stood young pretty boys, decked out as Cupids, rosy-tinted, and with soft white wings expanded; and they gently fanned her glowing cheeks with feathers, odorous with most intoxicating perfumes; while lovely



CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

maidens, costumed as mermaids, plied the silver oars in unison with the notes struck from the lyres of gayly decorated nymphs; while charming muses and bewitching graces with rosy lips caressed the silver flutes, or clasped with jewelled fingers the golden cymbals.

It was indeed a vision of enchantment. Whence came these radiant beings? Had the great goddess, in truth, descended from high Olympus, attended by her heavenly train? or did fair Isis, the queen of Egypt, — worshipped both as deity and nature, — thus clothe herself with mortal likeness, and deign to become visible to mortal eyes?

Thus questioned the people, and pondered of the meaning of this o'erwhelming scene of gorgeous majesty and irresistible loveliness, according as their beliefs partook of Grecian mythology or Egyptian lore.

Such was the scene of Cleopatra's sail in her magnificent barge, up the river Cydnus to the city of Tarsus. That we may understand more clearly the life of this famous queen, we must turn back the pages of Egyptian history. Nor can we stop there. To clearly define her origin, the fair land of Greece must also be visited; and the gorgeous pageants of Rome, at the time of her greatest glory, have a place in the story of this illustrious Queen of Egypt, Daughter of Greece, Magic Sorceress of the Nile.

Would that we could think of the fascinating Cleopatra only as this vision of perfect loveliness which she presents in this enchanting scene upon the river Cydnus; but there are dark and bloody deeds and savage barbarities and revolting vices, which loom up in the background of this fair picture, with huge and horrid forms, and make the telling of Cleopatra's story, fascinating as it is in some respects, often an unpleasant recital of vice and crime,

even though we endeavor to touch these dark shadows ever so lightly. For as we write of history, not of fiction, we cannot always avoid these hideous facts.

Why is Cleopatra so fair of skin, though an Egyptian by birth? Her attendant maidens on this fairy-like barge stand round her like dusky figures cut from bronze; but her fair face and limbs gleam with pale ivory-tints, and the sunshine even glimmers in her dark tresses, now coiled in the Grecian knot behind her shell-like ears.

Though Egypt was her birthplace, Grecian blood flows through her veins, and whitens her skin, and lightens the dusky shadows in her hair, and gives the brown shadings to her lustrous eyes; and Grecian culture gives her voice its oft-narrated magic charm of melting sweetness; and a spark of Grecian genius quickens her powers of mind, and gives her the enchanting fascination of brilliant wit, and a native aptitude of acquiring knowledge, and all the polite arts and sciences; and her Grecian free-born grace lends to her form its perfect pose of queenly stateliness, together with an irresistible charm in every easy motion of rounded limb, and unstudied naturalness of action. The agile litheness of the Greek is combined with the oriental voluptuous indolence of the Egyptian; which combination explains the otherwise unaccountable, weird, and subtle allurements of face and form which history, romance, and poetry have acceded to her. Shakespeare calls her "the serpent of old Nile," "this great fairy," "great Egypt"; and Horace gives to her the name of "fatal prodigy." Leigh Hunt describes her as

". . . That southern beam,
The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands."

Another writer says of her: "She was born a princess,

CLEOPATRA.

reigned a queen, won an emperor, swayed a hero, and defeated a conqueror. We think of her as the queen of enslavers more than as queen of Egypt. Cleopatra is enthroned enchantress of the world. She, of all her sex, in her person, gave to the unworthy art of coquetry a something magnificent and lustrous in its so potent exercise. Hers was the poetry of coquetry."

Even the scene of Cleopatra in her gorgeous barge upon the river Cydnus does not give a complete picture of this wonderful story. In the background we must paint the Mediterranean Sea, which she has crossed in her journey thither; and then beyond looms up the city of Alexandria, on the further side; and by it flows the marvellous river Nile, through the fertile valley irrigated yearly by its overflowing waters; and high in the background, towering over all else in the picture, stand the majestic pyramids, like huge sentinels, guarding the unknown secrets of Egypt's wondrous history.

Yes, to rightly comprehend the significance of the life of the famous Cleopatra, a panorama of changing scenes, covering centuries of time, would be needed. But we can only take a bird's-eye view of those old lands of weird and endless enchantment.

"Cleopatra was by birth an Egyptian; by ancestry and descent she was a Greek. Thus, while Alexandria and the delta of the Nile formed the scene of the most important events and incidents of her history, it was the blood of Macedon which flowed in her veins. Her character and action are marked by the genius, the courage, the originality, and the impulsiveness pertaining to the stock from which she sprang. The events of her history, on the other hand, and the peculiar character of her adventures, her sufferings, and her sins, were determined by the

circumstances by which she was surrounded, and the influences which were brought to bear upon her, in the soft and voluptuous clime where the scenes of her early life were laid."

Let us look for one moment at Egypt as a country, and then take a passing glance at the peculiar characteristics and customs of that ancient people.

Egypt is situated in the midst of the most extensive and remarkable rainless district in the world. The Red Sea divides this tract, and the eastern portion forms the Arabian desert, while the western African tract has received the name of Sahara. Through the African desert flows the Nile; rising in the region of the Mountains of the Moon, and flowing northward, it empties into the Mediterranean Sea. These mountains, being near the equator, are subject to vast and continued torrents of rain in certain seasons of the year. The river created by these streams is the Nile, which at times expands over the entire valley, forming an immense lake, five to ten miles wide and a thousand miles long. The rains in the mountains gradually cease, but it requires months for the water to subside and leave the valley dry. As soon as the water disappears, a rank and luxurious vegetation springs up from the entire surface of the earth which has been submerged. This most extraordinary valley seems specially preserved by nature for man. The yearly inundation prevents impassable forests, and also the presence of wild beasts. Egypt being thus wholly shut in by deserts on every side, by land, and shoals, and sandbars, making the approach difficult by sea, remained for many ages under the rule of its ancient kings. The people were peaceful and industrious, and its scholars were famed throughout the world for their learning, science, and philosophy.

It was during this period of isolation that the famous pyramids were built, and the huge monoliths were carved, and the silent Sphinx was reared, and those vast temples constructed whose ruined columns are now the wonder of mankind.

As Egypt was always fertile, when famine existed elsewhere, corn would be plentiful there. Thus neighboring tribes from Arabia, Palestine, and Syria, when driven by want and starvation, crossed the barren deserts on the eastern side, and found this fertile and marvellous country, already old in learning and the arts, and a certain kind of civilization far superior to their neighbors.

At length the Persian monarchs conquered the country. About two hundred and seventy years before the time of Cleopatra, Alexander the Great, in his wars with Darius, had taken possession of Egypt; and at his death, in the division of his empire amongst his generals, Egypt fell to the share of one of them named Ptolemy. This was the commencement of the dynasty of the Ptolemies, who were Greek princes, reigning over this Egyptian empire, formerly governed by a long line of native kings, reaching back in history to the year 3000 B.C., and including the famous lines of Cheops, Thotmosis, Rameses, and others, known under the general name of the Pharaohs.

We cannot give any particulars of these reigns in this sketch, and will only mention some of the customs of the ancient Egyptians previous to the time of Cleopatra.

Egypt contained about five millions of people, who were divided into various castes. Plato tells us that in Egypt not only were the priests, the soldiers, and artisans habitually separated, but that every particular trade and manufacture was carried on by its own craftsmen, who handed down the trade from father to son.

The entire cultivated land of Egypt was about twelve millions of acres. The clothing of the Egyptians consisted mostly of linen, made from the flax which grew abundantly in the delta of the Nile. Wool was but little employed, as the soil was not fitted for grazing sheep. Cotton was first mentioned in the reign of Amasis, about 566 B.C. It was also this Amasis who allowed his wife, the Egyptian queen, to receive the large income from the royal fishery at the flood-gates to the lake of Moeris, to meet the expenses of her toilet; and a century later the reigning monarch added the taxes of the city of Anthylla to the former income to keep his queen in sandal-strings; the sum obtained from the fisheries being a talent a day, or upwards of 70,700 pounds a year: and when this formed only a portion of the pin-money of the Egyptian queens, to whom the revenues of the city of Anthylla, famous for its wines, were also given, it will be seen that the Egyptian kings were at least very generous to their wives in this respect, even though they were not very particular about cutting off their heads or giving them a cup of poison if they failed to please their royal lords.

Although wool and cotton were sometimes employed as articles of clothing, the preference was given to linen. Herodotus mentions some Egyptian dresses of linen, bordered with a fringe, over which was worn a cloak of white wool, similar to the *bornouse* worn at the present day in Egypt and Barbary.

The dresses of the priests and persons of rank consisted of an under-garment in the form of an apron, and a loose upper-robe with full sleeves, secured by a girdle around the waist; or of an apron, and a shirt with short, tight sleeves, over which was thrown a loose robe, leaving the right arm exposed. Princes wore a dress very like

that of the priests; but their distinguishing mark was a peculiar badge, at the side of the head, descending to the shoulder, and frequently adorned with golden fringe.

This ornament contained the lock of hair indicative of youth; for though the Egyptians shaved their heads and wore wigs, certain locks of hair were left upon the heads of children.

Therefore this badge was always attached to the head-dress worn by princes as an emblem of their rank, as they were not supposed to have arrived at *kinghood* during the life of their father, on the same principle that a Spanish prince is styled an *infant*.

The robes of a sovereign varied according to his present occupation. As all the kings were also priests, when they were engaged in the office of high-priest their garments resembled those worn by the sacerdotal order, with the exception of the apron and head-dress, which were of peculiar form, and belonged exclusively to the rank of king. This apron was richly ornamented in front with lions' heads and other devices, and bordered with rows of asps, which were the emblems of royalty. After the union of Lower and Upper Egypt the sovereign wore a double crown. Egyptian men always shaved the entire head, and wore wigs, both within the house and out of doors. The women, however, wore their own hair, and were not shaved even in times of mourning or after death. Ladies wore their hair long and plaited in a great number of braids. The hair was plaited in the triple plait, the ends being left loose. Around the head was bound an ornamental fillet, with a lotus-bud falling over the forehead. The ear-rings worn by Egyptian ladies were large, round, single hoops of gold, sometimes over two inches in diameter, or made of six rings soldered together. Often an asp, whose body

was of gold set with precious stones, was worn by persons of rank. Some few were of silver. Women wore many rings, sometimes three and four upon the same finger, and even the thumb was decorated with a single ring. Rings were ornamented with the scarabæus, or sacred beetle, or an engraved stone. They were occasionally in the form of a knot, or snail, or snake. Two cats, with an emblem of the goddess Athor between them, seems to have been a favorite device for rings. Egyptians also wore large gold anklets, or bangles, armlets, and bracelets, frequently inlaid with precious stones. Richly ornamented necklaces were a principal part of the dress of both men and women.

Great attention was paid by ladies and men of rank to the beauty of their sandals, which were sometimes richly ornamented. Shoes were also common in Egypt, many of them having been found at Thebes. But they are supposed to have been of late date, and belonged to the Greeks. The dresses of the women consisted of a loose robe or shirt, reaching to the ankles, fastened round the neck with a string, over which they wore a petticoat, secured at the waist by a girdle. This petticoat or gown, among ladies of rank, was made of richly colored stuff in a great variety of patterns. The most elegant of these figured materials were reserved for the robes of the deities and queens. Slaves and servants were not allowed to wear the same costumes as ladies, and their mode of dressing the hair was also different.

Egyptian ladies seem to have been given to the little tricks and arts of the toilet as well as more modern beauties. Of the various articles of the toilet found among the ancient remains, the principal are bottles, or vases, for holding ointment, and the *kohl*, or paint for the eyes;

also mirrors, combs, and small boxes, spoons, and saucers. The custom of anointing the body is usual in hot climates, and contributes greatly to comfort. Their chief care was bestowed upon the anointing of the hair. The Egyptian combs were usually of wood, and double, and frequently carved and ornamented. The custom of staining the eyelids and brows with a moistened powder of a black color was of the most ancient date. It was thought to increase the beauty of the appearance of the eye, by making it seem larger by this external black ring around it. Many of these *kohl*-bottles have been found in the tombs, together with the bodkin employed in applying the black cosmetic.

Some of these bottles are ornamented with the figure of an ape, or monster, supposed to assist in holding the bottle between his arms while the fair beauty dipped her dainty bodkin into the much-prized beautifier. Pins and needles have also been found among the articles of the toilet. Some of these pins are of gold, and similar in size to those now employed by ladies as hat-pins and fancy hair-pins. Metal mirrors are also found richly ornamented and highly polished. It will be remembered that the brazen laver made by Moses for the tabernacle was formed of the "looking-glasses of the women," who doubtless brought them from Egypt at the time of the exodus of the Israelites. The Egyptian dandies were also not without the highly prized canes. Many of these have been found at Thebes; some having a carved lotus-blossom for the head. It was customary, on entering a house, to leave their canes or stieks in the hall or at the door; and poor men were often employed to hold the canes of guests during a party, by the master of the house, who rewarded them with money or food. We have little

knowledge of the nature of their baths; but as they were forbidden in deep mourning to indulge in them, they were probably considered a luxury as well as a neeessity. The priests were remarkable for their love of cleanliness, shaving the whole body every three days, and bathing twiee every day and twiee during the night. So great an abhorrenee did an Egyptian feel for an unshaven person, that Herodotus says, "No Egyptian of either sex would on any aecount kiss the lips of a Greek, make use of his knife, his spit and cauldron, or taste the meat of an animal which had been slaughtered by his hand."

This shaving of the head among the Egyptians is given as a reason by Herodotus for the remarkable hardness of the Egyptian seulls, as eompared with those of other people. The most singular eustom of the Egyptians was that of tying a false beard upon the ehin, which was plaited and shaped aeeording to the rank of the person. The beards on the figures of the gods were distinguished by the turning up of the ends. No man ventured to assume the beard of a deity. But after death, kings were aecorded the honor of having their statues thus distinguished.

The art of painting common boards to imitate eostly varieties, now so often employed, was practised by the aneient Egyptians. Boxes, chairs, tables, sofas, and other pieees of furniture were frequently made of ebony inlaid with ivory, and artieles of syeamore and acacia were ornamented with rare woods.

The Egyptians displayed much taste in their gold, silver, poreelain, and glass vases. Glass was known from the earliest times, and glass-blowing was employed by them twenty-five hundred years ago. It is also stated that their dead were sometimes enclosed in glass eoffins.

or a crystal sarcophagus was made by covering the granite with a coating of vitrified matter, usually of a deep green color, which by its transparency allowed the hieroglyphics engraved upon the stone beneath to be plainly visible.

Emeralds, rubies, amethysts, and other expensive gems were most successfully imitated by the jewellers of Thebes. Pliny states that glass-cutting was known to the ancients, and that the diamond was employed for that purpose, as at present, even if they were ignorant of the art of cutting the diamond itself with its own dust. "Diamonds," says Pliny, "are eagerly sought by lapidaries who set them in iron handles, for they have the power of penetrating anything, however hard it may be."

The art of embroidery was commonly practised in Egypt, and gold and silver threads were used for this purpose. The loom was also employed by them, both in weaving linen, cotton, and wool, and also for the production of very rich stuffs, in which various colors were worked in innumerable patterns by the loom.

The Egyptians were also famed for their manufacture of paper, which was in the form of parchments made from the plant papyrus, which grew in the marshy regions of the Nile in great profusion. Leather was also prepared by them with great skill for various purposes, and the knife employed by them in the process, between three and four thousand years ago, is precisely similar to that used by modern curriers. Fullers, potters, carpenters, and cabinet-makers formed a large class of Egyptian workmen. The Egyptians were skilled in the working of metals; and gold, silver, brass, tin, iron, and lead were known in those days.

The art of embalming the dead was practised by the Egyptians with a perfection never since equalled.

Egyptian paintings were very primitive, and their sculptures were more remarkable for huge grotesqueness than any perfection of art, as their artists were limited to such a conventional mode of drawing. After the accession of the Ptolemies, Greek art became well known in Egypt, but their artists still continued to adhere to the Egyptian models prescribed.

The Egyptians appear to have possessed some secret for hardening or tempering bronze, with which we are totally ignorant; for the wonderful skill with which they engraved their granite obelisks with hieroglyphics, for which purpose they used implements of bronze, cannot be equalled by any process in modern times.

The walls and ceilings of the houses of the Egyptians of high rank were richly painted, as well as their tombs. The ceilings were laid out in compartments, each having peculiar pattern and border. The favorite forms were the lotus, the square, the diamond, and the succession of scrolls.

The mode of laying out the house and grounds varied according to the means of the owner. Some villas were of considerable extent, with large gardens surrounding them. Some of the large mansions were ornamented with obelisks, like the temples. About the centre of the outer wall was the main entrance leading to an open walk shaded by rows of trees. Here were large tanks of water, and between them a wide avenue led to the centre of the mansion. Their gardens were well tended, particularly their vineyards.

Monkeys were trained to assist in gathering the fruit of the sycamore and other trees.

Many animals were tamed in Egypt for various purposes, as the lion, leopard, gazelle, baboon, crocodile, and others.

Among the fruit-trees cultivated by the Egyptians were the palm, date, dôm-nut tree, sycamore, fig, pomegranate, olive, peach, almond, persea, locust tree, and others. The Egyptians were exceedingly fond of flowers, and they were profusely employed on all festive occasions. The lotus was the favorite flower, and was more often preferred for house decoration and personal adornment. Among other flowers cultivated by them were the chrysanthemum, acinon, acacia, anemone, convolvulus, olive, amaricus, and others.

The deity whom they believed presided over the garden, was Khem, corresponding to the Grecian Pan. Ranno, a goddess sometimes represented in the form of an asp, or with a human body and the head of a serpent, was considered the protecting genius of a vineyard, and also of a young prince.

This goddess Ranno, or the sacred asp, appears in many remarkable connections with royalty, and the name Uræus, which was applied to that snake, has been derived by Champollion, from *ouro*, the Coptic word signifying "king," as its appellation of basilisk originated in the *basiliscos* of the Greeks.

Ancient Egypt was a religious community in which the palace was a temple, the people worshippers at the gate, and the monarch the chief priest. "The equal treatment which the women received in Egypt was shown in other circumstances beside their being allowed to sit on the throne. In their mythology, the goddess Isis held rank above her husband. We see also on the mummy-cases that the priestly and noble families traced their pedigree as often through the female line as through the male, and records were sometimes dated by the names of priestesses."

The Egyptians worshipped many gods. Among them were *Ra*, the "sun-god," sailing in a golden boat across the heavens; *Shu*, meaning "air"; *Tafnut*, the "dew"; *Seb*, the "earth"; and *Nut*, the "heaven." *Osiris* was the "sun," and *Isis*, his wife and sister, the "dawn"; *Horus*, the "rising sun"; *Set*, the destroyer of Osiris, was the "darkness"; and the resurrection of Osiris was the rising of the sun after the darkness of the night had been overcome and dispelled. *Nepthys* was the "sunset"; *Anubis*, the "twilight" or "dusk." *Neith* corresponded to the Greek Athênê, and was supposed to be a personification of the wisdom or intellect of God, — which is a significant thought, Neith being a *goddess*, not a god. She was the Egyptian goddess of Saïs. Originally the worship of Ammon was distinct from that of Ra, god of the sun; but after the eighteenth dynasty a union took place, and he was worshipped as Ammon-Ra. Thoth, the god of letters, had various characters, according to the functions he was supposed to fulfil. In one of his characters he corresponded to the moon; in the other, to Mercury. "In the former, he was the beneficent property of that luminary, the regulator and dispenser of time, who presided over the fate of man and the events of his life; in the latter, the god of letters and the patron of learning and the means of communication between the gods and mankind."

The Egyptians related many allegories concerning their various deities, but we have space only to narrate the story regarding Osiris and Isis, god of the sun and the goddess of dawn. As their gods were supposed to assume many different characters and attributes, this story represents Osiris as the river Nile, Isis as the land of Egypt, and Typho as the sea.

The allegory is thus given: —

"Osiris, having become king of Egypt, applied himself towards civilizing his countrymen by turning them from their former barbarous course of life, teaching them, moreover, to cultivate and improve the fruits of the earth. With the same good disposition he afterwards travelled over the rest of the world, inducing the people everywhere to submit to his discipline, by the mildest persuasion. During his absence from his kingdom, Typho had no opportunity of making any innovations in the state, Isis being extremely vigilant in the government and always on her guard. After the return of Osiris, however, Typho, having persuaded seventy-two other persons to join him in the conspiracy, together with a certain queen of Æthiopia, named Aso, who chanced to be in Egypt at the time, contrived a proper stratagem to execute his base designs. For, having privately taken a measure of Osiris's body, he caused a chest to be made exactly of that size, as beautiful as possible, and set off with all the ornaments of art. This chest he brought into the banqueting-room, where, after it had been much admired by all present, Typho, as if in jest, promised to give it to any one of them whose body upon trial it might be found to fit. Upon this the whole company, one after the other, got into it; but as it did not fit any of them, last of all Osiris laid himself down in it, upon which the conspirators immediately ran together, clapped on the cover, and then, fastening it on the outside with nails, poured melted lead over it.

"After this, having carried it away to the riverside, they conveyed it to the sea by the Tanaïtic mouth of the Nile, which for this reason is still held in the utmost abhorrence by the Egyptians, and never named by them but with proper marks of detestation.

"These things happened on the 17th day of the month Athor, when the sun was in Scorpio, in the 28th year of Osiris's reign, though others say he was no more than twenty-eight years old at the time.

"The first who knew the accident that had befallen their king were the Pans and Satyrs, who lived about Chemmis; and they, immediately acquainting the people with the news, gave the first occasion to the name of *Panic terrors*. . . . Isis, as soon as the report reached her, cut off one of the locks of her hair and put on mourning.

"At length she received more particular news of the chest. It had been carried by the waves of the sea to the coast of Byblos, and there gently lodged in the branches of a tamarisk bush, which in a short time had shot up into a large tree, growing round the chest and enclosing it on every side, so that it could not be seen; and the king of the country, having cut down the tree, had made the part of the trunk wherein the chest was concealed a pillar to support the roof of his house. Isis, having gone to Byblos, obtained possession of this pillar, and then set sail with the chest for Egypt. But intending a visit to her son Horus, who was brought up at Butus, she deposited the chest in the meantime in a remote and unfrequented place. Typho, however, as he was one night hunting by the light of the moon, accidentally met with it; and knowing the body enclosed in it, tore it into fourteen pieces, disposing them up and down in different parts of the country.

"Being acquainted with this event, Isis set out once more in search of the scattered members of her husband's body, using a boat made of the papyrus rush in order the more easily to pass through the lower and fenny parts of

the country. And one reason assigned for the many different sepulchres of Osiris shown in Egypt is, that wherever any one of his scattered limbs was discovered, she buried it in that spot; though others suppose that it was owing to an artifice of the queen, who presented each of those cities with an image of her husband, in order that, if Typho should overcome Horus in the approaching conquest, he might be unable to find the real sepulchre. Isis succeeded in recovering all the different members, with the exception of one, which had been devoured by the lepidotus, the phagrus, and the oxyrhinchus; for which reason these fish are held in abhorrence by the Egyptians. To make amends, therefore, for this loss, she consecrated the phallus, and instituted a solemn festival to its memory.

"A battle at length took place between Horus and Typho, in which the latter was taken prisoner. Isis, however, to whose custody he was committed, so far from putting him to death, set him at liberty; which so incensed Horus that he tore off the royal diadem she wore; but Hermes substituted in its stead a helmet made in the shape of an ox's head. At length two other battles were fought, in which Typho was defeated."

This allegory is thus explained: —

"Osiris means the inundation of the Nile.

"Isis, the irrigated portion of the land of Egypt.

"Horus, their offspring, the vapors and exhalations reproducing rain.

"Butus, the marshy lands of Lower Egypt, where those vapors were nourished.

"Typho, the sea which swallowed up the Nile water.

"The conspirators, the drought overcoming the moisture, from which the increase of the Nile proceeds.

"The chest in which Osiris's body was confined, the banks of the river, within which it retired after the inundation.

"The Tanaïtic mouth, the lake and barren lands about it, which were held in abhorrence from their being overflowed by the river without producing any benefit to the country.

"The twenty-eight years of his life, the twenty-eight cubits to which the Nile rises at Elephantina, its greatest height.

"The 17th of Athor, the period when the river retires within its banks.

"The queen of Æthiopia, the southern winds preventing the clouds being carried southward.

"The different members of Osiris's body, the main channels and canals by which the inundation passed into the interior of the country, where each was said to be afterwards buried. That one which could not be recovered was the generative power of the Nile, which still continued in the stream itself.

"The victory of Horus, the power possessed by the clouds in causing the successive inundations of the Nile."

Many animals, insects, and plants were considered sacred by the Egyptians: among them were the cynocephalus ape, sacred to Thoth; shrew-mouse, sacred to Mant; dog, sacred to Anubis; cat, sacred to Pashtor Bubastis; lion, sacred to Gom, or Hercules; hippopotamus, sacred to Mars; pig and ass, emblems of Typho; goat, sacred to Mendes; cow, sacred to Athor.

The sacred oxen were Apis, Mnevis, and Basis, sacred to Osiris, Apollo, and Onuphis.

The sacred birds of Egypt were the vulture, eagle, hawk, white and saffron-colored cocks, little egret, sacred

to Osiris; ibis, sacred to Thoth; goose, emblem of Seb. Fabulous and unknown sacred birds were the phœnix, sacred to Osiris; the "pure soul" of the king (a bird with man's head and arms), emblem of the soul; vulture with a snake's head; hawk with man's and ram's head.

The sacred reptiles were the tortoise, crocodile, asp, and frog. The fabulous serpents were snakes with human heads, with hawk's head, and with lion's head.

The sacred fishes of Egypt were the oxyrhinchus, the eel, the lepidotus, satus, and mæotes. The scorpion was the emblem of the goddess Selk. Different species of beetles were held sacred to the sun, and adopted as an emblem of the world.

Foremost amongst the sacred plants of the East, being not merely a symbol, but frequently the object of worship in itself, was the undying lotus, which, from the throne of Osiris, Isis, and Nepthys, rises in the midst of the waters, bearing on the margin of its blossom the four genii.

"The Persians represent the sun as 'rob'd with light, with lotus crown'd.' Among the Chinese it symbolized Buddha, and is the emblem of female beauty. The Japanese deem it the emblem of purity, since it is not sullied by the muddy waters in which it often grows. With the flowers of the motherwort, it is borne before the body in their funeral processions. The Hindoo deities are often represented seated upon a lotus flower. Kamadeva, or Cupid, is depicted as floating down the blue Ganges—

> 'Upon a rosy lotus wreath,
> Catching new lustre from the tide
> That with his image shone beneath.'"

The consort of Vishnu, Laksmi, was also called the "Lotus-born," because she was said to have ascended from the ocean on its blossom.

Brahma was believed to have sprung from Narayana, — that is, "the Spirit of God moving on the waters," — and he is thus described in a Hindoo poem: —

> "A form cerulean fluttered o'er the deep;
> Brightest of beings, greatest of the great,
> Who, not as mortals steep
> Their eyes in dewy sleep,
> But heavenly pensive on the lotus lay,
> That blossom'd at his touch, and shed a golden ray."

An ancient prayer, common to the inhabitants of Tibet and the slopes of the Himalayas, consists of unceasing repetitions of the words, *Om mane padne haun*, meaning, "Oh, the jewel in the lotus! Amen."

"The Grecian god of silence, Harpocrates, who was the Egyptian Aurora, or Dayspring, and was the son of Isis, was often represented on the lotus. The god Nofre Atmoo also bore the lotus on his head."

The lotus is regarded in Egyptian delineations as signifying the creation of the world. In the gallery of Egyptian antiquities in the British Museum there are several statues bearing sceptres formed of the lotus; and also a mummy holding in each hand of his crossed arms a lotus flower. There was also brought to England, some years ago, a bust of Isis emerging from a lotus flower, which has frequently been mistaken for one of Clytie changing into a sunflower.

Three species of nymphæceæ, called lotus, were cultivated in Egypt. One of these still grows in immense quantities in Lower Egypt. This lotus has fragrant white blossoms, and fruit the size of that of the poppy, filled with small seeds, used as an article of food. It closely resembles our white water-lily. "It was the 'rose of ancient Egypt,' the favorite flower of the country, and

was made into wreaths and garlands. With the blue lotus of the Nile (*Nymphœa cœrulea*), it formed models for many works of art. But the sacred lotus is the Nelumbo. This is the sacred bean of Egypt, the 'rose lily of the Nile' of Herodotus, the lotus *par excellence*. Its blossoms are larger than those of the white or blue lotus; they are of a brilliant red color sometimes, but rarely white, and hang over broad peltated leaves, resembling, in their magnificent beauty, those —

> 'Eastern flowers large,
> Some dropping low their crimson bells
> Half closed; others studded wide
> With disks and tears, that fed the time
> With odor, in the prime of good
> Haroun Alraschid.'

"The Nelumbo was cultivated as much for its usefulness as an article of food, as for its beauty. Its roots, seeds, and leaf-stalks are all edible. The fruit is formed of many valves, each containing a nut about the size of a filbert, with a taste more delicate than that of almonds. The use of the seeds in making bread, and the mode of sowing them,—by enclosing each seed in a ball of clay, and throwing it into the water,—may probably be alluded to in the text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.' The Nelumbo is a native of the north of Africa, of India, China, Japan, Persia, and Asiatic Russia, and in all these countries maintains its sacred character. The fable of the nymph Lotis, who was transformed into a tree bearing her name, is supposed to be of Eastern origin. It was under the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing, that Mohammed was said to have met the angel Gabriel. This lotis or lotus tree must not be confounded with the sacred bean, or lotus

flower, which is a totally distinct plant. The lotus-tree is a moderate-sized thorny tree, with broad leaves, fruit as large as an olive, of a reddish color, containing the nut, the taste of which is sweetish, resembling that of a fig or date. It was this lotus-tree which Homer refers to, when he describes the charm of certain fruit which Ulysses dreaded would lure his companions to give up home and friends forever, as the fable was, that whosoever ate of its fruit would never leave the enchanted land."

On account of these numerous stories connected with the far-famed lotus of the East, it has become one of the most illustrious flowers of romance and poetry. Its praises have been sung in all the languages of Eastern climes, until its very name has become the synonyme for oriental splendor and goddess-like attractions.

The asp appeared to be one of the favorite emblems of deity, and also of royalty, and many strange stories are told of different species of asps. The following is related to show the extreme veneration paid to sacred animals.

"A sacred serpent of Melite had priests and ministers, a table, and a bowl. It was kept in a tower, and fed by the priests with cakes made of flour and of honey, which they placed there in the bowl. Having done this, they retired. The next day, on returning to the apartment, the food was found to be eaten, and the same quantity was again put into the bowl, for it was not lawful for any one to see the sacred reptile. On one occasion, one of the priests being anxious to behold it, went in alone, and having deposited the cake, withdrew, until the moment when he supposed the serpent had come forth to its repast. He then entered, throwing open the door with great violence, upon which the serpent withdrew in evident indignation, and the priest shortly after became frantic, and having confessed his crime, expired."

The Egyptian asp is a species of cobra de capello, and is still very common in Egypt. As our story of Cleopatra is connected with the asp, the following facts will be interesting. It is called Nashir, a word signifying "spreading," from its dilating its breast when angry. The snake-players of modern days use this same serpent in their juggling tricks, taking care first to extract its fangs, or to burn out the poison-bag with a hot iron. The asp is generally about three or four feet long; they are easily tamed; their food consists of mice, frogs, and other reptiles. They are accustomed to live in gardens during the warm weather, where they are of great use. It is supposed that the asp employed by Cleopatra was a kind of poisonous snake much smaller than the common variety; and the name, like that of viper, may have been applied to venomous serpents of different species. Mummies of the asp have been discovered in Thebes.

We have not space to describe the marvellous monuments and pyramids of ancient Egypt, and will only give one statement of Herodotus in connection with them. Herodotus says, that each of the two great pyramids near Memphis required twenty years in building; and that one hundred thousand men were unceasingly employed on the work, who were relieved every three months; and that only sixteen hundred talents of silver were spent on the radishes, onions, and garlic for the workmen, which was probably their only pay, making about eighteen pence a year of our money, for each man.

A slight sketch of an Egyptian house and dinner party will aid us in obtaining a more definite idea of the manners and customs of those times. The apartments appropriated to the reception of guests in Egyptian houses were sometimes on the ground floor, sometimes in the first

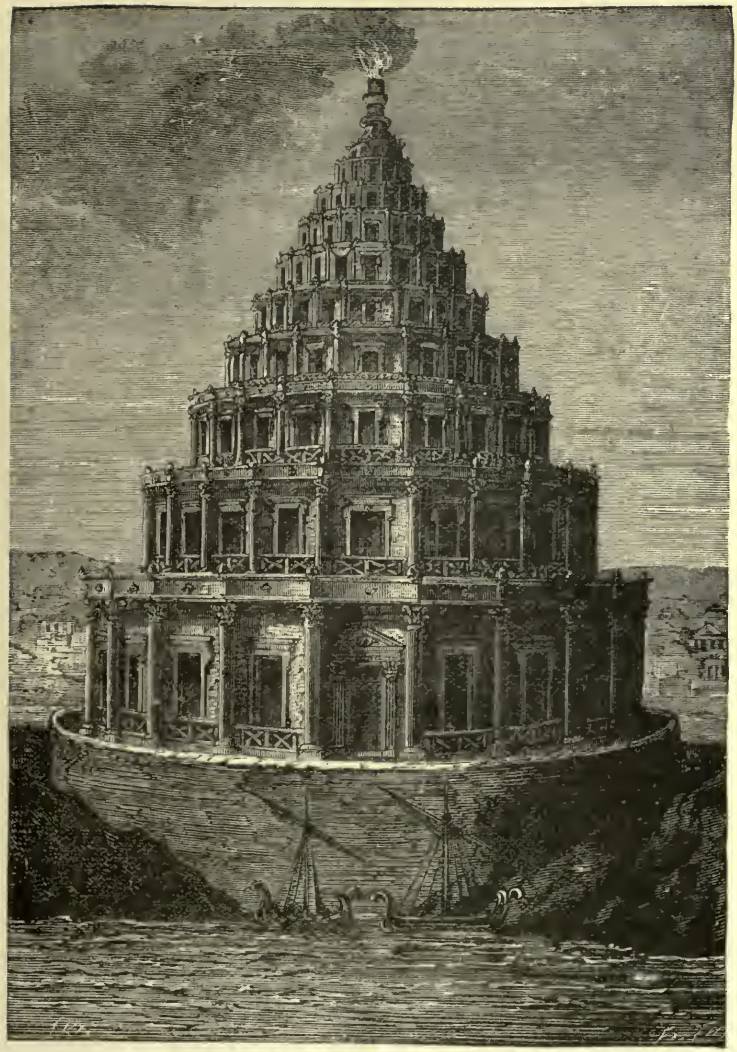
story; though from the size, beauty, and arrangement of their gardens it is supposed that they often entertained their friends in the cool and shady retreats there. These reception rooms were provided with handsome chairs, fauteuils, stools, and low seats. While conversing, they did not recline on divans or couches, though ottomans and richly covered couches formed part of the furniture in Egyptian apartments of state. Egyptian tables were round, square, or oblong; the common people sat cross-legged or crouched on the ground. Little is known of the furniture of their bedrooms, but numerous wooden pillows have been found with grooved places for the head. Those for the rich were made of alabaster. In their entertainments they made lavish display and provided various amusements. Songs, music, dancing, buffoonery, feats of agility, and games of chance were introduced. The guests arrived in chariots or in palanquins borne by their servants on foot. Sometimes their attendants held over them parasols to protect them from the sun, and one slave carried a stool to enable his master to alight with ease, while another bore his writing-tablet, or whatever article of apparel he might need. To those who arrived from a journey, water was brought in a golden ewer to wash their feet before entering the reception-room. It was also customary for each guest to be anointed with ointment by a servant, as he seated himself; then a lotus flower was presented to each visitor, who held it in his hand during the entertainment. Servants also brought necklaces of the same or other flowers, and hung them around the neck of each person, and placed garlands of flowers on their heads with a single lotus bud so arranged that it would fall over the forehead. Wreaths and other devices of flowers were laid around the room on stands,

while servants constantly brought fresh blossoms from the gardens to replace those which had faded. After the floral decorations, wine was offered to the guests. While the dinner was being prepared, the company were entertained by music by a band of musicians, who performed upon the harp, lyre, guitar, tambourine, double and single pipe, flute, and other instruments. The Egyptians paid great attention to the study of music. The father of Cleopatra received the name of Auletes from his skill in playing on the flute. Long before the lyre was known in Greece the Egyptians had attained great perfection in the form of their stringed instruments, and Greek sages visited Egypt to study music among the other sciences for which it was renowned. Harps of fourteen, and lyres of seventeen, strings are found to have been used by ordinary Egyptian musicians 1570 B.C. The strings of the Egyptian harp were of catgut, and some discovered at Thebes in 1823 were so well preserved that they emitted a sound on being touched. Apollodorus relates the following story of the supposed invention of the lyre: —

"The Nile having overflowed the whole country of Egypt, when it returned within its natural bounds, left on the shore a great number of animals of various kinds, and among the rest a tortoise, the flesh of which being dried and wasted by the sun, nothing remained within the shell but nerves and cartilages, and these being braced and contracted by the drying heat became sonorous. Mercury, walking along the banks of the river, happened to strike his foot against this shell, and was so pleased with the sound produced that the idea of a lyre presented itself to his imagination. He therefore constructed the instrument in the form of a tortoise and strung it with the dried sinews of dead animals."

It was not customary for the upper classes of the Egyptians to indulge in dancing, and hired dancers were employed on all festive occasions. Grace in posture and movement was the chief object of those skilled in the dance. Many of their postures and steps resembled those of the modern ballet; and the *pirouette* enlivened an Egyptian party more than thirty-five hundred years ago.

Having given this outline of the manners and customs of ancient Egypt, we will take up the more immediate history of Cleopatra. It will be remembered that Alexander the Great, after his conquest of Egypt, founded the magnificent city of Alexandria situated at the mouth of the river Nile. One of the most expensive and famous of all edifices erected by the Ptolemies was the light-house on the island of Pharos, opposite to the city, and at some distance from it a pier was subsequently built connecting the island with the mainland. This light-house was a lofty tower constructed of white marble. This great edifice was erected by Ptolemy Philadelphus, the second monarch in that line. It was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world. The architect of this light-house was a man named Sostratus. Ptolemy ordered that a marble tablet should be placed in the wall of the tower, bearing his name as the builder of this wonder. Sostratus seemingly obeyed, but he outwitted the haughty monarch. Sostratus secretly engraved his own name upon the marble tablet, and then covered it with an artificial cement similar in appearance to the marble. On this outer surface he cut the name of the king, and the tablet was placed in the wall without detection. In process of time the cement mouldered away as the architect had calculated upon, and the king's name disappeared, while that of Sostratus remained as long as the building endured.



LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ISLAND OF PHAROS.

The city of Alexandria was also world-renowned for its immense library and museum established by the Ptolemies. The museum was not a collection of curiosities, but an institution of learning where sages congregated to devote their time to the study of philosophy and science. The institution was richly endowed, and very magnificent buildings were erected for its use. The most valuable books from all parts of the world were collected here, the king buying, borrowing, or even stealing, these rare treasures, when they could not be otherwise obtained from neighboring nations; and scribes were kept constantly employed in copying these works on parchment by hand-writing, as printing was then unknown, so far as can be discovered; though it is hardly safe to assert that any thing was unknown to those ancient Egyptians, for new discoveries amongst the remains of their ruined cities are continually revealing some hitherto unimagined fact regarding the knowledge and civilization of that strange and powerful nation. After copies were made of all these valuable volumes, or scrolls, the original was always kept in the Alexandrine museum and library, while the copy was graciously returned to the owners, whether individuals or nations. At length the library collected in the museum increased to four hundred thousand volumes. No more could be stored in the museum, and so a wonderful temple, called the Serapion, situated in another part of the city, was used as a depository for additional volumes. Three hundred thousand volumes were afterwards accumulated in this temple. The strange history of this Serapion must not be omitted. One of the ancient gods of the Egyptians was a deity named Serapis. He was the particular divinity of seamen. A statue of this god existed in the town of Sinope, in Asia

Minor. The Ptolemy kings of Egypt were desirous of making Alexandria the most important seaport and naval station in the world, and they thought this could not be accomplished without the presence of this sacred statue of the god Serapis, as his worship would bring to their city all the seamen who made pilgrimages to the shrine of their god. The king of Sinope was unwilling to part with the statue, and refused all offers of the Egyptian king to purchase this venerated image of the deity. At length, however, a famine fell upon the land of Sinope, and the people in their distress were forced to part with their sacred idol in order to obtain corn from the Egyptians, who would furnish none without this condition. The statue of the god Serapis was accordingly brought to Alexandria, where a magnificent temple was erected to contain the idol. This temple was called the Serapion.

It was owing to the desire of the Ptolemies to make the Alexandrine library the wonder of the world, that the Old Testament of the Scriptures came to be translated into Greek, which had previously been written only in the Hebrew language, and was known only to the Jews. This King Ptolemy having learned that the Jews at Jerusalem possessed sacred writings which were guarded in their synagogue there, was very anxious to obtain a copy of them. As the Egyptians then held many of the Jews in slavery, who had been taken prisoners in war, Ptolemy rightly imagined that it would be difficult to accomplish his purpose. He accordingly first bought all the Jewish captives from their masters, at a cost of six hundred thousand dollars, and sent the liberated Jews home to Jerusalem. Deeming that he could now make his request of the Jewish authorities with some hopes of success after

PTOLEMY PLANNING THE ALEXANDRINE LIBRARY.

his generous treatment of their countrymen, Ptolemy sent a splendid embassage to Jerusalem, with respectful letters to the high-priest, and very magnificent presents. The request of Ptolemy was granted. The Jewish priests made very fine copies of their sacred writings, illuminating them with letters of gold. These were presented to Ptolemy, and seventy-two learned Jews were chosen from the twelve tribes and sent to Alexandria; and there they translated the Hebrew Scriptures into Greek. This translation is called the Septuagint, from the Latin words, *septuaginta duo*, meaning "seventy-two." A copy of the Septuagint Bible may now be obtained for two days' wages of a common laborer; but to secure the original translation the Egyptian king expended, it is said, over a million of dollars. Thus an Egyptian king gave to the world the first Greek translation of the Old Testament.

Having given this glimpse of Egyptian history as a background to our picture, we will confine the remainder of this sketch to the immediate history of Cleopatra and her family. Having shown the bright side of the picture of the reign of the Ptolemies, we are forced to look for a moment upon dark and bloody scenes. The early sovereigns in the line of the Ptolemies were distinguished for wise government and the advancement of their people in arts, sciences, and literature. The first Ptolemy was Ptolemy Soter, who, together with his son and successor, Ptolemy Philadelphus, were the most illustrious of the line. So greatly was Ptolemy Soter, the founder of the dynasty, venerated by his subjects, that divine honors were paid to his memory after his death. But the succeeding Ptolemies grew more and more vicious, weak, and sensuous, until the great-grandfather of Cleo-

patra stands forth in history merely as a horrid monster of all vice and crime. He was Ptolemy Physcon, the seventh in the line. The name Physcon was given him in derision, on account of his grotesque appearance. Being very small of stature, his gluttony and dissipation had increased his rotundity of figure to enormous proportions, making him more of a monster than man in appearance. His brother, who was king before him, dying, left a wife, who was also his sister, named Cleopatra, this name being common in the family of the Ptolemies. Queen Cleopatra had a little son, and a daughter, also called Cleopatra, a beautiful girl of about fifteen years of age. The son of this queen was really heir to the throne; but the friends of Physcon succeeded in persuading Queen Cleopatra to marry him, under the conditions that he should be king, but that Cleopatra's son, the child of Physcon's brother, should be heir to the throne. Physcon agreed to this; but no sooner had he married the queen, who was also his sister, when he brutally killed her son, while in her own arms, and upon the very bridal day. This inhuman monster then fell in love with the young Cleopatra, his niece, and soon divorced the queen and married her daughter. But so great were his cruelties and crimes that the people rose against him, and he was forced to flee for his life. He took with him a beautiful boy, who was his own son, and also the child of the Queen Cleopatra whom he had divorced. The people then reinstated Queen Cleopatra upon the throne. When the queen's birthday arrived, it was celebrated with great magnificence, and many guests were assembled at the palace; at which time a large box was brought in as a present to the queen. It was opened in the presence of the guests, as all supposed that some neighboring mon-

arch had sent some costly gift. As the cover was lifted, what was the horror of the queen and her friends to behold the head and hands of her beautiful boy, whom Physcon had taken with him! These bloody relics were placed amid a heap of the fragments of the body in such manner that the mother might recognize her son, and the fiend-like monster, in sending this ghastly gift, had commanded that it should be presented to his former wife as a birthday token, and that it should only be opened in the presence of her guests. Such were some of the shocking deeds performed by members of the family of the famous Cleopatra. No wonder that her nature, inherited from such inhuman monsters, was not free from barbarous instincts.

The father of the illustrious Cleopatra was little better than his revolting predecessors. Blood, murder, and intrigue, and all crimes and vices formed his inheritance, handed down by his grandfather, the fiendish Physcon. The younger Cleopatra, whom Physcon married for his second wife, became such an inhuman being of atrocity and crime that she was put to death by one of her sons, whose destruction she had planned in order to seize the throne. The mother of Auletes, the father of the great Cleopatra, was merciless and wicked, like the rest of the line, disregarding every virtuous principle and family tie. Her daughters were worthy followers of her atrocious example, and at length one murdered the other in jealous hate. Such was the bloody and shocking family record which the world-renowned Cleopatra inherited, together with the throne of one of the most powerful and remarkable nations of the earth. Her father followed in the same bloody footsteps. Having been dethroned by his subjects, who hated him on account of his atrocious

vices, — for this Ptolemy Auletes was one of the most dissipated and corrupt of all the sovereigns of that dynasty, — he fled to Rome to obtain aid to recover his throne. The Egyptian people, meanwhile, had made his eldest daughter, Berenice, queen. Auletes, having at length raised an army with the help of Pompey, the Roman general, who espoused his cause, returned to Alexandria, defeated the Egyptians, and recovered his throne; and immediately thereupon put his eldest daughter, Berenice, to death. When Cleopatra was about eighteen years of age, her father died, having left a will by which the throne of Egypt was to be held by Cleopatra and her younger brother Ptolemy, who were to marry each other and reign conjointly.

This terrible deed, which is regarded with just abhorrence as a dreadful and revolting crime in our days, was a customary practice among Egyptian monarchs; and in their mythology their gods and goddesses were also represented as marrying brothers and sisters. As both Cleopatra and her brother were too young to govern Egypt, they only reigned in name, while the government was administered by two ministers, named Pothinus and Achillas. As these statesmen, one of whom was also general-in-chief of the army, desired to obtain complete control of the empire, they espoused the cause of Ptolemy, Cleopatra's brother and so-called husband, who was so young that they imagined they could manage him as they wished. They accordingly deposed Cleopatra, placing Ptolemy alone on the throne; though in reality they were the sovereigns themselves.

Cleopatra, who early displayed a dauntless courage and a resistless self-reliance, fled to Syria to raise troops, that she might secure by force her rightful inheritance. Cleo-

patra obtained an army, and commenced her march back into Egypt. Pothinus and Achillas went forth to meet her, accompanied by a large body of troops, taking the young Ptolemy with them as the nominal sovereign. The two armies encamped near Pelusium. But no battle was fought, owing to unexpected circumstances.

It was at this time that the conflict was waging in Rome between Julius Cæsar and Pompey. As Pompey had given aid to Ptolemy Auletes, the father of Cleopatra, in recovering his throne, Pompey fled to Egypt, hoping to find succor there. But he was treacherously invited to land by the Egyptian ministers, Pothinus and Achillas, and then barbarously murdered while stepping on shore. Julius Cæsar soon after arrived at Alexandria; and when this news reached the camps of the Egyptian armies, the two ministers, with the young king, Ptolemy, hastily returned to Alexandria; and, hoping to propitiate Cæsar, they sent to him the head of the murdered Pompey. Cæsar, far from being pleased, was greatly shocked, and ordered the head of his late enemy to be buried with imposing ceremonies.

Cæsar had landed at Alexandria with only a few troops, and had established himself in the royal palace. He demanded the six thousand talents which Ptolemy Auletes had promised for securing the alliance of Rome, which had never been entirely paid. Cæsar also claimed that, by the will of Auletes, the Roman people had been made his executors; and he declared that, as consul of the Roman people, it was for him to decide the dispute between Cleopatra and her brother Ptolemy.

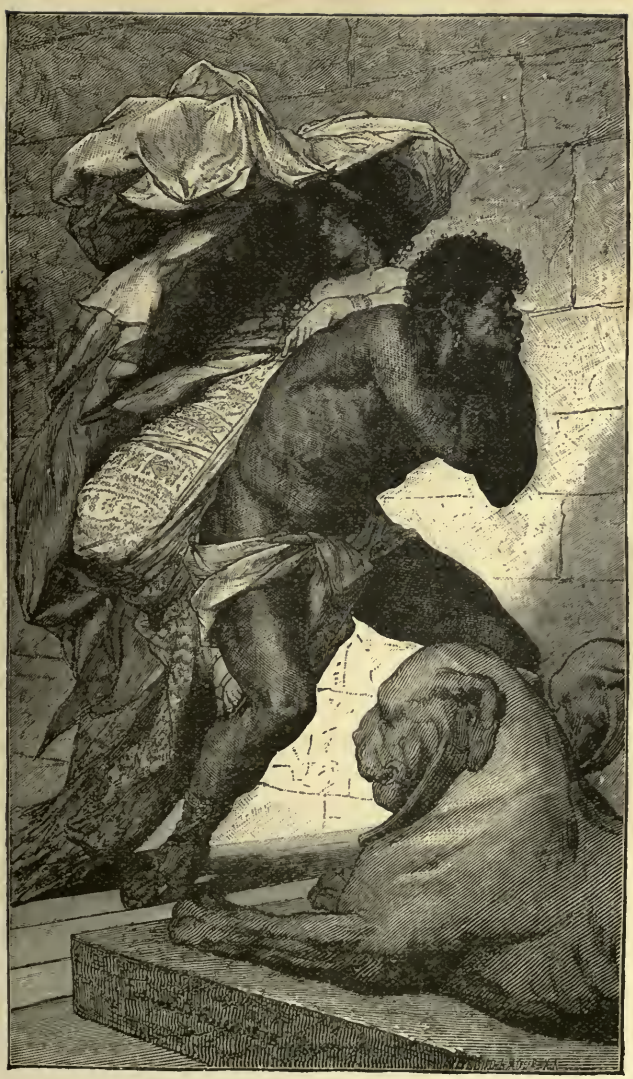
While matters were in this state, Cleopatra determined to use stratagem in gaining her own cause.

She therefore sent a message to Cæsar, asking permis-

sion to appear before him. Cæsar thereupon urged her to come.

Cleopatra then took a single boat, and with but few attendants left the army secretly; and arriving at Alexandria, she waited until nightfall, and then advanced with a single servant to the wall of the citadel. This servant, named Apollodorus, at the bidding of Cleopatra, rolled her up in a bundle of carpeting, and, covering the package in such a manner as to resemble a bale of merchandise, he lifted it over his shoulder and carried it into the city, and arrived unmolested at the palace. In answer to the questions of the guards stationed at the gates of the palace, he replied that he carried a present to Cæsar. Whereupon he obtained access to Cæsar's apartments; and when his mysterious bundle was unrolled, even the stern Roman general was fascinated by the vision of loveliness which met his wondering gaze. Cleopatra was at this time about twenty-one years of age. She was of slender and graceful form, and renowned, not so much for her regularity of features, as for an indescribable charm and witchery of manner and expression. As she pleaded her cause before the great conqueror, with lively intelligence and quick wit and winning sweetness, the conqueror became the conquered; and Julius Cæsar's heart became a toy in the hands of this fair young girl, and her wishes became his law. He who had conquered the known world was led captive by the charms of this wilful, fascinating, star-eyed beauty of the Nile.

Cæsar immediately espoused Cleopatra's cause with great fervor. He sent for the young king, Ptolemy, and urged upon him the expediency of restoring Cleopatra to her rights as joint sovereign with himself. But the young Ptolemy had now arrived at the age of wilfulness, and re-



CLEOPATRA CARRIED INTO THE PALACE OF CÆSAR.

fused to give his sister her place as queen. He was, moreover, very much vexed that Cleopatra had delivered herself into the power of Cæsar. He left the palace in a rage, tearing the diadem from his head, in his indignation, and declaring to the people that he was betrayed.

Ptolemy and his officers did not have a large body of troops in the city of Alexandria; for the main army was still stationed at Pelusium, where Cleopatra's army was also encamped.

The populace were so inflamed by the representations of Ptolemy and his ministers, who declared that Cæsar had seized and imprisoned Cleopatra, that the excited people rushed to make an attack upon the palace. Cæsar had but a small force to guard the palace; but he boldly sent out a detachment of his soldiers, with orders to seize Ptolemy, and bring him as a prisoner. This was accomplished, to the great astonishment of the people at such unheard-of daring. Then Cæsar mounted to a high window in the tower, and made signs to the mob below that he wished to speak with them. Quiet being restored, Cæsar told the people that, as he was a representative of the Roman nation, whom Auletes had made the executors of his will, he would endeavor to decide justly the questions concerning Cleopatra and Ptolemy; and he recommended them to retire without further riot. Accordingly the mob dispersed, and Ptolemy and Cleopatra remained under Cæsar's guardianship.

The next day an assembly of the chief men of Alexandria was convened by Cæsar; and the will of Auletes having been publicly read in their hearing, the decision announced by Cæsar, that Cleopatra was entitled to reign with Ptolemy, was not openly opposed. Thereupon Cleopatra was reinstated by Cæsar; and he proposed that

her younger sister, Arsinoë, with a still younger brother, also named Ptolemy, should receive the island of Cyprus as a joint realm. Cyprus being at this time a Roman possession, this provision would be a royal gift, which Cæsar thought would help to appease the Egyptian people.

A grand festival was held to celebrate this reconciliation; and during the feast one of the servants of Cæsar overheard some remarks, which led to the discovery of a plot which had been formed against Cæsar by the Egyptian ministers, Pothinus and Achillas. Cæsar being informed of the plan, set a guard at the door where the feast was held, and Pothinus was killed. Achillas fled to the Egyptian army, and assuming command, he marched against Cæsar.

The war which now ensued is known as the Alexandrine war. Achillas had at first the advantage in this contest, as his army was large, while Cæsar had brought but few soldiers with him to Alexandria, and his reinforcements had not arrived. Cæsar, knowing the importance of holding control of all the approaches to the city by sea, sent out an expedition to burn all the shipping in the harbor, and to take possession of a fort upon the island of Pharos, which commanded the entrance to the port. This undertaking was successful; but in its accomplishment an irretrievable loss was sustained, not only by the city of Alexandria, but by the entire world. This was the burning of the famous library already described.

After various minor conflicts, a great battle was fought, in which the Egyptians were defeated. Ptolemy, who had previously joined the Egyptian army, was afterwards drowned in the Nile.

The younger sister of Cleopatra, Arsinoë, who had escaped from the palace with her guardian, called Gany-

medes, and had taken refuge with the Egyptian army, was captured by Cæsar's soldiers, and brought to him as a prisoner. The war being ended by the victory of Cæsar, Cleopatra was placed upon the throne of Egypt, in conjunction with her youngest brother, Ptolemy, as the elder was dead; and after two years Cæsar returned to Rome, taking Arsinoë with him as his prisoner. In his grand triumphal celebrations this Egyptian princess was forced to walk before the chariot of Cæsar, bound with golden chains. Cæsar had become so infatuated with Cleopatra that he had taken her as his wife, while in Egypt, although he was already married to a Roman lady. And after Cæsar's return to Rome, Cleopatra followed him with their infant son, named Cæsario, and her younger brother, Ptolemy, who reigned with her as king of Egypt.

Upon the death of Cæsar, which occurred about four years after, Cleopatra endeavored to get her child acknowledged by the Roman senate as her colleague on the throne of Egypt. She was living in Rome in Cæsar's villa when he met his death at the hands of the conspirators. She thereupon applied to Cicero to use his influence in behalf of her son Cæsario, and offered him some rare books and works of art. But Cicero was offended at her haughtiness, and refused to espouse her cause. Cleopatra, fearing that her own life was in danger, — for the Roman people were much incensed against her on account of her influence over Cæsar, — then fled secretly to Egypt with her son Cæsario. As Ptolemy, her youngest brother, had now arrived at the age of fifteen years, at which time he was allowed to assume all the royal prerogatives of a sovereign, Cleopatra contrived to have him poisoned, that she might reign sole monarch. She had then reigned four years with her elder brother and four with the younger Ptolemy, and from that time she reigned alone.

This shocking murder of her own brother reveals the savage instincts which she had inherited from her ancestors, who were guilty of the most atrocious crimes. She had seen her own father murder her eldest sister out of cruel revenge, and her childhood had been passed amidst scenes of profligacy and vice. For a time her nobler impulses had obtained the ascendancy over her; but from this time forward all the marvellous fascinations of mind and manner, which enslaved all who came within their magic spell, were debased by evil motives, and became the instruments of accomplishing the ruin of all who were so unfortunate as to become infatuated with her alluring beauty, melodious voice, and brilliant mind.

After the famous battle of Philippi and the death of Brutus and Cassius, Octavius Cæsar and Mark Antony and a Roman general named Lepidus formed the celebrated *triumvirate*, which continued for some time afterwards to wield the supreme power over the Roman world. The battle of Philippi established the ascendancy of Antony, and made him the most conspicuous man, as Cleopatra was the most conspicuous woman, in the world.

After the murder of Cæsar, Cleopatra did not openly declare herself a partisan of either his friends or enemies. But as some suspicious circumstances occurred, Antony afterwards summoned her to appear before him on a charge of aiding Cassius. Antony was then at Tarsus, and the famous sail of Cleopatra up the river Cydnus took place at that time. The description of this gorgeous scene we have already narrated. The name of the messenger sent by Antony to summon Cleopatra to his presence was Dellius. This officer had proceeded to Egypt on this errand, but having beheld the far-famed Egyptian queen, he was so astonished at her beauty and

captivated by her fascinations of voice and manner, that he told her she need have no fears of Antony, for he was sure her matchless charms would speedily overwhelm him. He advised her to proceed to Tarsus with as much pomp and magnificence as possible, arrayed in her best attire, and displaying all the gorgeous luxury of her court.

Cleopatra was not slow to follow this advice, but she took her own time in obeying Antony's summons; thus already making him submit to her own sweet will. "The great secret of Cleopatra's power of winning was the instinctive insight she possessed into men's dispositions, and her exquisite tact in discovering their vulnerable points. She won Julius Cæsar by throwing herself into his power, and won Mark Antony by exercising her power over him. She flattered Julius Cæsar's love of dominion by submitting herself to it; she swayed Mark Antony's heart by assuming rule there. She caused herself to be carried to Julius Cæsar; she bade Mark Antony come to her. She behaved with humility and deference to Julius; she treated Antony with gay despotism and wayward playfulness. She derived her fortune and held her crown from Julius Cæsar's bestowal; she outvied Antony in costly display and sumptuous entertainment. Her irresistible allurement lay in her faculty of adapting herself to men's peculiar tastes and predilections. She followed Julius to Rome; she shared Antony's wildest frolics. Antony's passion for Cleopatra was a luxurious intoxication."

When the magnificent barge of Cleopatra landed at the city of Tarsus, all the populace ran to the river-banks to behold the gorgeous sight. Antony, who was then engaged at some tribunal, found himself completely deserted, as every one had fled in haste to the river. When Cleo-

patra landed, she ordered her tents to be immediately pitched upon the shore.

Antony sent a polite invitation to the Egyptian queen to dine with him; but she courteously replied that it would be more pleasing to her to receive him and his generals as her guests. And when Antony and his officers entered her superb tents, the gorgeous magnificence everywhere displayed with most lavish abundance astonished and bewildered them. The dinner service was of gold set with precious stones, and the twelve seats arranged for the guests were ornamented with purple and gold. When Antony praised the splendor of the sight before him, Cleopatra disdainfully replied that these were but trifles; but if the service and ornaments pleased him, she begged him to accept them all as a slight gift from her. The next day Cleopatra was invited to dine with Antony; and although he endeavored in every manner possible to equal the richness and splendor of her entertainment, he fell so far short, that he acknowledged with chagrin his defeat. Again Antony and his generals were fêted in the tents of Cleopatra. This time the tables were spread with a new service of gold and silver, more magnificent than those beheld at the former feast. The rare jewels with which they were adorned, and their unique and elegant workmanship, surprised her guests into still warmer exclamations of wonder and delight. At the end of the entertainment Cleopatra presented to each guest the gorgeous chair in which he had reclined, and distributed amongst them all the splendid service of gold and silver dishes, which were richly encrusted with costly jewels.

Not only were the entertainments furnished by Cleopatra in honor of Antony so very gorgeous, but her costumes were each day more bewitching, and even her

attendants were attired in rich and expensive robes; while the tents and surrounding gardens and pavilions were illuminated with innumerable lights, which were so ingeniously disposed, some in squares, and some in circles, that the spectacle was surprising in beauty. Antony was not only enchanted by the brilliancy of these fairy-like scenes, but Cleopatra herself was irresistible. She was not so remarkable for actual beauty, but her chief fascination was the charming combination of face, form, and winning conversation, which rendered her bewitching. Her voice has been compared to an instrument of many strings, so melodious was it; and she spoke readily to every ambassador in his own language, and was said to have been the only sovereign of Egypt who understood the languages of all her subjects, which included the Greek, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Troglodytic, Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac.

She was now twenty-five years of age. Her oriental beauty was at its height of splendor. Her mind was mature, and her wit was unequalled. These costly entertainments continued every day; and on one occasion, when Antony playfully reproached her for her extravagance, and said that it would not be possible to fare in a more costly manner, Cleopatra laughingly declared that the dinner of the next day should cost ten thousand sestertia, equal to three hundred thousand dollars.

Antony would not believe this surprising statement, and made a wager with her that she could not fulfil her promise. When he arrived with his generals the next day, he did not perceive any seeming added magnificence; and when Antony laughingly told her, that according to his reckoning of the cost of the viands and service, she had lost her wager, she replied, that she should herself soon eat and drink the ten thousand sestertia.

She wore in her ears two pearls, the largest known in the world, which she had inherited with her crown and kingdom. These two pearls were valued at two hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars apiece. Dryden, alluding to these jewels of Cleopatra, wrote, "Each pendant in her ear shall be a province."

When the next course was served, a servant set before her a glass of vinegar. She thereupon took one of the ear-rings from her ear, and dropped it into the vinegar, and when the pearl was dissolved, she drank the liquid.

As she was about to sacrifice also the other magnificent jewel, one of the guests snatched it from her hand, exclaiming that she had won the wager. This rescued pearl was afterwards taken to Rome, and there cut in two and made into a pair of ear-rings for the statue of Venus in the Pantheon at Rome. And the fame of the wager made the two half-pearls as valuable as the two whole ones had been.

Cleopatra was also a beautiful singer, and she now employed all the arts of her beauty and mind to the task of completely subduing the will and the heart of the great Roman general, who was soon so entirely ensnared by this enchanting sorceress, that he forgot all about his wife, whom he had left in Rome, and also his duties of country, and even his glories of war; and thus this old warrior became a willing captive to the spell of Cleopatra, who persuaded him to follow her to Alexandria, and there he gave himself up to every kind of idle amusement and the most profligate dissipation.

Antony and Cleopatra had each a magnificent palace in Alexandria, and they fêted each other by turns. Philotas, a young physician who was at that time pursuing his studies at Alexandria, related to Plutarch's grand-

CLEOPATRA SHOWING TO AUGUSTUS THE BUST OF CÆSAR.

father some incidents of these extravagant feasts. At one time Philotas entered Antony's kitchen when eight wild boars were being roasted whole. Upon expressing astonishment at the large number of guests who must be expected, to require such a dinner, the cook informed him that there would be none others but Antony's usual party of twelve; but as each dish must be served in perfection, and as Antony and Cleopatra often became engaged in some new diversion just as dinner was ready, and would thereupon give orders to have it wait their pleasure, it was necessary to cook eight entire dinners, that whichever one should suit their time to eat, it might be served without the slightest signs of neglect in its preparation.

But the most costly of the luxuries then used in Egypt were the scents and ointments. Many of these perfumes, such as the attar of roses, were sold for four hundred denarii the pound.

Cleopatra endeavored by every art possible to so fascinate Antony that he would not think of returning to Rome. Perceiving that Antony was partial to gross and sensuous pleasures, and more given to feasting than the polite arts and sciences, in which Cleopatra herself was remarkably accomplished, she therefore cultivated only the coarser side of her nature, and gave herself up to the most riotous amusements. She played at dice with him, hunted by his side, was present at all his military parades, and even joined him in his night revels in the street, when Antony, disguising himself as a servant, and Cleopatra dressed as a maid, accompanied by half-drunken companions, they went through the streets of Alexandria, attended with boisterous musicians and singers, and perpetrated all kinds of wild pranks.

Thus the elegant Cleopatra, who could charm Julius

Cæsar with the marvellous intelligence and keen wit of her conversation and the graceful allurements of her refined beauty, when with the mad Antony, who was more of a wild boar than statesman, laid aside her bewitching loveliness of mind and manner, and condescended to join in a wild revelry, as boisterous and undignified as his coarser nature could enjoy. Yet even the witchery of her youth, beauty, wealth, and gracefulness could not cloak the enormities of vice and crime. Her first request of Antony was the death of her sister Arsinoë, who had been living in exile in Asia since the time when she had been taken to Rome as a prisoner by Julius Cæsar. Either from jealousy or ambition, Cleopatra desired her to be put out of her way, and Antony caused her to be killed in the temple of Diana, at Miletus, whither Arsinoë had fled for refuge. Thus did Cleopatra continue her bloody work even in the midst of her most gorgeous revels.

From henceforth in her history we can no longer think of her as the lovely lotus of the Nile, the very flower of womanly loveliness, as she appeared upon her enchanting barge, sailing in the glowing sunshine, over the shining waters of the Cydnus; but she becomes more like a beautiful tiger, or, as Shakespeare calls her, "that old serpent of the Nile," charming the unwary victims by her glistening eyes and alluring wiles, only to crush them at last within the encircling coils of her irresistible spell. Antony had sent for her as her master, but he was now her slave.

One day the queen of Egypt accompanied him on a fishing excursion. Antony, having caught nothing, was much chagrined; and to appear successful in the eyes of Cleopatra, he ordered a fisherman to dive beneath the water and fasten to his line one of the large fish which

the fisherman had just caught. This having been done, Antony drew in his line with much satisfaction, and displayed the fine trophy he had so skilfully ensnared. Cleopatra, however, was not ignorant of this artifice, but she affected much admiration for Antony's successful angling, and she arranged for another fishing party the next day. Accordingly, when they once again set sail in the fishing-boats, she ordered one of her servants to dive below the water when Antony should throw his line, and fasten to his hook a large salt fish which had been brought from the province of Pontus. Again Antony drew in his line in triumph, which was quickly changed to intense mortification as he beheld the salt fish dangling from his hook. Amidst the uproarious laughter wh ch this amusing incident occasioned, Cleopatra exclaimed, "Leave the line, good general, to us, the kings and queens of Pharos and Canopus; your business is to fish for cities, kingdoms, and kings."

While Antony thus amused himself with such sports, and much more condemnatory pleasures, news reached him of trouble at Rome. His wife Fulvia and his brother had been banished, and Octavius Cæsar declared himself an open foe. Fulvia soon after died, and Antony returning to Rome, was reconciled to young Cæsar by marrying his sister Octavia, although Cleopatra already pretended to be his lawful wife; and in order to appease her, Antony was obliged to make magnificent presents to Cleopatra, consisting of the provinces of Phœnicia, the Lower Syria, the Isle of Cyprus, with a great part of Cilicia. Cleopatra also begged him to put to death Herod, king of Judea, and Malichus, king of Arabia, who were her enemies. But Antony did not yield to these bloody demands, and only gave her the balsam country around Jericho,

and a rent-charge of thirty thousand pounds a year on the revenues of Judea. It is related that at a feast, when Cleopatra perceived Antony to be under the influence of wine, she even presumed to ask him to give her the Roman Empire, which he was not ashamed to promise her. On receiving these large additions to her kingdom, Cleopatra, in honor of Antony, dated the years of her reign anew, calling what was in reality the sixteenth year of her reign over Egypt, the first, and thus she reckoned them until her death. Antony also presented to her the large library of Pergamus, which had fallen to his share in the spoils of war. This library Eumenes and Attalus had hoped to make as famous as the museum of Alexandria, which had perished in the flames of the Alexandrine war. Cleopatra placed the two hundred thousand volumes thus acquired, in the temple of Serapis, and once again Alexandria held the largest library in the world, notwithstanding the destruction of the far-famed museum. These royal gifts caused the Romans to entertain bitter hatred against Antony, and especially against Cleopatra, whom they blamed for her evil influence over their once illustrious general.

After Antony's marriage to Octavia, he made several expeditions against surrounding nations, and Octavia accompanied him into Greece. But open hostilities having broken out between Octavius and Antony, Octavia was sent to Rome to effect a reconciliation between her husband and brother. This she partially accomplished; but Antony, again ensnared by the enchantments of Cleopatra, forgot all his duties of state and country, and again was lured to Alexandria, leaving Octavia in Rome. This illustrious Roman lady displayed the most loyal devotion to her husband and their children, and endeavored in

every way to dissuade her brother from taking up arms against Antony, whose cruel neglect of his wife inflamed her brother, Octavius Cæsar, to the most intense hatred, and a determination to avenge her wrongs, as well as assert his own ambitious power.

Meanwhile, Antony was spending his time in Egypt. At length he determined to undertake an expedition against the Parthians and Armenians. While in Phœnicia, Cleopatra joined him, bringing him money and clothes and food for his soldiers. Meanwhile Octavia had also left Rome and reached Athens, on her way to Antony's camp, to bring him the supplies and money she had procured in Rome for his suffering troops. Fearing that Octavia might win Antony from her side, Cleopatra affected to die for love of him. She refrained from food, and was often discovered by him in tears; and her attendants constantly reminded him of her great grief, and declared that if he should leave her, she would surely die. As Antony had married Octavia only for political power in Rome, and as he did love Cleopatra more intensely than he had ever loved any human being before, he sent word to Octavia to return to Rome, and soon after sent deputies to Rome, to declare his divorce from Octavia, and with orders to command her to leave his house, with all her children.

Even this wicked and cruel indignity did not destroy the devoted love of Octavia. She obeyed the outrageous summons, and continued to take the most untiring care, not only of her own children, but of those of Antony and his former wife, Fulvia. She also endeavored to appease the indignation of the Roman people against him; but she could not lessen the resentment of her brother Octavius, who now prepared for open war. While the names of

Antony and Cleopatra were held in abhorrence in Rome, in Alexandria new and most gorgeous honors were accorded them.

In the magnificent palace of the Ptolemies a massive throne of gold was erected, the ascent to which was by steps of solid silver. Upon this glistening throne sat Antony and Cleopatra. He was arrayed in a superb robe of purple, embroidered with gold, and buttoned with flashing diamonds. On his side he wore a Persian scimitar, the handle and sheath of which were encrusted with sparkling gems. His diadem glittered with precious stones, and in his right hand he held a sceptre of gold. Thus had he caused himself to be so gorgeously attired, in order, as he said, "that in such royal equipage he might deserve to be the husband of a queen."

Upon his right side sat Cleopatra, costumed as the goddess Isis, whose name and honors she assumed on public occasions of great pomp and magnificence. She wore a shining robe of the precious linen set apart for the service of that goddess, so fine and sheer that it seemed to encase her graceful form in gleaming folds of shimmering light. Upon her royal brow glistened most priceless jewels, while her fair neck seemed almost weighted with its sparkling gem-encrusted chains. She looked, in truth, a very goddess, this proud Egyptian Queen, this gorgeous Lotus Blossom of the Nile, this most matchless siren, most peerless Peri of the Orient! Never before had she appeared more gloriously beautiful; though even now the black clouds of disappointment and death were gathering thick around, soon to overshadow herself and illustrious kingdom in irretrievable ruin. But unmindful of the coming storm, the eyes of this Egyptian Isis, seated in goddess-like magnificence upon her shining throne, flashed with proud triumph and gratified ambition.

A little lower upon this gorgeous throne sat three children. The eldest was Cæsario, the son of Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar; the two younger were Alexander and Ptolemy, sons of Antony and Cleopatra. Cæsario was dressed as a young Egyptian prince; while the younger boys wore the costumes of the countries over which they were to reign. After the people had assembled in the palace, by the command of Antony, heralds proclaimed Cleopatra queen of Egypt, Cyprus, Libya, and Cœlosyria, in conjunction with her son Cæsario. The young princes Alexander and Ptolemy were also proclaimed "kings of kings"; and to Alexander, the elder, Antony gave the kingdoms of Armenia and Media, with Parthia, when Antony should have conquered it. To the younger, Ptolemy, the kingdoms of Syria, Phœnicia, and Cilicia were given. After the proclamation the three young princes knelt before Cleopatra and Antony, and made them royal obeisance, kissing their hands. To each of them was afterwards assigned a regiment of guards and a retinue of youths chosen from the principal families in the several countries.

Cæsar now advanced with his army against Antony. Cleopatra, having furnished him with troops and ships,— which, together with his own land forces, formed a large army,— they departed to Ephesus, and thence to Samos, where, notwithstanding their impending peril, they passed many days in feasting and pleasure. The island became such a scene of riot and revelry that the people exclaimed in astonishment, "If Antony celebrates such festivities before going into battle, by what means could he express his joy should he obtain the victory?"

Antony and Cleopatra, with a magnificent retinue, then went to Athens. As Octavia had been formerly received

by the Athenians with marked attentions, Cleopatra determined that she would outvie her rival. She accordingly lavished such costly gifts and immense sums of money amongst the Athenians, that they were amazed, and decreed to her the most exalted honors. They sent an imposing embassy to her, and Antony himself, in the character of an Athenian citizen, was one of the ambassadors.

It was during one of the gorgeous feasts celebrated at Samos that the following incident is supposed to have occurred.

Notwithstanding Cleopatra's professed fondness for Antony, he began at length to fear that in some moment of anger or treachery she might poison him. He therefore ordered that all of the viands served at these banquets should be first tasted by one of his servants before he partook of them. Cleopatra, perceiving this mistrust, determined to teach him how completely he was in her power if she chose to do him harm.

She therefore ordered the stems of the flowers to be poisoned, which formed the wreaths worn by Antony and herself at table according to the Egyptian custom, and in the midst of the feast she proposed that they should pluck the flowers from their crowns and drink them in their wine. Antony readily consented, and breaking off many of the blossoms from his wreath, he threw them in his glass and raised it to his lips to drink.

But Cleopatra quickly seized his uplifted arm and exclaimed: "I am the poisoner against whom you take such mighty precautions. If it were possible for me to live without you, judge now whether I wanted either opportunity or reason for such action." She thereupon immediately ordered that a prisoner, already condemned

to die, should be brought into the apartment, and the cup which Antony had been about to taste was given him, and Cleopatra commanded that he should drink its contents; after taking which, the slave immediately expired.

At length Antony and Cleopatra set forth with their entire fleet to meet their Roman foes. This fleet consisted of five hundred ships of war of great size and peculiar construction; but they were illy manned, as Antony was not able to secure mariners enough, and had been obliged to employ husbandmen, artisans, muleteers, and even boys. On board the fleet were two hundred thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. The kings of many countries had joined their forces in behalf of Cleopatra, and troops had been sent from Libya, Cappadocia, Paphlagonia, Comagena, Thrace, Pontus, Judea, Lycaonia, Galatia, and Media. Though all the ships were imposing, none equalled the magnificence of Cleopatra's galley with its purple sails glittering with gold; while flags and banners floated in the breeze, and trumpets, drums, cymbals, and other instruments filled the air with gay and inspiring strains of martial music. Antony followed her in a galley little less splendid.

Cleopatra was flushed with triumph. Accompanied by one of the most renowned generals of the world, she proudly threatened the powerful Roman capital, and even dared to imagine that she could subdue the world and reign sole mistress of the greatest kingdoms of the earth.

Octavius Cæsar had only two hundred and fifty ships, and eighty thousand foot and twelve thousand horse. But his war-galleys were perfectly manned with experienced seamen, and his troops were old veterans in many illustrious wars.

By the advice of Cleopatra, Antony determined to risk all in a naval battle rather than a land conflict. Had he chosen the latter, his superior numbers might have turned the tide in his favor.

The important battle was fought upon the 2d of September, in the Gulf of Ambracia, near the city of Actium. While the battle was raging, and Antony's chances of success were equal with those of Cæsar, Cleopatra turned and fled in fright, drawing after her the entire Egyptian squadron.

Antony, perceiving her flight, forgot everything in his wild impulse to follow her; and turning his galley, he ignominiously pursued her, leaving his soldiers to carry on the conflict. So bravely did they fight, even after this shameful desertion of their leader, that Cæsar with great difficulty gained the victory.

When Cleopatra perceived that Antony was following her, she commanded her admiral to stop her galley until Antony reached its side, when Antony was taken on board. But so great was his mortification and remorse that he would neither see her nor speak to her for three days; after which time she regained her old ascendancy, and they returned to Alexandria, where they gave themselves up anew to pleasure and feasting, even though they knew that Cæsar was already pursuing them.

Cleopatra now formed a very extraordinary design. She ordered that her ships, which were in the Mediterranean Sea, should be carried over the isthmus into the Red Sea; and she then determined to take all her treasures, and escape beyond the reach of Cæsar. But the Arabians having burned several of her ships, she abandoned the plan. She now resolved to be treacherous to Antony, and to gain the favor of Cæsar. Though she

loved Antony to madness, her ambition was stronger than her love. She thereupon persuaded Antony to send ambassadors to Cæsar to sue for peace; and with them she sent officers of her own, who were bribed to treat separately with Cæsar on her behalf. Octavius Cæsar gave her reason to hope, if she would sacrifice Antony to him.

Now followed a time of vacillating love and ambition, despair and dissimulation. To dispel Antony's suspicions she increased her caressing attentions, and spent her time in providing the most extravagant banquets and amusements.

Meanwhile, with a presentiment of her impending doom, she made special studies of all sorts of poisons, to discern, if possible, which would occasion the most speedy and painless death. She also experimented regarding the effects of the bites of the most poisonous reptiles and insects, using for her victims animals or condemned prisoners. At length she discovered that the asp was the only one whose bite occasioned neither torture nor convulsions, the victim being speedily stupefied, and dying in a seemingly painless sleep.

Antony and Cleopatra now formed a new compact, called "Synapothanumenon," signifying the order and agreement of those who will die together, in substitution for their former order of existence, called "Amimetobion," meaning "no life comparable."

News at length reached Alexandria that Cæsar had appeared before Pelusium, and that the city had fallen into his hands. It is said that this capture was obtained through the treachery of Cleopatra, who sent secret word to her governor there to surrender the place. Then, to clear herself from the rumors of this treason, she put the

wife and children of the governor into Antony's hands, that he might revenge himself by putting them to death. Thus had vice and ambition robbed this Egyptian queen of all the charms of innocence and womanly tenderness, until she had become almost fiend-like in her cruelty and selfishness. Thus can the spirit of selfish ambition become a serpent in the heart, poisoning all its nobler aspirations. The beautiful, fascinating Cleopatra was fast becoming as great a monster of crime as her atrocious ancestors.

Adjoining the temple of Isis, Cleopatra had caused a magnificent tomb to be built for herself, and thither she ordered all her most precious treasures to be brought. She there stored her gold, silver, jewels, ebony, ivory, and a large quantity of costly perfumes and aromatic woods. She also sent to this mausoleum an immense quantity of flax, tow, torches, and other combustibles, which she ordered stored in the lower apartments of the tomb, that they might be in readiness should she determine to destroy herself and treasures by fire rather than allow them to fall into the hands of her enemies.

Cæsar, hearing of these preparations made by the Egyptian queen, was fearful lest she might escape him, with all her treasures, and constantly sent her messages offering her promises of generous treatment when he should reach Alexandria.

Antony, knowing nothing of this double dealing, prepared for a good defence. Cæsar had now advanced to the city, and encamped near the Hippodrome. Antony made a vigorous sally; and having severely repulsed the enemy, he returned victorious to the city. But this was the last effort of his expiring valor. On the morrow, after spending the night at a magnificent banquet pro-

vided by Cleopatra in honor of his recent success, Antony resolved to attack Cæsar by sea and land. Having drawn up his land force, he stood with them on an eminenee, watehing the advance of his galleys, whieh were to make the first attack. What was his horror and chagrin, however, to behold Cleopatra's admiral strike his flag, and go over with his entire fleet to the enemy. This treason opened the eyes of Antony to the perfidy of the queen. With one expiring impulse of warlike valor, he sent to ehallenge Cæsar to single combat. But Cæsar sent answer, that if Antony was weary of life, there were other ways to die. Finding himself thus ridieuled by Cæsar and betrayed by Cleopatra, Antony rushed in wild rage to the palace to avenge himself upon the perfidious woman for whom he had bartered country and honor. Any excuse whieh we might have made for the aetions of Cleopatra heretofore, on the plea that she was impelled by her mad love for Antony, can no longer shield her treaehery and erime. It is poor Antony now who, in spite of all his outrageous conduet, claims our sympathy. He had bartered everything in life for the love of this woman, only to find himself basely deserted by her in his hour of greatest trouble. Her selfish ambition was paramount to her love, and overshadows her last days with infamy.

Cleopatra, foreseeing that Antony would seek her in a rage, upon diseovering her treaehery, had retired into her tomb, with two women attendants, and eaused Antony to be told that she had killed herself. No sooner had Antony heard this news than his hate was again eonquered by his love, and lamenting her death with sobs and tears, he shut himself up in his palaee, with one slave, named Eros. He thereupon eommanded Eros to plunge his dagger

into his heart, as he no longer desired to live. But the faithful slave, unwilling to obey this dreadful command, took the dagger, but stabbed himself with it, and fell dead at his master's feet. Antony then exclaimed, "Shall a slave and a woman teach me how to die!" and immediately thrust his sword into his side, and fell bleeding to the floor.

Just then an officer arrived, who had been sent by Cleopatra to inform him that she was not dead, as reported. As soon as Antony heard the beloved name of Cleopatra, he opened his dying eyes and begged to be taken to her, that he might expire in her arms. Bleeding and dying, he was carried to her tomb. Even then Cleopatra's selfish fear overcame her love, and she would not allow the doors to be opened, lest her enemies might surprise her; but she appeared at a high window, from which she let down ropes to draw him up. Antony was made fast to the ropes by his attendants below, and then Cleopatra and her two women, who were the only persons with her in the tomb, endeavored to draw up the dying Antony. It was a piteous sight. With his eyes even now glazed in death, Antony cast an imploring look upon the face of the woman whom he loved more than life or earthly honors. The handsome face of the Egyptian queen was distorted by her grief and her severe efforts to draw up the bleeding body of the dying Antony. When they had lifted him within the window, Cleopatra laid him on a bed, and bathed the blood from his face, caressing him with fond kisses, and calling him endearing names. While she thus wailed and mourned, she cut off his hair, according to an Egyptian superstition that it afforded relief to the dying. Antony, recovering consciousness for a few moments, sought only to comfort her, telling her he died happy, as he was in her arms.

DEATH OF MARK ANTONY.

"And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!"

Cæsar allowed Cleopatra to bury Antony with royal honors; and afterwards he went himself to pay her a visit. He found Cleopatra overwhelmed with grief. She had refused food, and endeavored to starve herself to death; but Cæsar had sent her word that he would put her children to death if she should harm herself, and so she had reluctantly allowed herself to be ministered unto by her physician. But she had bruised her face, arms, and breast in her paroxysms of grief, and when Cæsar entered her apartment, he was shocked at her appearance. Her hair was loose and disordered, her countenance wild and haggard, and her arms and breast horribly disfigured with wounds and bruises, while her former lustrous eyes were red and swollen by excessive weeping.

At first, Cleopatra endeavored to vindicate her conduct; but finding that Cæsar was not awed by her hitherto irresistible power, she broke down completely, and with tears and lamentations sought to appeal to his pity. Cæsar assured her that she would be treated with kindness and generosity, and he left her, thinking that she desired to live, and that his coming triumph would be graced by her presence.

"Octavius little knew the subtle intrigues of Cleopatra. She had deluded him; not he, her. The waning charms

of Cleopatra, dimmed by grief and sorrow, might not appeal to the sensuous side of Octavius's nature, but he was not proof against the subtle and practised skill of her mental abilities, by which she wielded the judgments of men according to her will."

Cleopatra now determined to destroy herself, that she might not have to endure the ignominy of serving as an ornament to Cæsar's triumphal celebrations when he returned to Rome. Once before, Cæsar had sent a messenger to speak with her at the door of her tomb, while a second officer placed a ladder against the wall and entered her window, as he had been ordered to search her apartment, lest she had some weapons concealed with which she might harm herself. Whereupon, one of her women cried out, "O unfortunate Cleopatra, you are taken!" Cleopatra, seeing the officers, drew a dagger from her girdle, and was about to stab herself, but the officer caught her arm and took from her the weapon, and afterwards searched the room and shook her robes, lest she should have concealed some other weapon or poison with which she could destroy herself. A guard was then set in her tomb, to watch her constantly. But with all these precautions, Cleopatra outwitted them. She sent to Cæsar, and begged that he would allow her to go and pay the last honors at the tomb of Antony and take her final leave of him.

Cæsar having granted this request, she went with her women, bearing chaplets and wreaths of flowers, which they placed upon the tomb amidst wailings and lamentations. When Cleopatra returned to her apartments after this sad ceremony, she appeared more composed than usual. After taking a bath, she arrayed herself with all her queenly magnificence; and having ordered a sumptu-

ous repast, served with the customary splendor, she partook of it with seeming calmness.

Afterwards, ordering all attendants to retire from her presence, with the exception of two trusty waiting-women, she wrote a letter to Cæsar, and then asked for a basket of figs which a servant had just brought to her.

When the guards stopped him at the door, he displayed the fruit, and declared that the queen desired them for her dinner; and thus they were allowed to be sent in.

After Cleopatra had examined the figs, she laid down upon her couch, and soon after appeared to have fallen asleep. The poison from the bite of the asp, which had been carefully hidden amongst the figs, and which had stung her upon the arm, which she held to it for that purpose, immediately reached her heart, and killed her almost instantly, and without seeming pain.

When Cæsar received her letter, in which Cleopatra requested that she might be buried by the side of Antony, his suspicions were aroused, lest she contemplated killing herself, and he sent officers quickly to her apartments. But when they opened the doors, they found Cleopatra lying dead upon her bed of gold, arrayed in all her royal robes, and one of her women already lying dead at her feet.

The other attendant, named Charmian, was arranging the diadem upon the brow of her beloved mistress, and decking her form with flowers.

Seeing which, one of the soldiers exclaimed: —

"Is that well done, Charmian?"

"Very well," she replied, "and meet for a princess descended from so many noble kings."

As she spoke these words, she, too, fell dead at her mistress's side. Both of these faithful slaves had probably poisoned themselves, also, that they might die with their much-loved queen.

Cleopatra was buried in royal state by the side of Antony, according to her request.

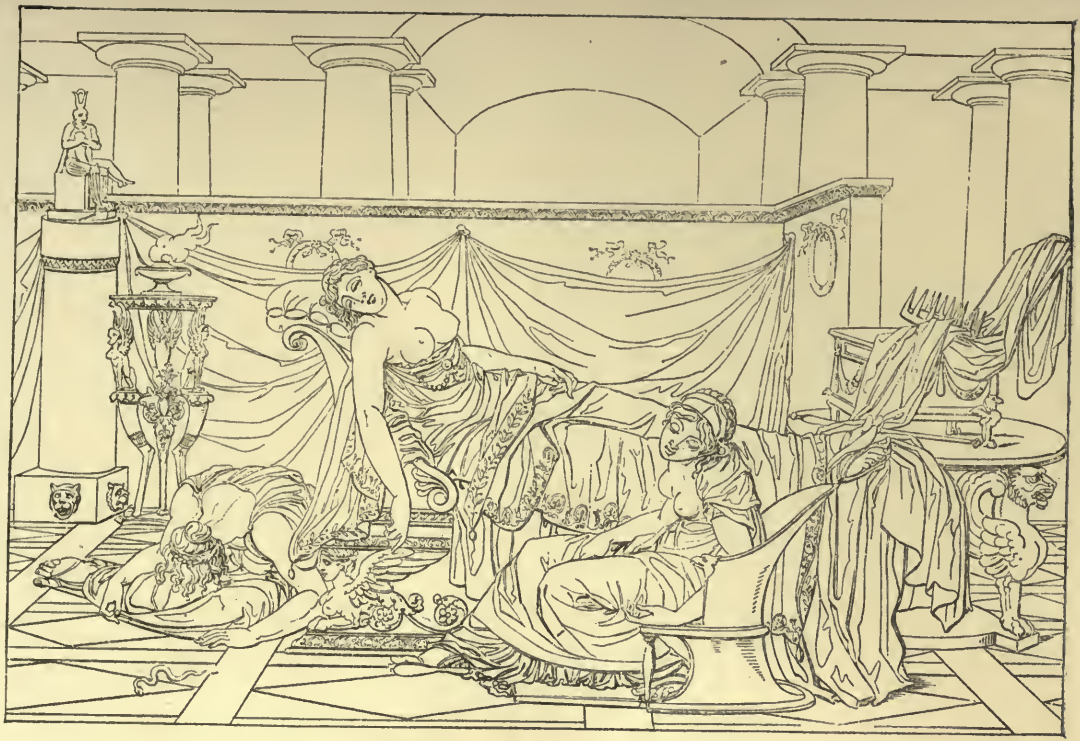
Cæsar, deprived of her much-desired presence in his triumphal procession, ordered a statue of gold to be made of the famous Egyptian queen, which was carried before his chariot in his after-triumphs. The arm of this statue was adorned with a golden asp, signifying the supposed cause of Cleopatra's death.

Cleopatra died at thirty-nine years of age, having reigned twenty-two years. Cæsar caused all the statues of Antony to be thrown down; but those of Cleopatra were spared, as an officer who had been many years in her service paid one thousand talents that they might not be destroyed.

After Cleopatra's death Egypt was reduced to a province of the Roman Empire. The reign of the Ptolemies had continued two hundred and ninety-three years.

Cæsario, the son of Cleopatra and Julius Cæsar, was put to death by Octavius Cæsar; but her younger children were taken to Rome and treated with kindness.

Thus perished the famous Cleopatra, whose marvellous attractions and enchanting fascinations of beauty and unequalled display of pomp and royal magnificence make parts of her story to read like the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights; but whose selfish ambition, treachery, and sins shrouded her last terrible end in the impenetrable blackness of hopeless despair.



DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

ZENOBIA.

A.D. 260.

"She had all the royal makings of a Queen." — SHAKESPEARE.

LIKE an enchanted island rising suddenly before the vision in mid-ocean, so did superb Palmyra of the East burst upon the sight in the midst of an ocean of sands, and cause the tired traveller, who had toiled painfully across the weary wastes of the Syrian desert, to pause spell-bound and enraptured before the picture of unrivalled loveliness which suddenly met his gaze, as he looked towards the high land and waving groves of palm-trees which marked the site of the magnificent Palmyra, "the Tadmor in the wilderness," said to have been founded by Solomon as a resting-place for caravans in the midst of the trackless desert.

Over sixteen hundred years ago this famous city flourished, in the zenith of its gorgeous magnificence. Even Rome paid homage to its power and beauty, and Roman emperors thought it not beneath them to seek alliance with the illustrious sovereign of this alluring realm.

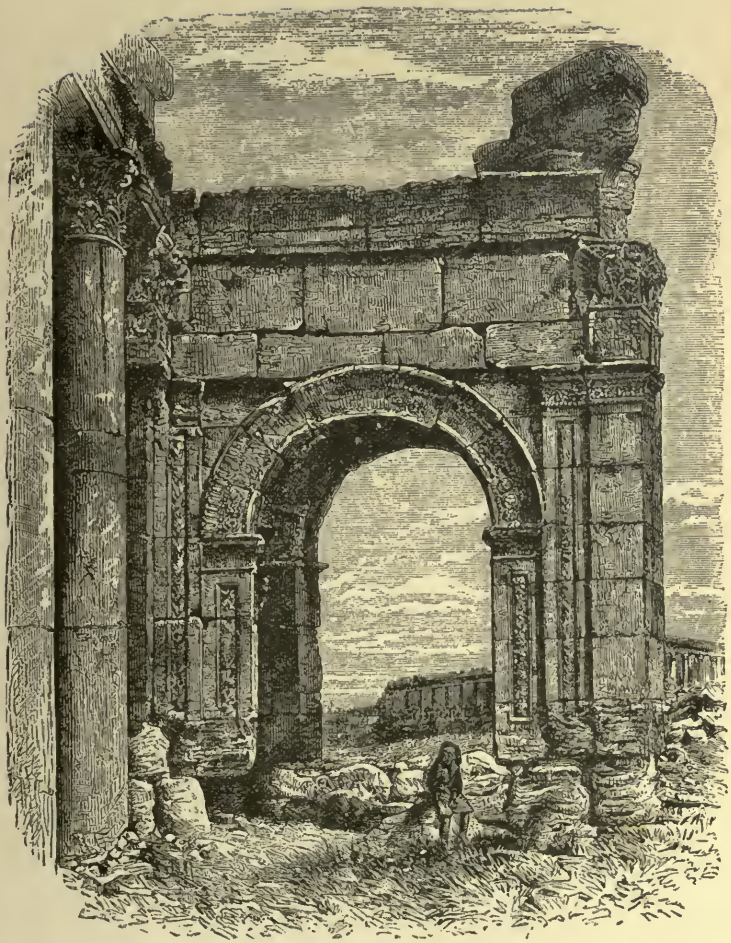
Flanked by high hills on the east, the city filled the entire plain below, as far as the eye could reach, both north and south. Studded with groups of lofty palm-trees shooting up among its temples and palaces of glistening white marble, while magnificent structures of the purest marble adorned the groves which surrounded the city proper for miles in every direction, it appeared at the same time all city and all country; and from a little

distance one could not determine the line which divided country from city.

The prospect seemed to the beholder the fair Elysian Fields, for it appeared almost too glorious for the mere earth-born; while from its midst the vast Temple of the Sun stretched upwards its thousand columns of glistening marble towards the heavens, which bent above them its dazzlingly blue vault flooded with the golden effulgence of the mid-day sun, or glowing with the rich tints of an oriental sunset.

This renowned Temple of the Sun was a marvel of man's architectural skill and genius. It was of dazzling white marble, and of Ionic design. Around the central portion of the building rose slender pyramids, — pointed obelisks, — domes of the most graceful proportions, columns, arches, and lofty towers, innumerable in number, and of matchless beauty. The genius of Greece had contributed to the beauty of this Palm City of the desert, for on every side it was adorned with Grecian art and architecture.

Nor was the Temple of the Sun its only marvel. About half a Roman mile from the temple was situated the Long Portico. This building was devoted to pleasure and trade. Amongst its interminable ranges of Corinthian columns the busy multitudes passed in ceaseless processions, pursuing their various avocations or seeking amusement. Here the merchants assembled, and exhibited their rich stuffs gathered from all parts of the known world. There, also, the mountebanks resorted, and amused the crowds of idle rich with their fantastic tricks. Strangers from all the known countries might have been seen, attired in their varied and picturesque national costumes. A continuous throng of natives from all climes



PALMYRA. TRIUMPHAL ARCH.

passed to and fro, along the spacious corridors, between the graceful, fluted columns surmounted by the rich entablature whereon were carved the achievements of Alexander.

Nor were these the only points of interest in this fascinating city. The royal palace rose in the midst, so vast, and with so many shining turrets and massive towers, that it seemed a city within a city.

Palmyra was laid out in shady avenues of luxuriant palm-trees, and adorned on either side with magnificent structures of white marble, or of stone equal in dazzling whiteness. Public gardens, groves, and woods stretched beyond the limits of the city, far as the eye could reach; and amidst these cool and green retreats, elegant villas of the rich and luxurious Palmyrenes were scattered so thickly that Palmyra, the Beautiful, the Palm Grove, seemed placed like a gem of matchless charms in the red-gold setting of the desert sands.

Along the roads leading to the city, elephants, camels, and dromedaries laden with merchandise, or gorgeously caparisoned, bearing some noted personage, in strange and brilliant costume, added picturesque dashes of varied color to the landscape.

Just without the walls of the city were the vast arches of the aqueduct which supplied the inhabitants with a river of purest water.

The streets presented a never-ending scene of varied beauty. The buildings of marble; the clean, paved streets; the frequent fountains of water throwing into the perfumed air hundreds of gleaming jets; temples, palaces, and gardens on every side, entranced the eye with their alluring beauty. Arabian horses with jewelled housings, and riders of noble rank; then anon a troop of royal cavalry, with clashing arms and clanging trumpets; with a

motley population of Palmyrenes, Persians, Parthians, Arabians, Egyptians, Jews, and Romans, with their varied costumes of glowing colors; here mounted on a camel; there riding a stately elephant; some seated in chariots drawn by white Arabian steeds of peerless beauty, caparisoned with gold and jewels if their owners belonged to royal families,—all these objects fascinated the gaze of the bewildered stranger and riveted the attention of the lover of artistic effects.

Such was beautiful Palmyra in the time of its famous queen, Zenobia. And not less dazzlingly beautiful is the fair queen herself, as she rides through the streets of her royal city, where her adoring subjects flock to do her homage.

See! she is returning from one of her expeditions to her distant provinces, and is just entering her loved Palmyra. As soon as the near approach of their queen is made known to the people, the entire populace flock to the walls to welcome her return. Troops of horse, variously caparisoned, lead the queen's procession, followed by a train of elephants and camels with gay trappings and heavily loaded. Then come the body-guard of the queen, clad in complete armor of steel, surrounding the royal chariot, which is drawn by six snowy Arabian steeds with gold-mounted harness and bearing waving plumes upon their high-arched heads. As the mid-day sun shines with effulgent splendor upon the scene, the flashing of spears and corselets and burnished chariots and gilded harness sparkle like diamond points. Seated with stately grace in the royal chariot, behold Zenobia! queen of this resplendent realm and mistress of many kingdoms! while the air resounds with the acclamations of the vast multitudes: "Long live the great Zenobia! The blessing of

ZENOBIA, QUEEN OF PALMYRA.

all the gods on our good queen, the mother of her people!"

Right royal is the bearing of the beautiful Zenobia, well fitted in mien and manner for her regal state. Imperial is her brow, and commanding are her dark, lustrous eyes. But she is more than haughty queen; she is a loving woman and a devoted mother, and she looks upon her subjects with the same tender glance of sympathetic regard that she casts upon the beautiful young princess seated by her side. A helmet-crown rests upon her luxurious black hair, which is partly confined in braided locks and partly floating in the breeze. A rich tunic of golden tissue adorns her form, and a mantle of purple silk, fringed with tassels of sparkling jewels and clasped with a dazzling diamond whose value would purchase a province, gracefully enshrouds her left shoulder, leaving her right arm bared above the elbow, where the swelling curves were clasped by shining circlets of glittering gems. Her complexion is dark, though not swarthy, for the smooth brunette skin gleams with ivory tints and deepens to crimson in her rounded cheeks, which time has not wrinkled, even though she has been a matron for many years. When she smiles in loving benediction on her adoring subjects, her red lips part over teeth of dazzling whiteness, and her voice thrills the listener with its rare cadences of melodious tones.

The Palmyrenes were Egyptian in their origin and customs, Persian in their luxurious tastes, Grecian in their language, literature, and architecture. Zenobia claimed descent from the Macedonian kings of Egypt. She fully equalled in beauty her famous ancestor, Cleopatra, and far surpassed her in character and valor. Some accounts state that she was the daughter of an Arab chief, Amrou,

the son of Dharb, the son of Hassan; though other writers claim that Zenobia was a Jewess.

She was possessed of rare intellectual powers; was well versed in Latin, Greek, Syriac, and the Egyptian languages. The celebrated Longinus was her instructor, and the works of Homer and Plato were familiar to her, and she wrote with ease in Greek. She compiled an oriental history for her own use, and found constant delight in the arts and sciences when not engaged in the severer pursuits of war.

Zenobia married Odenathus, a prince of great valor and ambition, who was chief of several tribes of the Desert. He rapidly made himself master of the East, and became so powerful that the Romans made him their ally, giving him the title of Augustus and General of the East. He gained several victories, as the ally of Rome, over Sapor, shah of Persia, and twice pursued his armies, even to the gates of Ctesiphon or Ispahan, the Persian capital.

But in the midst of his victories Odenathus was assassinated at Emæsa, while engaged in hunting. His murderer was his nephew, Mæonius. Zenobia revenged the death of her husband by destroying Mæonius, and as her three sons were too young to rule, she first exercised supreme power in their name, but later, declared herself queen of the dominions of her husband, and assumed the royal diadem, with the titles of Augusta and Queen of the East.

Zenobia was remarkable for her courage, prudence, and fortitude, as well as for her intellectual gifts. No danger unnerved her; no fatigue dismayed her.

Her husband, Odenathus, had been a great lover of the chase, and Zenobia always accompanied him upon these expeditions. Disdaining a covered carriage, she rode on horseback in military habit, and pursued with ardor the

exercise of hunting, unterrified, though the game might be lions, panthers, and other wild beasts of the desert.

The success of Odenathus in his various wars was in a large measure to be attributed to the marvellous foresight, fortitude, and prudence of Zenobia.

She did not appear to be possessed of those petty passions and weaknesses which female sovereigns have so often displayed. She governed her realm with the most judicious judgment and consummate policy. If it was expedient to punish, she could calm her woman's heart into manlike stoicism, and silence the promptings of pity. If, on the other hand, it were justice to pardon, she could quell within herself all signs of personal resentment, and display a magnanimous forgiveness.

Though on state occasions she clothed herself and her court with regal magnificence and lavished money with a bountiful hand, apparently regardless of the cost, yet so strict was her economy in all her governmental affairs that she was sometimes accused of avarice. She spent immense sums for the adornment of her beautiful Palmyra, and gathered around her philosophers, poets, artists, and the great and rich from many lands.

As a queen, she was adored by her subjects and admiringly feared by rival sovereigns. As a woman, she was peerless among her cotemporaries, and illustrious among the women of all times. Possessed of striking and alluring beauty, she yet won more admirers for the beauties of her intellect, rather than for her bewitching face and stately form. And her voice, like that of Cleopatra, so charmed the ear by its delicious cadences, that the echo of its melodious tones has been wafted down the ages. As a wife and mother, Zenobia stands far above the dazzling Cleopatra, though she is said to have modelled her war-

like exploits after that renowned Egyptian enchantress of the Nile; but she did not emulate her wicked coquetries, nor copy her weaknesses.

Arabia, Armenia, and Persia solicited her alliance, and she added Egypt to the dominions of Odenathus. The emperor of Rome, Gallienus, refused to acknowledge Zenobia's claim to the sovereignty of her late husband's dominions, and twice sent an army against her, but was twice defeated by the valorous and undaunted Zenobia. Her dominions extended from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean, and included Jerusalem, Antioch, Damascus, and other cities famed in history. Zenobia, however, made the beautiful Palmyra her place of residence, making expeditions to her other provinces. Her three sons, Timolaus, Herennianus, and Vaballathus, were educated with care; and they were attired in the Roman purple of the Cæsars and brought up according to Roman manners. The appointments of her palaces were gorgeously magnificent, and her style of living most regal; she affected great splendor in her attire, always appearing in royal state, dazzling with jewels, unless at the head of her army or riding in the chase, when she wore military habits, which, however, sparkled with gems; and though an apparent amazon, she was a woman of dazzling beauty and most fascinating presence, and always appeared before her council of war in regal pomp, which secured her an homage from her subjects and her soldiers which amounted almost to a worship which partook of the veneration and admiration accorded to a goddess. She was pure in her manners to the utmost refinement of delicacy, and was as much adored for her womanly virtues as she was admired for her warlike valor. At length the fierce Aurelian became emperor of Rome. He was highly indignant that

a woman should dare to claim proud Rome as her ally, and defy his power. Having subdued all his competitors in the West, he turned his arms against this powerful queen of the East, who dared to call herself Augusta and clothe her sons in Roman royal purple. Proudly the Roman emperor approached the dominions of the haughty Zenobia. Rumor announced his coming, and the dauntless queen of Palmyra prepared to meet him. Neither Roman legions nor Roman emperors made her brave spirit quail or her woman's heart grow faint.

When the first Roman herald reached Palmyra to announce the coming of the Roman ambassadors who had been sent by Aurelian to demand her submission, Zenobia was related to have been at her hunting-villa just without the city. It was in the forests lying to the north of this summer palace that she pursued the wild boar, tiger, or panther in the daring chase. As the messengers of Aurelian arrived at the palace gates, the queen had just returned from the hunt. Never did she look more regal. She was mounted upon a white Arabian steed of peerless beauty, caparisoned with harness gleaming with jewels. Zenobia was leaning upon her long hunting-spear. She wore upon her head a Parthian hunting-cap adorned with a long white plume, fastened by a glittering diamond worth a king's ransom; her costume was also Parthian, and was most perfectly adapted to display the exquisite proportions of her graceful form. Her dark eyes were flashing with scarcely less brilliancy than the diamond which adorned her brow, as she sat her horse with regal dignity, and her countenance betokened her dauntless pride and warlike courage as the messengers of her enemy were announced. Not waiting to dismount, she exclaimed with tones of imperial command, "Bid the servants of your emperor draw near, and we will hear them."

Announced by trumpets and followed by their train, the ambassadors of Aurelian advanced to the spot where Zenobia calmly awaited them, surrounded by her royal attendants.

"Speak your errand," said the queen.

"For a long series of years," replied the ambassador, "the wealth of Egypt and the East flowed into the Roman treasury. That stream has been diverted to Palmyra. Egypt, Syria, Bithynia, and Mesopotamia were dependents upon Rome, as Roman provinces. The queen of Palmyra was once but the queen of Palmyra; she is now queen of Egypt and of the East, — Augusta of the Roman Empire, — her sons styled and arrayed as Cæsars. By whatever consent of former emperors these honors have been won or permitted, it is not, we are required to say, with the consent of Aurelian. While he honors the greatness and genius of Zenobia, he holds essential to his honor and the glory of the Roman world, that the Roman Empire should again be restored to the limits which bounded it in the reigns of the Antonines."

"You have spoken," replied Zenobia to the ambassadors, with a calm voice and steady glance, "with plainness, as it became a Roman to do"; and then her eye flashed with proud disdain as she drew her stately form up to still more lofty proportions, and she continued: "Now hear me, and as you hear, so report to him who sent you. Tell Aurelian that what I am, I have made myself; that the empire which hails me queen has been moulded into what it is by Odenathus and Zenobia; it is no gift, but an inheritance, a conquest, and a possession; it is held, not by favor, but by right of birth and power; and when he will give away possessions or provinces which he claims as his, or Rome's, for the asking, I will

give away Egypt and the Mediterranean coast. Tell him, that as I have lived a queen, so, the gods helping, I will die a queen; that the last moment of my reign and my life shall be the same. If he is ambitious, let him be told that I am ambitious too — ambitious of wider empire, of an unsullied fame, and of my people's love. Tell him I do not speak of gratitude on the part of Rome; but that posterity will say that the power which stood between Rome and Persia, and saved the empire in the East, which avenged the death of Valerian, and twice pursued the Persian king, even to the gates of his own Ctesiphon, deserved some fairer acknowledgment from an ally whom its arms had thus befriended than the message you now bring from your Roman emperor."

With proud dignity the ambassadors were then dismissed, and Zenobia prepared to defend her rights and kingdom. Nor did she indolently permit the emperor of the West to approach the gates of her fair Palmyra. With brave rashness she went forth to meet him, and two great battles were fought, one near Antioch, and the second near Emæsa. In both these contests the brave Zenobia herself led her troops to the onslaught, giving the second place in command to her valiant warrior Zabdas, whose great prowess in arms had hitherto made him a successful general. But in both these battles Zenobia was defeated, and she was forced to fall back within the gates of Palmyra. Here she made a brave and last defence. And again she boldly defied Aurelian from her towers, as she had already defied him on the field of battle. So great was her courage and so valiant her defence, that Aurelian was obliged to admit her claims of being a most powerful and determined foe, and thus wrote of her: "Those who speak with contempt of the war I am waging against

a woman, are ignorant of both the character and power of Zenobia. It is impossible to enumerate her warlike preparations of stones, of arrows, and of every species of missile weapons and military engines."

So doubtful was Aurelian of the result of the siege, that he offered terms of an advantageous capitulation to the brave queen of Palmyra; but she indignantly rejected his proposals in a famous Greek epistle, in which she defied his power. Zenobia, expecting reinforcement from her provinces, and thinking that Aurelian, being encamped in a desert, could not long hold out, especially as he was constantly harassed by bands of Arabs attacking his army in the rear, felt confident that the siege would not be prolonged. But Aurelian, incensed by her haughty letter, roused himself to greater vigilance, cut off all her supplies as the several companies of her allies approached, and found means to subsist his army even in the desert. At length the city could hold out no longer. Zenobia determined to fly, and endeavor to raise succor for her beloved city in her surrounding provinces. Such, indeed, was the reason assigned for this apparent cowardice on her part, which was so contrary to her previous record of undaunted bravery. Mounted on the fleetest of her dromedaries, she succeeded in reaching the banks of the Euphrates, but she was pursued and taken captive, and brought into the presence of the Roman emperor. Aurelian sternly demanded how she dared thus defy the power of Rome. Still every inch a queen, and yet not forgetting a wise policy, she replied, "Because I disdained to acknowledge as my masters such men as Aureolus and Gallienus. To Aurelian I submit, as my conqueror and my sovereign."

While this conference was being held in the tent of the Roman Emperor, the Roman soldiers came rushing in a

RUINS OF PALMYRA. GRAND COLONNADE.

riotous mass, demanding the instant death of Zenobia. But notwithstanding her previous bravery and fortitude, history records that, in this moment of terrible danger, Zenobia did not display equal courage to the famous Cleopatra, who resolved to die rather than submit to her Roman conqueror. It is stated that Zenobia laid the blame of her obstinate resistance upon the aged Longinus and others of her chief counsellors, in order to save her own life. Whether this were indeed the truth or not, the facts are that the great philosopher Longinus, and other chief men of Palmyra, were put to death by Aurelian, and the life of Zenobia was saved. But for this seeming betrayal of her most faithful subjects, Zenobia may not have been to blame; for the desire to preserve the haughty Queen of the East, in order that she might grace his coming triumph in Rome, was a sufficient reason to account for Aurelian's conduct in saving her life, and putting to death her chief men, without it being necessary to ascribe to such a brave and noble woman as Zenobia such ignoble and cowardly actions. That she did not take her own life like Cleopatra, but bore her reverses with calm dignity, appears in these more enlightened days to be surely more to her credit than to her dishonor; and in the light of modern civilization, the picture of the beautiful Zenobia, walking with firm step and imperial bearing among the captives of the Roman conqueror, excites deeper feelings of admiration than Cleopatra, the suicide, lying dead upon her royal bed of state.

Palmyra being conquered, Aurelian seized upon its vast treasures, and leaving there a Roman garrison, he started to return to Europe, carrying with him Zenobia and her family. But having reached the Hellespont, tidings came to him that the Palmyrenes had revolted. Aurelian imme-

diately retraced his steps, and arriving before Palmyra, he ruthlessly destroyed that beautiful city, sparing neither old men, women, nor children, in his bloody work of total destruction. The gorgeous buildings were soon smoking heaps of ruins; and though he afterwards repented of his wild fury, and sought to rebuild in part a few of its magnificent structures, it was too late. Palmyra became desolate; and until about a century ago, when some English travellers discovered its ruins, the very site where once stood this beautiful Palm City of the Desert had been completely forgotten.

Upon Aurelian's return to Rome, his triumph was celebrated with extraordinary gorgeousness and pomp. Vast numbers of elephants, tigers, and other strange beasts from the conquered countries presented a novel sight to the wondering Romans. Sixteen hundred gladiators, who were devoted to the cruel contests of the amphitheatre, followed the line of strange beasts. Then appeared the ensigns of the conquered nations, and the magnificent plate, jewels, and royal robes of the Queen of the East were displayed in immense profusion. Ambassadors of Æthiopia, Arabia, Persia, Bactriana, India, and China, attired in their rich and striking national costumes, revealed the extent of the Roman power. After these came the long lines of captives, including Goths, Vandals, Sarmatians, Alemanni, Franks, Gauls, Syrians, and Egyptians. But every eye was riveted upon the famous Zenobia, Queen of the East. Arrayed in her royal robes, and covered with her blazing jewels, the weight of which was so overpowering as to cause her almost to faint under the burden, she walked before her own magnificent chariot, in which she had hoped to enter Rome as a conquerer, rather than thus walk a captive. Her arms were bound with

DEATH OF ZENOBIA.

fetters of gold, which were so heavy that slaves were obliged to assist in supporting them on either side. But though her delicate form was bent by the weight of her galling fetters,—gold though they were,—her proud eyes were undimmed by tears, and her queenly head was carried with imperial grace.

There are two accounts of the after-fate of Zenobia. Some writers state that she starved herself to death, refusing to outlive her own downfall and the ruin of her country. But according to other records, the Emperor Aurelian bestowed upon her a magnificent villa at Tivoli, where she resided in great honor, her daughters marrying into noble Roman families, while her youngest son became king of a part of Armenia.

MATILDA OF FLANDERS.

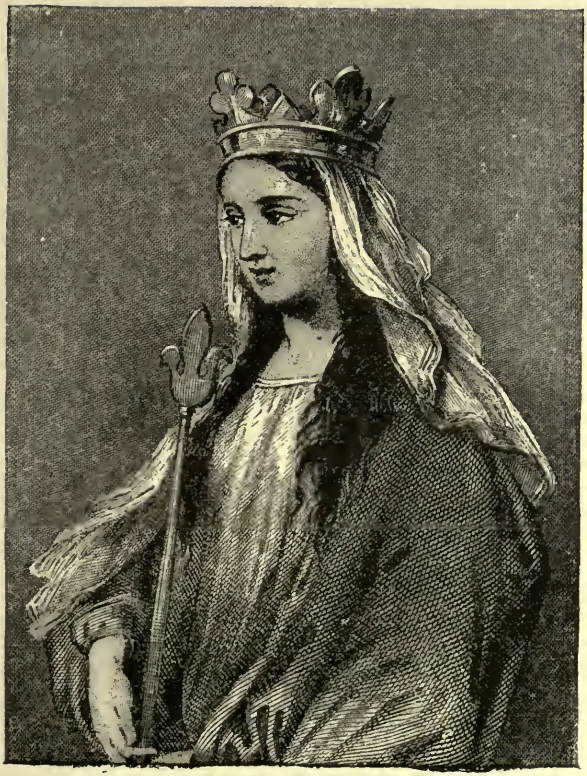
A.D. 1031–1083.

"The little work-tables of women's fingers are the playgrounds of women's fancies, and their knitting-needles are fairy wands by which they transform the whole room into a spirit isle of dreams." — RICHTER.

MATILDA of Flanders deserves mention for three reasons. First, because she was the wife of William the Conqueror; secondly, because she was the first consort of the kings of England who was crowned and who received the title of *la reine*. For, on account of the crime of Edburga in poisoning her husband, Brihtric, king of Wessex, a law was made debarring the consorts of Anglo-Saxon kings from sharing in the honors of royalty. Previously to the time of William the Conqueror, who chose to ignore this law, the wife of the king had simply held the title of "The Lady, his Companion."

The third reason which has made Matilda of Flanders worthy of mention is on account of the famous Bayeux Tapestry, the work of her own royal fingers, which is still preserved in the cathedral of Bayeux.

Cleopatra and Zenobia are illustrious for their warlike valor and remarkable learning; but Matilda of Flanders has made famous the needle, rather than the sword; and with that little domestic instrument, the industrious fingers of the first Norman queen, assisted by her attendant ladies, gave to the world a very important historical document, whereon was pictorially chronicled the famous



MATILDA OF FLANDERS.

Norman conquest of England. And thus the sword of the king and the needle of the queen have become indissolubly associated in the history of this momentous mediæval event.

Matilda was directly descended from Alfred the Great. She was the daughter of Baldwin V., count of Flanders. Her mother was Adelais, daughter of Robert I., king of France.

Matilda was born about the year 1031, and was possessed of much grace of form, as well as an attractive face.

In those days, skill in needle-work was held as the highest accomplishment for ladies of rank, and the remarkable skill in this handicraft, displayed by the four sisters of King Athelstan, is said to have secured for them the addresses of the most eligible princes in Europe.

Matilda had several suitors, but she fixed her heart upon a young Saxon noble named Brihtric, who on account of the fairness of his complexion was called *Meaw*, meaning "snow." He was the Lord of Gloucester, and was made envoy at the court of Flanders by King Edward the Confessor.

But he did not return Matilda's love, and he afterwards married another; this slight Matilda never forgot, and in time she retaliated.

But Matilda, though ignored by the Saxon, was most chivalrously loved by the bravest prince of all the courts — William of Normandy. This prince was the son of Duke Robert, though his mother was of humble birth; but as his father had no other heirs, he declared this child his lawful successor to the ducal throne, and then Duke Robert departed upon his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from which he never returned.

William was educated at the court of Henry I. of France, where he remained until the Normans sent to claim him as their duke.

At the time when William sought the hand of Matilda of Flanders in marriage, he asserted that Edward of England had named him his heir; but some looked upon this as an idle boast, and fair Matilda seems to have been so little in love with her warlike cousin, that he sued for her for seven years in vain. At last, determining to prove that a "faint heart never won a fair lady," he resorted to a most uncommon and hazardous mode of courting.

For seven long years he had wooed Matilda, who, absorbed in her vain fancy for the indifferent Lord of Gloucester, turned a deaf ear to brave William's glowing ardor, until at length he was roused to desperate boldness.

One morning, as Matilda was returning from early mass in the city of Bruges, she was suddenly confronted by the unexpected appearance of Prince William, who, with glaring eyes and lips quivering with intense passion, accused her of loving Brihtric of Gloucester; and as she disdained to deny it he cried in bitter tones: —

"Edward, England's king, has named me his heir, and by the holy cross, the Saxon churl who dares aspire to thy hand, shall ere long be crushed by the vengeance of our royal resentment."

"Mighty words, easily spoken, and verily proof neither of greatness nor of valor," replied the princess; then, laughing aloud in his face with disdainful manner, she continued: "The doubtful Duke of Normandy, monarch of England! — truly, a most excellent joke! But why does not my aspiring and politic cousin declare himself the future emperor of all Christendom?"

Stung by her sarcastic words and the implied insult re-

WILLIAM I

garding his birth, Prince William was driven to a frenzy of anger; he seized Matilda, rolled her in a muddy pool near by, and even struck her, in his wild fury, and leaving her fainting upon the ground, he leaped upon his charger, and galloped out of town. Strange wooing, surely! and yet after-events would seem to imply its efficacy. Truly, none but a William the Conqueror would ever again have dared to enter Matilda's presence. Matilda's father, incensed at the treatment his daughter had received, made war upon William of Normandy; but the king of Flanders was so badly beaten in the contest that he was glad to make terms of peace with his Norman conqueror. As Brihtric, the Saxon lord, refused to marry the princess of Flanders, Matilda's love turned to hate, and she received the victor, William, when, with amazing boldness, he renewed his suit, with every mark of courteous forgiveness, and consented to accept him, declaring "that she thought the duke must be a man of the highest courage and most daring spirit, to come and beat her in her father's city." "So faithful in love and so dauntless in war," this brave knight won his bride; and never was wooing so fiercely bold, nor fair lady so strangely won. King Baldwin V. of Flanders was only too ready to receive this brave knight as a son-in-law, and quickly concluded the marriage contract, having already had sufficient experience of the powerful sword of this fierce wooer. Matilda and William were married at Chateau d'Eu, in Normandy; and her father gave her a rich dower, in lands, money, jewels, and costly trousseau. William then conducted his bride with much pomp to his duchy; and she made her public entry into Rouen in magnificent array. The bridal mantles of William and Matilda, richly adorned with jewels, were long preserved in the treasury

of Bayeux Cathedral. As William and Mary were cousins, the Archbishop of Rouen declared that their marriage was illegal, and excommunicated them. But the dauntless William was not to be terrified by any monkish bulls, and appealed to the Pope, who nullified the sentence of the archbishop, and sanctioned their marriage, on condition that they should each build an abbey at Caen, and found a hospital for the blind. This they willingly agreed to do; and Matilda, who possessed much taste in architecture, took great delight in the erection of the stately abbeys of St. Stephens and the Holy Trinity; the former was endowed by William, for the monks, and the latter by Matilda, for the nuns.

Normandy enjoyed peace and prosperity under the wise rule of William and Matilda, who were much beloved by their subjects. Their children were remarkable for beauty and promise, and were carefully educated under their mother's supervision.

About this time, Harold, brother to Queen Edith of England, was taken prisoner by the sovereign of Ponthieu; and as a brother of Harold had married a sister of Matilda, William compelled the Earl of Ponthieu to release Harold, and then he invited the Saxon prince to Normandy, where he was betrothed to one of the young daughters of William and Matilda, after which Harold returned to England; but no sooner had Edward, king of England, breathed his last, than Harold seized upon the sovereign power, notwithstanding he had made a promise to William of Normandy to assist him in gaining his rights as heir to King Edward.

William thereupon invested Matilda with the regency of Normandy, and associated with her their eldest son, Robert, and prepared to invade England, and assert his claims as the successor of Edward the Confessor.

WILLIAM LANDING IN ENGLAND.

Unknown to her husband, Matilda had ordered a magnificent ship of war to be built; and when William arrived at the port of St. Vallery, he found this splendid present from his wife awaiting him, and gorgeously adorned in his honor. This ship was called the *Mora*, and in it William embarked at the head of his fleet.

The Norman fleet reached the port of Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex, in safety; but as Duke William was landing, he fell headlong upon the ground. "An evil sign is this!" exclaimed the superstitious Normans in affright. But the duke, rising with his hands full of sand, cried: "I have seized England with my two hands, and that which I have seized I will maintain." And most truly did he fulfil this prophecy; and by the bloody battle of Hastings the proud realm of England became the dominion of the Norman conqueror.

Matilda, the Duchess Regent of Normandy, received the welcome news of her husband's victory while at worship in the Church of Nôtre Dame, near St. Sever. She thereupon ordered that the cathedral should henceforth be called the "Church of Our Lady of Good Tidings."

William re-embarked for Normandy to rejoin Matilda, in March, 1067; but scarcely had he arrived in his dukedom, ere tidings reached him of a revolt in England. He immediately returned, quelled the insurrection, and then sent for Matilda and their children to join him in England.

Matilda arrived in England with her family soon after Easter. William now made preparations for her coronation. As I have mentioned, former wives of the sovereigns of England had not received this honor. But William the Conqueror would allow no obstacles to defeat his purposes.

Although William had already been crowned in Westminster Abbey, he chose to be now re-crowned at Winchester, that Matilda might be made queen.

It was during the ceremony of Matilda's coronation that the office of champion was first instituted. During the banquet, a brave cavalier named Marmion, clad in complete armor, rode into the hall and pronounced this challenge: —

"If any person denies that our sovereign lord, William, and his spouse, Matilda, are king and queen of England, he is a false-hearted traitor and liar; and I, as a champion, do here challenge him to single combat."

This challenge was repeated three times, but no one accepted it; and henceforth Matilda was always addressed as *la reine*.

But Matilda had never forgiven the slight she had received, as a girl, from the proud Lord of Gloucester; and no sooner had she become queen of England than she determined to take an unworthy revenge, which ever after tarnished her fame.

She obtained from King William the grant of all the possessions of Brihtric Meaw, and caused that unfortunate Saxon, whose only crime had been indifference to her youthful charms, to be imprisoned in Winchester Castle, where he died. She even deprived the city of Gloucester of its charter, and brought ruin to its inhabitants, probably because they had dared bewail the fate of their lord, her enemy.

Queen Matilda now commenced her famous Bayeux Tapestry, illustrating the conquest of England by William the Conqueror. In the cathedral of Bayeux, where it is still preserved, it is called the "Tapestry of Queen Matilda."

This remarkable piece of canvas is nineteen inches wide and sixty-seven yards in length. Upon it are worked in cross-stitch many hundreds of figures, of men, horses, birds, trees, houses, castles, churches, ships, and battle scenes.

A dwarf artist, named Turold, is supposed to have made the designs for Queen Matilda, and he has cunningly introduced his own effigies and name into the work.

Matilda's table, while in England, was furnished at the daily expense of forty shillings; and twelvepence each were allowed for the maintenance of her attendants. She received from the city of London oil for her lamp, wood for her hearth, and imports on goods landed at Queenhithe.

At this time, also, the famous curfew bell was established, which was the signal that all lights and fires must be extinguished at eight o'clock in the evening. This was an old Norman custom, but it occasioned great dissatisfaction among the English.

So frequent were the revolts among his English subjects, that at length William thought best to send Matilda and their children back to Normandy, where she resumed the regency. She did not reside in England after this time.

Robert, the eldest son of William and Matilda, now occasioned his parents much trouble. At last the quarrel between father and son resulted in open war.

Matilda, whose excessive partiality for her eldest son much offended her husband, supplied the rebellious Robert with large sums of money; and when means failed her, she even parted with her plate and jewels to aid her favorite child. William was in England when the news reached him of the rebellion of Robert and the part Ma-

tilda was taking in the matter, and he immediately set out for Normandy. Upon arriving there, and learning the truth of these rumors, he met his wife with bitter reproaches. There was stern grandeur, not unmixed with tender pity and love, in the harsh words which he addressed to Matilda, which were not entirely unmerited; and there was also a sublime depth of mother's love in her reply. Fixing his eyes upon the queen, the Conqueror exclaimed with trembling voice: —

"The brightest jewel of my bosom hath pierced my heart with the deadly dart of treachery. Behold, my wife! — the treasure of my soul — to whom I have confided my wealth, my crown, my greatness, my all. She hath supported my rebel son in perfidy, and aided him to raise his sword against his own father."

"My lord!" replied Matilda, "far be from me to do you wrong. But when you spurn our firstborn and retain from him his rights, you drive him to wretchedness and distraction. Be not surprised if I feel a mother's tenderness for her child. Nay, so much do I love him, that for his dear sake I would dare any danger, do any deed. Ask me not to enjoy the pomp of royalty while he is pining in want and misery; as a loving husband, you have no right to impose such insensibility on a mother."

Robert and his father met in battle at Archembraye; and in the contest Robert unhorsed his father, and, unconscious as to whom he had defeated, was about to pierce him with his sword, when he recognized his foe, and fell at his feet begging forgiveness, horrified at the thought of how nearly he had committed the awful crime of parricide. A reconciliation took place, and Robert accompanied William to England.

Matilda's last years were embittered by domestic troub-

RECONCILIATION OF ROBERT WITH HIS FATHER.

les. She remained in Normandy. The death of her daughter Constance and renewed quarrels between Robert and his father, added to her own failing health, quickened her decline. She died at Caen, in November, 1083. Her husband hastened from England when informed of her danger, and arrived as she breathed her last. She was interred in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Caen. William the Conqueror survived her only four years, when his death was occasioned by an accident during the storming of the city of Nantes, when his horse stumbled over some burning timber, and throwing the king violently forward in the saddle, he was so seriously injured as to result in his death. William the Conqueror was buried in the Church of St. Stephen at Caen. The portraits of William and Matilda were painted upon the walls of St. Stephen's chapel.

William was remarkable for his great strength and imposing beauty. He was a head taller than all his subjects. The face of Queen Matilda was beautiful and delicate. Their two sons, William Rufus and Henry, reigned successively over England. Robert died in prison. Their fourth daughter, Adela, was the mother of King Stephen.

In 1562 the Calvinist soldiers broke open the tombs of William and Matilda, hoping to find rich treasures; but finding nothing but a sapphire ring upon Matilda's finger, they rudely threw the bones carelessly around. In 1642 these relics were collected, and their tombs restored, though at the close of the last century the French Republicans destroyed the monumental memorial of Matilda, which had been there erected by her husband before his death. Thus the needle-work of Queen Matilda has proved to be a more lasting memorial of her fame than the costly monument of marble erected to her memory.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

A.D. 1429-1482.

"The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses."
— SHAKESPEARE.

ONE of the most momentous civil commotions in the annals of English history was the famous War of the Roses, which was waged for many years between the Houses of Lancaster and York, during which sanguine contests the plains of England were deluged with blood; eighty princes were slain, and the ancient nobility were almost entirely annihilated.

With these exciting incidents the name of Margaret of Anjou is indissolubly associated, and she stands forth in history as one of the most important participants in that great civil struggle, which may be thus briefly stated.

Henry VI., the reigning king of England, was the son of John of Gaunt, a younger son of Edward the Third. About this time, the Duke of York, who was descended by his mother's side from Lionel, an older son of the same Edward, aspired to the throne, and gathering to his standard many powerful nobles, he sought to dethrone King Henry.

The partisans of the House of York chose the white rose for their badge, while the reigning House of Lancaster wore, as their emblem, the red rose.

Previously to this period, Henry, the king of England, had wedded Margaret of Anjou.

MARGARET OF ANJOU.

This princess was the youngest daughter of René, Duke of Anjou. Her father was the son of Louis II., king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, and also sovereign count of Provence, Anjou, and Maine.

But though Duke René was heir to so many kingdoms at the time of his daughter's marriage, he was owner of none; and instead of providing her with a rich dower, suitable to her rank, the marriage stipulations were very peculiar.

Henry VI. of England was twenty-six years of age. His country was impoverished by a thirty years' war. Margaret was at this time living at Naples, of which realm her father called himself king. Amongst the princesses selected for the approval of the bachelor king of England, none pleased King Henry so well as the beautiful face of Margaret of Anjou, whose portrait had been sent to him for his examination. So overtures were at once made to the father of this lovely princess.

René consented most readily to the marriage, on the condition that the bride's wedding portion should be only her own lovely charms and superior accomplishments, which he declared were worth more than all the riches of the world.

But this was not all in this strange marriage agreement. René also demanded that Henry should restore to him his patrimonial estates of Anjou and Maine, which had been wrested from him.

Though Margaret's father possessed so many high-sounding titles, he was in truth a royal pauper. He had been driven out of Naples, England held Anjou and Maine, and in order to pay his ransom to the Duke of Burgundy, who had kept him a prisoner for six years, René had been obliged to mortgage his other dominions,

so that now he possessed neither castle nor an acre of ground he could call his own.

The Earl of Suffolk, who had been sent by King Henry to make the marriage settlements, was alarmed to bring back to his sovereign such an unheard-of demand from the father of a portionless bride; but as René would not relent, Suffolk was forced to return to his king with this strange proposal.

Although King Henry was almost as much poverty-stricken as the lovely princess, her fair face so bewitched him that he readily consented to take her, not only without dower, but to relinquish for her the domains of Anjou and Maine.

The Earl of Suffolk was sent back to wed the fair princess as proxy for Henry, and in St. Martin's church, at Nanci, in November, 1444, Margaret was married by proxy, the bride being in her fifteenth year.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of her aunt, Marie of Anjou, queen of France, and Charles VII. The bride's father and mother were also present, and all the leading nobles of the courts of France and Lorraine; the mother of the bride being Isabella, claimant of the duchy of Lorraine.

At the nuptial tournaments and festivities, which lasted for eight days, all the knights wore daisies on their helmets; and the bridemaids and other maidens of Lorraine were decked with wreaths and garlands of the same flower, in honor of the bride's name, "Marguerite," signifying "the daisy."

During these wedding festivities, an enlivening incident occurred. Yolante, the elder sister of Margaret, had for a long time been betrothed to Ferry of Lorraine, the heir of Duke Antony, the successful competitor for that duke-

dom. For some reason René had delayed this marriage; and so, at this auspicious moment the young prince ran away with his fiancée and married her. Charles VII., king of France, interceded for their pardon, which René was only too willing to grant, as his apparent opposition had only been on account of lack of dower for his daughter.

Margaret now started on her journey to England, to meet King Henry, to whom she had been married by proxy. She was attended by the Marquis of Suffolk, who had been raised to that rank by King Henry, that he might act as his proxy; and Suffolk's wife, the Countess of Shrewsbury, and many other noble ladies, accompanied the young bride on this momentous journey.

So poor was the fair little bride, and so poverty-stricken was her royal husband, that she had set out with no money and with little apparel; and her royal lord could not forward to her a farthing, until the Parliament, in February, 1445, granted him the half of a fifteenth on all movables.

A rough bridal voyage, indeed, was vouchsafed to this young and beautiful bride. It was five months after her marriage by proxy before she was married to Henry with the usual ceremonies in Tichfield Abbey. Meantime, not only had sea-sickness brought her to a hospital, but there she was attacked by small-pox ere she had recovered from the effects of her voyage. This terrible disease was fortunately very light in her case, for her marriage took place in little more than a week after she had recovered from the short attack.

It is curious to note that the doctor's bill for attendance, during the voyage and at the time of this sickness, was only three pounds nine shillings and twopence; and this for attending the royal queen of England.

Margaret's nuptials with Henry VI. were solemnized April 22, 1445. The bridal ring, set with a ruby, was made from the one with which Henry was consecrated at the time of his coronation. The queen received a bridal present of a lion. Her coronation took place May 30, at Westminster Abbey.

But scarcely was the beautiful queen seated upon her royal throne ere troubles gathered thick and fast about her; and she continued to be a victim to misfortune during all the remainder of her life.

The Duke of Gloucester and the rich old Cardinal Beaufort were rival statesmen of England. It had been through Cardinal Beaufort, assisted by Suffolk, that Henry had won the fair Margaret; whereas the Duke of Gloucester had proposed another alliance. For this reason the power of the cardinal was now in the ascendant at court; and through Suffolk, who gradually obtained uncontrolled authority, both in the council and in Parliament, the cardinal possessed immense power over the crown. As the king and queen were still hampered by their impoverished condition, the rich cardinal frequently relieved the pressing needs of the royal pair, and thus secured greater influence over them.

In 1447, the mysterious death of the Duke of Gloucester occurred, and the enemies of Beaufort and the queen asserted that he was murdered by their connivance. But this unjust charge is apparently without the least foundation, as records state that the duke died from illness, probably apoplexy.

During the same year the aged Cardinal Beaufort died, and the king and queen were left without his support, and what was equally important, the aid of his well-filled purse.

HENRY V. AND VI.

King Henry now began to show symptoms of the fearful brain malady which he had inherited from his grandfather, Charles VI. Henry's ministry, headed by Suffolk, was despised and hated. At this time the government fell mostly into the hands of the young queen of eighteen, who found herself obliged to rely upon Suffolk, who became daily more distasteful to the English people.

In 1448 hostilities with France were renewed, and Charles VII. reconquered Normandy. This was the same king of France, whose coronation at Rheims was secured to him through the brave efforts of the Maid of Orleans, Joan d'Arc, whose romantic story has been so often related. Declaring that she was called by the angel St. Michael and the virgin saints to deliver her country from the English, she led her troops to Orleans, carrying a marvellous sword in her hand, which she said she had been directed to bring from the shrine of St. Catherine; and she succeeded in delivering that city from the siege. This victory prepared the way for the coronation of Charles VII.; but to his eternal disgrace, when this brave maiden was afterwards captured by her enemies, and tried as a witch, he did not make any effort to save her, though to her he owed his crown; and she was burnt at the stake, in the market-place at Rouen.

The loss of Normandy gave great offence to the English, who blamed Queen Margaret, derisively calling her the "Frenchwoman"; and the partisans of the Duke of York attributed their losses to the misgovernment of the queen, and declared that King Henry was more fit for a cloister than a throne, in that he had seemingly deposed himself by leaving his kingdom in the hands of a woman.

About this time Queen Margaret invested the Duke of York with the government of Ireland. He left a strong

party in England, who soon caused the Duke of Suffolk to be impeached and arrested. In order to save his life, the queen persuaded the king to banish Suffolk for five years; but the ship on which he embarked was captured by his enemies, and he was beheaded after a mock trial.

We cannot mention all the contests in this War of the Roses. An insurrection headed by Jack Cade, who called himself Mortimer, arose in Kent. This rebellion was quickly quelled by Henry VI.; but new disasters followed. The Duke of Somerset returned from France, having been defeated in trying to maintain England's power there. Every province in France, but Calais, was now lost to the English, and for this misfortune the people blamed the poor young queen.

Suddenly the Duke of York came back from Ireland, impeached Somerset in Parliament, and he was sent to the Tower. At this time the badges of the red and the white rose were adopted by the partisans of York and Lancaster. To add to the troubles in which the poor queen was plunged, King Henry's malady became so great that it could no longer be concealed, and just at this inauspicious time the young Prince of Wales was born. York assumed all the power of the government, and for more than a year the king remained in total ignorance of all that was passing around him, being in a continued state of helpless idiocy. When the prince was about fifteen months old, his father recovered his reason, and his first recognition of his wife and child is thus quaintly described: "On Monday, at noon, the queen came to him, and brought my lord prince with her. Then the king asked, 'What the prince's name was?' and the queen told him 'Edward'; and then he held up his hands and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time,

nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been whilst he had been sick, till now. And he asked who were the godfathers; and the queen told him, and he was well content."

Margaret took immediate measures to secure King Henry's restoration to sovereign power. Though he was still very weak, the queen caused him to be conveyed to the House of Lords, where he dissolved the Parliament, and restored Somerset to liberty. The Duke of York, aided by Salisbury and Warwick, now raised an army, and drew near to London. King Henry, who hated bloodshed, sent word to the insurgents to ask why they had armed themselves against him. The Duke of York replied that he would not lay down arms unless the Duke of Somerset was delivered up to justice. This the king refused to do, saying "he would deliver up his crown as soon as he would the Duke of Somerset." Whereupon the Earl of Warwick commenced the attack. The battle was short but bloody. Somerset was killed, and even King Henry was himself wounded by an arrow in the neck. But he would not stir from the scene until he was left alone under his royal banner, when he proceeded very coolly into a baker's shop near by, where the Duke of York found him, and bending the knee before him in a sort of mock reverence, bade him rejoice that the traitor Somerset was slain. King Henry replied: "For mercy's sake, stop the slaughter of my subjects!" York then took the wounded king by the hand, and led him first to the shrine of St. Alban, and then to his own apartments. The next day he conducted King Henry, with seeming respect, to London; but in reality the king was the prisoner of the Duke of York. Henry's distress of mind brought on again his fits of insanity, and in this state he

was forced to pardon York and make him Protector. The Duke of York relinquished the care of the imbecile king to Queen Margaret, on condition that she would retire with the king and infant prince to Hertford Castle.

For two years Margaret remained in retirement; but in February, 1456, King Henry again recovered himself sufficiently to enter Parliament and declare himself well enough to resume his royal authority. Parliament allowed his claim, and York was forced to retire.

Again the government was put in the hands of the friends of the queen. Again the health of the king was impaired, but Margaret took him to Coventry, which she called her haven of safety, on account of the favor shown her by the inhabitants there; and at length, King Henry having somewhat recovered, he went to London, and there invited the Duke of York and all his partisans to a pacification banquet and religious ceremony at St. Paul's cathedral, in which procession it is said that every one walked with an enemy, from the queen down, as Margaret was accompanied by the Duke of York to the altar, where all swore eternal amity.

This amity lasted a year, when an affray broke out amongst the king's cooks and scullions, who soundly whipped Warwick's men; whereupon all parties flew to arms, and the battle of Blorcheath, and other skirmishes, were fought.

At this time the Yorkists were defeated, but again they rallied and seized upon London.

The queen once more brought her sick husband to her harbor of Coventry; and, as he regained his strength, she rallied round the banner of the Red Rose many of the heirs of the valiant earls who had fallen at St. Albans, and she induced the king to leave Coventry, and

encamp with his army near Sandifford. The Lancastrians and the Yorkists met in battle, July 9, 1460, near Northampton. In the conflict which lasted two hours, ten thousand Englishmen were slain, and King Henry was taken prisoner.

Queen Margaret was not herself in the battle, but was stationed with the young prince, Edward, her son, where she could view the field and communicate with her generals. Perceiving the disastrous result of the contest, Margaret fled with the young prince to a castle in North Wales.

Meanwhile, the Duke of York had taken King Henry to London as his prisoner, and there compelled him to sign an order, commanding Queen Margaret and the prince to return to London under penalty of high treason; and Henry was furthermore forced to acquiesce in an arrangement that he should wear the crown for his life, but that, upon his death, the Duke of York and his heirs should succeed to the right of the throne.

But Margaret was not thus to be ordered by the haughty Duke of York and his party against her royal will. When she received this summons, she was in Scotland, seeking aid from the Scotch king; and her brave answer was to march with a large army against York; and she drove him to his strong castle, where he intended to await the coming of his son Edward, with reinforcements. But Margaret surrounded his castle, and, by challenge and taunts, urged him to come forth to battle. The Duke of York, whose pride was at length stung by the defiant taunts of a woman, gave her battle, and in the contest he was killed.

One of the royalists afterwards cut off the head from the corpse of the Duke of York, and brought this bloody

trophy to Queen Margaret, who at first beheld it with horror, and then laughingly said: "Put the traitor's head on York gate, and take care that room be left for those of the earls of March and Warwick, which, forsooth, shall soon keep him company."

Queen Margaret now pushed on towards London, flushed with her recent success, determined to rescue King Henry from the power of the Yorkists. The Earl of Warwick came out from the metropolis, bearing in his train the royal prisoner, and met the forces of Queen Margaret on the old battle-field of St. Albans. The Yorkists held the town, but the royalists penetrated the streets, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. Warwick's Londoners were no match for the brave Northmen who fought for Queen Margaret, and the Yorkists were forced to fly, leaving King Henry sitting in his tent. Here he was found by Queen Margaret and Prince Edward, and his brave queen and son embraced him with joy; and King Henry therenpon knighted the young Prince of Wales, and many valiant Lancastrians, for their valor. But Margaret's triumphs did not long continue. St. Albans was won, but not London.

The victorious young warrior, Edward, Earl of March, eldest son of the late Duke of York, who now bore his father's title, having conquered the Lancastrians in other contests while Margaret routed the Yorkists at St. Albans, now entered London with all the pomp of a triumphant king, and was received by the people with acclamations of delight; for Margaret had injudiciously allowed her Northern men to plunder the English, and had therefore incurred their hatred; so that now she was again forced to seek refuge in the North, while Edward of York was proclaimed king, as Edward IV. In a short

time an army of sixty thousand men was raised in behalf of Margaret, and commanded by Henry Beaufort, who was now Duke of Somerset, and another intrepid noble, Lord Clifford, who had killed the youngest son of the Duke of York, and cut off the head from the dead body of the father, in the contest between the Lancastrians and Yorkists, when the Duke of York had been slain. By the advice of these nobles Margaret remained with her husband and son in the city of York; while the army of the Red Rose went forth to battle with the forces of the White Rose, under the banner of the young Edward of York.

The Lancastrians were defeated at Ferrybridge and Towton, and Queen Margaret then fled with King Henry and their son to Newcastle, and from thence to Alnwick Castle. As the Yorkists still approached, she retreated to Scotland. At length Margaret and her son went to France to seek aid from King Louis XI. Upon Margaret's promising to offer Calais as security, King Louis lent her twenty thousand crowns, and permitted Brezé, of Normandy, to follow her with two thousand men.

With this little army Margaret returned to Scotland and rallied her Scotch adherents; and bringing King Henry into the field, who had previously been hiding at Harleck Castle, the brave, undaunted queen conquered the strong fortresses of Bamborough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh.

But her triumph was of short duration. Somerset soon after surrendered the castle of Bamborough to Warwick, on condition that he should receive a pension from King Edward; Suffolk and Exeter also swore homage to the throne of Edward. But notwithstanding these treacheries, Margaret still courageously struggled, and at length succeeded in winning back Somerset and Exeter to the ban-

ner of the Red Rose; but Somerset was, after all, a poor support, and in the contest which followed at Hexham his weak generalship caused a total rout of the Lancastrian army. Margaret fled with the young prince to the Scottish border, taking with her all the jewels and treasures she could secure; but these were all stolen from her by a band of banditti who attacked her small company of friends; and while the ruffians, with drawn swords, were fighting for the plunder, Margaret escaped with her son alone in the dense forest: here night closed over them. They had neither of them tasted food since early in the day. To add to her distress, poor Margaret did not know whether her husband was dead or alive, as they had fled from Hexham in different directions. Every tree in that dark forest seemed to the terrified queen's fancies an armed foe, seeking the life of herself and child. Suddenly, as the moon broke through the obscuring clouds, she perceived a gigantic man advancing towards her. For a moment her heart stood still for very horror, but with the danger came also courage; and, filled with a sudden inspiration of sublime action, she advanced with calm majesty to the outlaw, leading her son by the hand, and with the manner of a queen whose right it was to command, and in tones thrilling with overpowering fervor, she presented her child, saying:—

"Here, my friend, save the son of your king! to your loyalty I intrust him. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him refuge in thine own hiding-place."

The appeal of the brave queen was not in vain. The outlaw, who chanced to be a ruined Lancastrian, well remembered his much-loved queen. Right royally this knight of the forest received his honored guests; raising

MARGARET INTRUSTS PRINCE EDWARD TO THE ROBBERS.

the poor tired little prince in his strong arms, he led the way to his hidden cave. Here the royal fugitives were refreshed and waited upon by the wife of the Lancastrian outlaw: this retreat has since been called "Queen Margaret's Cave." Here she was found three days after by Brezé and the Duke of Exeter and other friends; and learning from them that her husband was alive, she went with them to Scotland; then finding no safety there, sailed for France. Storms drove her into the dominions and power of her father's old foe, the Duke of Burgundy. Although Margaret had declared in the days of her prosperity, that if she should ever get the Duke of Burgundy into her power, she would make the "axe pass between his head and shoulders," nevertheless this family foe showed himself to be a true knight and worthy gentleman, for he not only received her but gave her hospitality; and though he would not listen to her entreaties in behalf of her husband, he gave her twelve thousand crowns, and bestowed many favors upon her companions in distress, and forwarded her in safety to her father's duchy of Bar. Here for seven years Margaret, no longer a queen, except in name, resided with her son, the prince, in her father's dominions, who, on account of the ruinous contests in which he and his son were engaged with Aragon, could offer her only an asylum. Her father René was little fitted by nature for the severe and ferocious times in which he lived. He was a poet, artist, and musician of rare talent, and his chansons are still sung by his native Provençals. At length, King Edward of England quarrelled with the Earl of Warwick, one of the strongest supporters of the Yorkists; and that nobleman came to France with others of his adherents to seek the aid of King Louis XI.

Margaret was summoned to the French court, and it was there arranged that she should pawn Calais to Louis XI., and that her son Edward, who was now a youth, should be married to the daughter of the Earl of Warwick, the Lady Anne Nelville. Thus Warwick espoused the cause of the Red Rose, and a new expedition was prepared for the invasion of England. Warwick was at first successful. King Edward fled; Henry VI. was released from his restraint in the Tower, where he had been held as a royal prisoner; but having been treated with kindness, and weary of conflict, he was not overjoyed at his restoration. Margaret prepared to go to England with her son, the Prince of Wales, and his young bride Anne. But furious storms again overtook her, and ere she landed at Weymouth, her fortune had again forsaken her. When the dreadful news reached her of the death of Warwick and recapture of King Henry, she fell in a swoon, and upon regaining consciousness, refused for a long time to be comforted. At length she was visited by Lancastrian nobles, who persuaded her to again unfurl the banner of the Red Rose.

At Tewkesbury the fatal battle was fought which laid the Red Rose in the dust. Upon this battle-field the last hope of the unfortunate queen perished forever. The brave young Prince of Wales was taken prisoner; and being brought into the presence of King Edward, the monarch, impressed with the noble bearing of the youth, inquired "how he durst so presumptuously enter his realms, with banners displayed against him?" to which the prince, with more courage than policy, boldly replied, "To recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance." Stung into sudden anger, King Edward struck the intrepid prince in the face with his gauntlet, which was the signal

The Tower of London.

for the cruel men around him to pierce his brave young heart with their sharp daggers. The following day Queen Margaret was brought a prisoner to King Edward, by her old enemy, Sir William Stanley, who had just revealed the terrible fate of her son to the anguished mother, with brutal coldness and abruptness. Smarting under this awful blow, Margaret invoked terrible maledictions upon the head of King Edward; and this same enemy took very good care to repeat these rash words which had escaped the agonized heart of the distracted mother to his royal master, who was so exasperated that he at first determined to put her to death; but as no Plantagenet had shed the blood of woman, he feared to do this bloody deed, and ordered her to be imprisoned in the Tower of London. The same night upon which Margaret of Anjou was placed within its gloomy walls, her husband, whom she had not met for seven long years, was dragged from his cell in the same prison and put to death. At first the imprisonment of Margaret was very rigorous; but through the intercession of King Edward's wife, Elizabeth of Woodville, who had been one of the ladies in waiting at Queen Margaret's court, the poor heart-broken sufferer was released from such strict confinement; and at length her impoverished father came to her partial relief, and by sacrificing his inheritance of Provence, he succeeded in securing her release from imprisonment, she having signed a formal renunciation of all the rights her marriage in England had given her.

But this poor faded Red Rose had one more trial to bear. A dry leprosy now attacked the once beautiful Margaret of Anjou, and transformed the lovely "Marguerite," whose beauty had been celebrated throughout the world, into a loathsome spectacle of horror. For

nearly six years she endured a living death in the castles provided by her father for her retreat, until, in 1482, the welcome summons came. She was buried in the cathedral of Angers, and her only memorial was her portrait on glass in a window of the cathedral, which had been painted by her father twenty years before. Maria Louisa, the second wife of Napoleon I., possessed the breviary once owned by Margaret of Anjou: in it was written, "*Vanite des vanites, tout la vanite!*" Surely a fitting epitaph for the once beautiful, powerful, lovely Margaret of Anjou, queen of England; but alas! afterwards, the fallen, faded, hapless Red Rose of English history.

Among the warm partisans of the Lancastrian cause, was John Grey, afterwards Lord Ferrers, whose wife was the beautiful Elizabeth Woodville, maid of honor at the court of Queen Margaret.

Lord Ferrers lost his life in the War of the Roses; and his widow, the beautiful Lady Grey, afterwards married Edward, son of the renowned Duke of York, the champion of the White Rose.

By this marriage of the Roses, which occurred after Edward had become king of England, as Edward IV., this famous War of the Roses ended in a match of hearts.

LADY GREY.

CATHARINE OF ARAGON.

A.D. 1485-1536.

"By my troth,
I would not be a queen!
Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow."—SHAKESPEARE.

BEAUTIFUL Granada rose like an enchanted city in the midst of the blooming plain, where flourished the citron and the pomegranate, the latter of which gave to the city its euphonious name. Olive groves and vineyards clustered around it and fig-trees hung heavy with their purplish fruit; while orange and lemon groves bent 'neath the rich burden of golden spheres of luscious nectar, intermingled with the snowy blossoms which, half hidden amongst the dark green foliage, filled the air with such exquisite perfume as to make one dream of the ambrosial fields of Paradise. To the north, towered mountains whose lofty, snow-crowned summits seemed to pierce the blue heavens above, and other ranges guarded it on the east and south, while the blue waters of the Mediterranean washed its western shores, and brought trade and commerce to this fair Eden of sunny Spain.

And as picturesque as was this lovely setting, equally picturesque was the quaint and fascinating city, with its gorgeous Alhambra, whose shining turrets loomed high above the surrounding buildings and its spacious courts,

adorned by graceful columns and spanned by arched ceilings glowing with varied colors and ornate with quaint design, while through its many corridors Moorish cavaliers and dark-eyed beauties, attired in their picturesque costumes, passed in a fascinating procession and lent the charm of life to this weird scene.

But war had invaded this fair realm. For long years it had been besieged by hostile hosts, who strove to drive the Moors from their enchanting dominions. Already the city of Santa Fé had arisen, as though by magic, around the besieged city of Granada, and Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain at length entered the gorgeous Alhambra as conquerors, and the last sigh of the departing Moors echoed amid the fragrant orange groves, in a ghostly wail of hopeless despair.

It was on the 6th of January, 1492, that Isabella and Ferdinand made their triumphal entry into the conquered city, and the standard of the Cross and the banner of Castile were seen floating together on the lofty watch-tower of the glorious palace of the Alhambra. Upon this momentous occasion, the little Catharine of Aragon, then seven years of age, accompanied her parents and sister in the imposing procession.

This pretty Spanish princess had first opened her eyes upon this world at the small town called Alcala des Henares, while Isabella, her mother, was journeying to spend Christmas at Toledo, then the capital of Spain.

Her infant days were spent in camps of war, for the illustrious Isabella accompanied her husband Ferdinand upon all his expeditions, and by her presence and counsel inspired the Christian soldiers to those deeds of valor which gained the victory over the Moors.

It was this same Isabella of Castile, who first instituted

regular military surgeons, to attend the sick in the armies and be at hand on the field of battle to care for the wounded. These surgeons were paid out of her own revenues; and she also provided spacious tents, furnished with beds and all things requisite for the sick and wounded, which were called the "Queen's Hospital."

Thus, to the compassionate heart of the famous Isabella of Castile, the world is indebted for the first army hospital, which institution has since proved such a blessing to mankind, in the saving of innumerable lives, and in some slight measure alleviating a part of the frightful evils of war.

After the fall of Granada, Ferdinand and Isabella took up their residence in the magnificent Alhambra, and it was in this fascinating place that the childhood of Catharine of Aragon was passed.

It was from Granada, this fairy-land of her youthful memories, that Catharine derived her device of the pomegranate. The pomegranate was the royal insignia of the Moorish kings. The motto afterwards adopted by Queen Catharine, "*Not for my crown*," was also derived from the same source; for the crown of the pomegranate is worthless and is always thrown away.

What strange contrast in the two pictures portrayed in the life of Catharine by the unforeseen vicissitudes of fortune. The blooming maiden, filled with ecstatic pleasure by the alluring fascinations of the matchless scenes around her, now wandering with childish curiosity through the glowing courts of the glorious Alhambra, or enjoying the sylvan retreats amidst the orange and citron groves, or seeking the cool shade of the pomegranate trees, presents a very different picture to the neglected queen of England, cruelly banished by her atrocious husband, to die in loneliness and even penury.

When the Princess Catharine was nine years of age, she was betrothed to Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII.

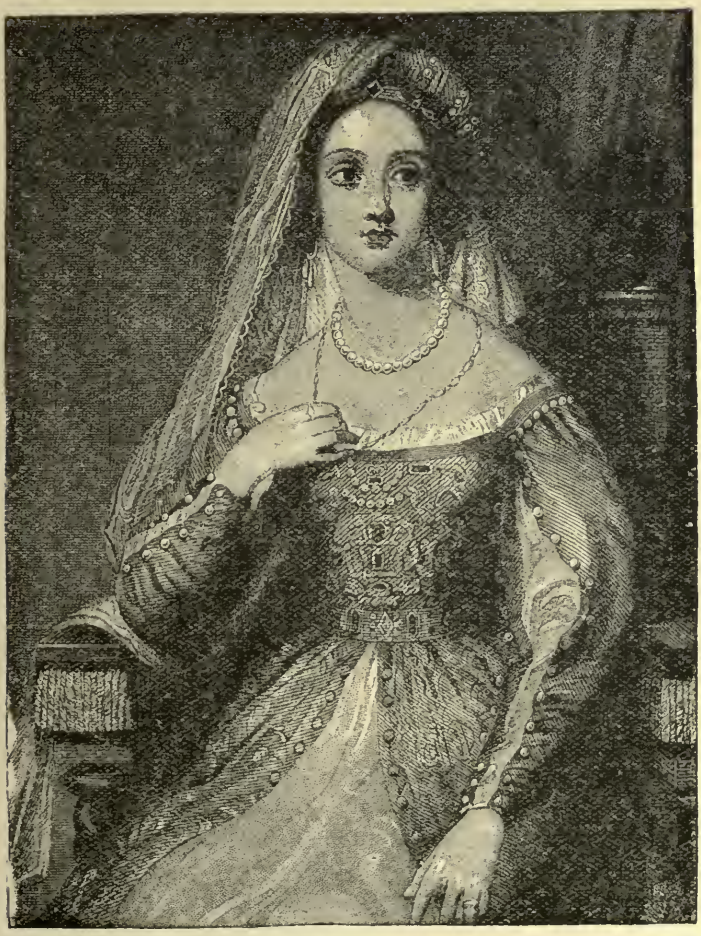
The correspondence of these youthful lovers was carried on in Latin, that they might improve themselves in that language.

In 1501, Catharine embarked with her Spanish governess and four young court ladies, attended by a train of lords and ecclesiastics, to go to England to be united in marriage to Prince Arthur. The marriage was celebrated Nov. 14, 1501.

Catharine's bridal costume was a great surprise to the English ladies. The Spanish princess and her ladies had previously astonished the English populace, when, according to an English fashion, they made their equestrian public entry into London. The large round hats worn by Catharine and her *donnas* upon that occasion had created much comment.

"At her bridal Catharine wore upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold and pearls and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled the greater part of her visage and her person. This was the celebrated Spanish mantilla. Her gown was very large; both the sleeves and also the body had many plaits, and beneath the waist certain round hoops, bearing out the gown from the waist downward. Such was the first arrival of the farthingale in England, revived at times as hoop petticoats and crinolines. In the elaborate pageantry the princely pair were very prettily allegorized, she as 'My Lady Hesperus,' and he as 'The Star Arcturus,' from which the Celtic name of Arthur is derived."

The old chronicles thus describe the gorgeous marriage ceremony: —



QUEEN CATHARINE.

"Within the church of St. Paul's was erected a platform or stage, six feet high, and extending from the west door to the uppermost step of the choir; in the middle of this platform was a high stand like a mountain, which was ascended on every side with steps covered over with red worsted.

"Against this mountain on the north side was ordained a standing for the king and his friends; and upon the south side was erected another standing, which was occupied by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London.

"Then, upon the fourteenth of November, being Sunday, Prince Arthur and the Infanta Catharine, both clad in white satin, ascended the mountain, one on the north and the other on the south side, and were there married by the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by nineteen bishops and abbots. The king and the queen and the king's mother stood in the place aforenamed, where they heard and beheld the solemnization, which, being finished, the archbishop and bishops took their way from the mountain across the platform, which was covered under foot with blue ray cloth, into the choir, and so to the high altar. The prelates were followed by the bride and bridegroom. The Princess Cecily bore the train of the bride, and after her followed one hundred ladies and gentlewomen in right costly apparel. Then the Mayor, in a gown of crimson velvet, and his brethren in scarlet, went and sat in the choir whilst mass was said. The Archbishop of York sat in the dean's place and made the chief offering, and after him came the Duke of Buckingham. The mass being finished, Arthur publicly dowered his bride, at the church door, with one-third of his income as Prince of Wales; and afterwards the prince and princess were conducted in grand procession out of church into the bishop's palace,

where a grand feast was prepared, to which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were invited.

"The city functionaries were served with plate valued at one thousand two hundred pounds, but the plate off which the princess dined was of solid gold, ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and worth twenty thousand pounds.

"It was wonderful to behold the costly apparel and the massive chains of gold worn on that day. Sir Thomas Brandon, the master of the king's horse, wore a gold chain, valued at one thousand four hundred pounds. Rivers, the master of the king's hawks, wore a chain worth one thousand pounds, and many of the other chains worn were worth from two to three hundred pounds each. The Duke of Buckingham wore a robe of the most beautiful needle-work, wrought upon cloth of gold tissue and furred with sable, worth one thousand five hundred pounds; and Sir Nicholas Vaux wore a gown of purple velvet, so thickly ornamented with pieces of massive gold that the gold alone, independent of the silk and fur, was worth one thousand pounds."

In honor of this marriage, tournaments, and festivals, and most gorgeous pageants, followed by banquets and grand balls, were celebrated for many days.

But clouds soon gathered around Catharine. In about four months after the marriage, while Prince Arthur and Catharine were residing at the Castle of Ludlow, in Wales, the young prince sickened and died; and the poor young princess was left a widow in a strange land. Catharine was now escorted back to London, where she was received with kindness by Queen Elizabeth, her mother-in-law. But the kind queen died in two years and Catharine's troubles began regarding her great dower. Her father,

Ferdinand of Spain, had promised to give as a marriage settlement two hundred thousand crowns. Only one instalment of this had been paid, and until the whole amount was received, Henry VII. refused to allow his daughter-in-law the revenue Arthur had given her as her marriage gift.

And now began intrigues and quarrels over this poor little widow of sixteen. First King Henry VII. determined to marry her himself, but this proposal Catharine would not accept. Next it was proposed to marry her to the king's son Henry, now become Prince of Wales. As this proposition was not refused by Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, the helpless young stranger was obliged to submit, and as her father would not pay her dower until the matter was settled, and as her father-in-law would not allow her the revenue from her late young husband, the poor little princess was reduced to great extremities. She needed clothes, she had no means of paying her servants, and neither king seemed to have pity upon her. Her mother, Isabella of Spain, sympathized deeply with the sorrows of her child, but she was now dying and could do little to help her.

At length it was decided that Catharine, now nineteen years of age, should be betrothed to Henry, who was then fourteen. But before this marriage was consummated, Isabella of Spain had breathed her last. Well for her mother-heart that she did not know the terrible trials in store for her beloved child, consequent upon this unfortunate marriage!

The death of King Henry VII. in 1509, prevented all display upon the occasion of this second marriage of Catharine of Aragon, which occurred at Greenwich Palace, June 11, 1509, just three months after the death of Henry VII. From various records it is evident that

Henry VIII. loved his wife Catharine quite devotedly at this time. In his letter to his bride's father he wrote, "that if Catharine and he were still free, he would choose her for his wife before all other women."

The long-disputed marriage portion was now paid by Ferdinand of Spain, and Queen Catharine, in writing to him, tells of her joy in at last being able to pay her ladies their salaries which had been so long due. In 1510, a prince was born, but he lived but a few days, much to the sorrow of King Henry and Queen Catharine. Another baby prince also died before the birth of the Princess Mary, in 1516.

"The reign of Henry VIII. is characterized by three great movements, which have all left a profound impression upon the destinies of England: the religious reform; the establishment of the absolute power of the crown in principle and often in practice; the social and even political progress of the nation, notwithstanding great outbursts of tyranny on the part of the government, and of servility on the part of the people. The history of this reign is naturally divided into two periods: Henry VIII. under the influence of Wolsey, his favorite and soon his prime minister; Henry VIII. alone, after the disgrace and death of Wolsey."

Of course, regarding this political aspect of this epoch in history, we can make little or no mention in this short sketch of Catharine of Aragon.

Wolsey, "the Ipswich butcher's son, the politician priest," became the chief favorite of Henry and Catharine, although, after he had been the means of securing the execution of the queen's friend, Buckingham, Catharine was opposed to him.

We must not pass over the meeting of the French and

HENRY VIII.

English sovereigns upon the famous "Field of the Cloth of Gold." This occurred in 1520, at Ardres, a small town near Calais. A very magnificently decorated palace had been prepared for the English king. It was built of wood, and adorned with gigantic figures, representing savages armed with spears and arrows, bearing Henry's device, "*Cui adhuereo praestat*" (He whom I support prevails).

Fountains of red and white wine played constantly before this sumptuous abode of the English king, which was adorned with costly tapestries and magnificent gold and silver plate.

A gorgeous tent of cloth of gold had been prepared for the meeting of the two sovereigns. It was ornamented with blue velvet studded with stars, fastened with silken cords mixed with Cyprian gold. Into this glistening pavilion the two kings walked arm in arm; and thereupon began a round of feasting, drinking, music, dancing, and amusements, which lasted a fortnight. The extravagant splendor of this occasion has become renowned; and, in the midst of all these licentious revelries, Cardinal Wolsey celebrated high mass with imposing pageantry. It is recorded that it took years for the estates of many a nobleman to recover from the loans contracted to make a good appearance upon this famous Field of the Cloth of Gold.

In 1521 Henry VIII. determined to defend the Catholic faith against the attacks of Martin Luther. King Henry had no other weapon to use against the monk except his pen. Whereupon Henry published "A Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther." This was gorgeously bound, and presented with much ceremony to Pope Leo X. Thereupon the royal author received

the title, from the holy father, of "Defender of the Faith," of which title the royal hypocrite made strange use afterwards. Meanwhile, the haughty Cardinal Wolsey became more arrogant and overbearing. Having the royal ear, even princes and nobles fawned upon him in menial attentions, and high titled lords served the pompous cardinal on their knees, and deemed it a privilege to do his august bidding. But Wolsey's fall was soon to come, and would be as direful as his power was now ascendant.

In 1522 the beautiful Anne Boleyn was recalled from France to England, and became one of Queen Catharine's maids of honor. From this time troubles fell thick and heavy upon the poor queen, who was herself a faithful wife and loving mother, and was, moreover, self-denying and devout. And, strange as it may appear, up to this time, such had been the life of King Henry and Queen Catharine that they had become famous as a pattern couple; and the celebrated Erasmus had said of them: "What household is there, among the subjects of their realms, that can offer an example of such united wedlock? Where can a wife be found better matched with the best of husbands?"

We can hardly imagine the atrocious Henry VIII. ever to have been worthy of such commendation. After being married for seventeen years to his devoted Catharine, this prince of hypocrites is all at once troubled with most grievous qualms of conscience. For seven years he had been flirting with the pretty Anne Boleyn; even from the momentous time when he had noticed her dancing at the festivals attending the celebrated occasion of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. But not until 1527 did this conscience-troubled king declare publicly his very serious doubts as

to the validity of his marriage with Catharine, who had been previously married to his elder brother Arthur. His pretended scruples were now confided to Cardinal Wolsey, who advised the king to sue for a divorce. This welcome advice the royal hypocrite most sanctimoniously declared to be most *bitter* for him to follow, but nevertheless, for his conscience' sake, he was ready to make this enormous sacrifice.

The famous divorce court at Blackfriars was not held until June 18, 1529. But the conscience-stricken, atrocious dissembler meanwhile used his utmost influence in church and state to force priests and people to confirm his royal pretended scruples; and earls, bishops, cardinals, and popes, were called upon to confirm and applaud his most holy zeal, in thus sacrificing his supposed heart's ease for the ease of his terribly burdened conscience. Meanwhile, the poor, neglected, faithful wife was openly and shamelessly discarded for the smiles of the new beauty, who had ensnared the fancy of this most atrocious of religious humbugs.

To allay somewhat the fretful anxieties consequent upon the long delay required to bring right-minded men to second his infamous designs, the royal author found solace in his literary occupations, hurling anathemas against the undaunted Luther, ostensibly in defence of that Church whose Pope he wished to influence in favor of his own guilty schemes; but soon this apparently zealous defender of the Romish Church was uncloaked, and he defied even the Pope himself, who dared to denounce his infamous divorce.

We cannot give in detail these stirring but disgraceful scenes. Poor Catharine, a stranger in a strange land, having lost both father and mother, had none to defend

her against the calumnies which her inhuman husband sought to fasten upon her, but which her blameless life rendered utterly harmless.

King Henry VIII. had taken very good care to make very specious excuses for the divorce. As six children had been born and none had lived beyond infancy, except the Princess Mary, he declared that he found proof of the wrath of God in these bereavements, because he had married his brother's widow. And this prince of dissemblers declared in a great meeting of his nobles, councillors, and judges, whom he had assembled in the great chamber of his palace at Bridewell, that, "As touching the queen, if it be adjudged by the law of God that she is my lawful wife, there was never anything more acceptable to me in my life, both for the discharge of my conscience and also for her sake; for I assure you all that, apart from her noble parentage, she is a woman of great virtue, gentleness, and humility. Of all good qualities appertaining to nobility, she is without comparison; and if I were to marry again, presuming the marriage to be good, I would choose her before all other women." And yet this same ostentatious pattern of perfection and hypocritical religious cant afterwards beheaded the illustrious Sir Thomas More, because he would not sanction the infamous repudiation of the faithful Catharine. And this same pretended Defender of the Church, even though the Pope was hurling from the Vatican his spiritual thunders of excommunication for the sin of renouncing the devoted and blameless Queen Catharine, defiantly married Anne Boleyn, even before the divorce had been fully consummated.

In 1529 Queen Catharine was summoned into court to meet her public sentence. When the crier called,

"Henry, king of England, come into court," he answered from his royal seat of state, in loud tones, "Here," and thereupon proceeded to make known his many troubles regarding his tender conscience, and religious scruples, which so sore distressed his royal mind; ending in a panegyric upon the many virtues of his beloved wife, Catharine, from whom none other cause than his afflicted conscience would ever have forced him to consent to part.

After this arch-traitor to all domestic faithfulness had thus relieved his burdened heart, the crier summoned, "Catharine, queen of England." Taking no notice of the surrounding legates, the sorrowful queen rose with graceful dignity, and, followed by her ladies, she went round about the court, even to where the king sat, and kneeling at his feet she thus pathetically addressed him, with quaint foreign accent and persuasive voice: "Sir, I beseech you, for the love of God, let me have some justice. Take some pity on me, a poor stranger in your dominions; I have no counsellor in this land, and, as you are the head of justice in your realm, I flee to you. Alas! I take God to witness that for these twenty years I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife. And if our children have died, it has not been for the want of a mother's love or care. The king, your father, was accounted a second Solomon for wisdom, and my father, Ferdinand, was deemed one of the wisest kings of Spain; and they had counsellors as wise as those of these days, and they all, verily, thought our marriage good and lawful. Therefore I marvel greatly at the inventions now brought against me. If you have found any dishonor in my conduct, then am I content to depart; but if none there be, then I beseech you thus humbly to let me remain in my proper state."

The queen then rose up in tears, and making a low obeisance to the king, she walked out of court; nor would she return, even though the crier again called her name. Nor would she ever more attend these evil councils, but waited in patient silence the coming of her dread doom. Nor did she display any enmity to the boastful Anne Boleyn, who did most indecently declare her growing power over the fickle fancies of the cruel king. Save only on one occasion, did Queen Catharine give to her intimation that she was aware of her ambitious views. The queen was once playing cards with Anne Boleyn, when she thus addressed her: "My lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."

At length, as Queen Catharine would not again appear in court, although several times summoned by the loud voice of the crier, King Henry, in his rage, sent Cardinal Wolsey and others to the queen, to have a private interview with her. Catharine was engaged with her ladies in needlework at the time, to while away her tedious hours, for the cruel king had removed the Princess Mary from her mother, nor would any tears avail the lonely, neglected wife, though she wrote most tender letters to the king begging him to let her behold her child. As the prelates entered the apartment where Queen Catharine and her ladies were occupied with their embroidery, the queen rose to meet them, having a skein of white silk around her neck, and apologizing for the manner of their unceremonious reception. "You see," said Catharine, pointing to the skein of silk, "our humble employment with my maids; and yet, save these, I have no other counsellors in England, and those in Spain on whom I could rely are far away."

TRIAL OF QUEEN CATHARINE.

"If it please your Grace," replied Wolsey, "we would speak with you alone."

"My lord," answered the queen, with a proud innocence, "if you have anything to say, speak it openly before these folk; I would all the world should see and hear it."

Whereupon Wolsey began to address her in Latin, in which language she was well skilled; but she said humbly: "Pray, my good lord, speak to me in English, for I can, thank God, understand English, though I *do* know some Latin."

The queen then led the cardinals into her withdrawing-room, and it is recorded of this conference, that she did so set forth her cause that they would not henceforth decide against her.

But chafing at the long pontifical delays, King Henry determined to take the matter into his own hands. He had used every device to induce the queen to consent to the divorce; and had by bribes and threats obtained from most of the universities of Europe opinions that the marriage was illegal.

King Henry then sent a message to Queen Catharine, who was at that time residing at Greenwich Palace, entreating her, for the quieting of his conscience, that she would refer the matter to arbitration. Catharine replied: "God grant my husband a quiet conscience; but I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome."

This answer so enraged the king that he took the queen to Windsor Castle, and then himself departing on some excuse, he sent authoritative commands to her that she should leave forever the royal palace.

"He is my husband, and it is my duty to obey him," said the injured and faithful wife; "but though I go

hence at his bidding, I am his wife, and for him will I pray."

King Henry had previously endeavored to have Catharine persuaded to enter a convent; and in view of such an event, his sensitive conscience had required him to apply to the ablest canonists in Rome to give him their opinions on the three following questions: 1. Whether, if a wife were to enter a convent, the Pope could not, in the plenitude of his power, authorize the husband to marry again. 2. Whether, if the husband were to enter a religious order that he might induce his wife to do the same, he might not be afterwards released from his vow and at liberty to marry. 3. Whether, for reasons of state, the Pope could not license a king to have, like the ancient patriarchs, two wives, of whom one only should be acknowledged and enjoy the honors of royalty. Rather convincing proofs, truly, that the compunctions of conscience of this royal hypocrite were a hollow sham!

After her expulsion from her husband's court, Catharine first went to her manor of the More, in Hertfordshire; and then settled at Ampthill, from whence she wrote to Pope Clement, informing him of her banishment from the royal court. As the Pope would not sanction the divorce, but instead issued a bull of excommunication against the royal rebel, the king, in 1533, dissolved his own wedlock by a decision pronounced in a court held by Archbishop Cranmer. Some historians state that he had married Anne Boleyn previously to the time when the divorce was pronounced.

When the news of this double insult reached poor Catharine, she was lying upon a sick-bed, worn out with sorrow. In vain had she pleaded to be allowed to see her only child, the Princess Mary, for one last farewell. And now

her agonized mother's heart is wrung with added woe. Lord Montjoy, her former page, was deputed to bear to her the minutes of the infamous conference, by whose decision she was degraded from the rank of queen of England to that of dowager-princess of Wales.

Rising from her couch and seizing her pen, she drew it through the words "princess-dowager," and exclaimed to those who had brought to her this insulting document: "So I return the minutes; and I desire ye to say to his Grace, my husband, Catharine, his faithful consort, is his lawful queen; and for no earthly consideration will she consent to be called out of her name."

Catharine afterwards removed to the Bishop of Lincoln's palace of Bungen. By the king's orders, she was deprived of most of her servants, because she would be waited on by no one who did not address her as queen. She was next removed to Kimbolton Castle, though Henry's first orders had been to take her to Fotheringay Castle, a place notorious for its bad air. But Catharine had declared that she would not go there "unless drawn with ropes," and so she had been sent to Kimbolton.

King Henry also withheld her income, due from her jointure as Arthur's widow; and notwithstanding the noble portion which she had brought as her dower, she was allowed to suffer for the very necessaries of life, and even a new gown was obtained on trust, as her will shows. When one of her servants, in a rage at her inhuman treatment, execrated the perfidious Anne, Catharine gently chided her, saying: "Hold, hold! curse her not, for in a short time you will have good reason to pity her!"

As death rapidly approached the heart-broken Catharine, she welcomed the summons as a joyful release from her earthly unutterable woe. A few days before she

expired, she dictated the following touching words to the base husband who had so atrociously wronged her.

"My Lord and Dear Husband: I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you. For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for. Lastly do I vow that mine eyes desire you above all things."

Catharine of Aragon breathed her last Jan. 7, 1536. Although it was said that King Henry shed tears over her last pathetic letter, which he received a short time before her death, yet it is also stated that he sent his lawyer to endeavor to seize upon her little property and try to escape paying her trifling legacies and debts.

On the day of her burial, King Henry wore mourning, but Anne Boleyn clothed herself and all her ladies in yellow, exclaiming, "Now am I queen! I am grieved, not that she is dead, but for the vaunting of the good end she made."

Neither King Henry's arrogant power nor Anne Boleyn's pernicious influence could prevent the widespread and lasting effect of the Christian death-bed of Catharine. At

ANNE BOLEYN.

length some dared to suggest to King Henry, "that it would become his greatness to rear a stately monument to her memory," whereupon the beautiful abbey-church of Peterborough, where her remains were placed, was spared from destruction at the period of the suppression of the monasteries, and was endowed and established as the see of Peterborough.

The life of the woman who had supplanted her was short and full of sorrow. Three years only elapsed after Henry had married Anne Boleyn, and only four months after Catharine had sent him her dying forgiveness, when her exulting rival met her awful doom.

Already had King Henry cast his eyes upon Jane Seymour, and on the 15th of May, 1536, the sentence upon the queen was pronounced. Wolsey, who had suggested and aided the divorce of Catharine, had fallen under the disfavor of Anne, and through her influence he was overthrown and died in disgrace. And now Anne herself was to suffer the penalty of her wicked ambition. On the 19th of May, 1536, Anne Boleyn was led out upon Tower Green, and a blow from the executioner ended her eventful, but brief life.

"It is done!" cried the inhuman Henry, as he heard the cannon which was the signal that the tragedy was over; "that is an end of the matter. Unleash the dogs, and let us follow the stag."

Thus ended the life of Anne Boleyn, and on the next day King Henry VIII. was married to his third wife, Jane Seymour.

QUEEN ELIZABETH, AND MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A.D. 1533-1603.

"A crown
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the regal diadem." — MILTON.

"One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies." — POPE.

THE lives of Queen Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of Scots, are so intimately associated, that a sketch of one includes that of the other; and in order to give the history of that epoch with greater conciseness and clearness without unnecessary repetition, a brief outline of each of their lives is here sketched.

For the sake of perspicuity, a few lines will be given to intervening events.

As we stated in the account of Catharine of Aragon, Henry VIII. married Jane Seymour upon the day following the execution of Anne Boleyn. Fortunately for Jane Seymour, death removed her during the succeeding year, rather than the fatal axe of her royal husband. She left an infant prince, who afterwards reigned a few short years as Edward VI.

In 1540 Henry VIII. married his fourth wife, Anne of Cleves. She had been represented as a great beauty by

Cromwell, whom the king had raised to power. This Cromwell was a former servant of Cardinal Wolsey. But so great was Henry's disgust upon beholding the awkward, ill-dressed, ill-featured, German princess, whom he had been inveigled into making his fourth bride, that though the marriage was perforce celebrated according to agreement, the unfortunate Cromwell was soon after disgraced and executed, and the sensitive conscience of the royal hypocrite was once again called into requisition to annul this ill-starred union. The beautiful face of Lady Catharine Howard no doubt quickened the stings of the conveniently tender conscience of this dissembling King of Knaves, who declared with pious cant that, having ascertained that Anne of Cleves had previously been betrothed to the Duke of Lorraine, his punctilious scruples would not allow him to retain her as his wife; whereupon King Henry, who waited not now for pope or bishop to annul his marriage vows and break his conjugal fetters, bestowed upon his divorced wife the title of "Adopted Sister," which honor poor Anne of Cleves consented to receive, doubtless thanking heaven for having preserved her from the more terrible fate of some of the wives of this fickle consort.

By way of celebrating his fifth nuptials, King Henry sent to the stake Dr. Barnes and other heretics, while certain Catholics were quartered for having refused to take the oath of supremacy. This persecution of both parties occasioned the indignation of both Catholics and Protestants. "How do folks manage to live here?" exclaimed a Frenchman, in surprise at such fickle punishments. "The Papists are hanged, and the anti-Papists are burned," was the answer.

But Catharine Howard had not been queen of England

one year before her terrible doom overshadowed her. The king discovered certain condemnatory circumstances, regarding the conduct of the queen previous to her marriage with him, and in a few short months Catharine also expiated her ambition and her supposed guilt upon the scaffold.

King Henry again resorted to his literary pursuits for solace, being for the time disgusted with his experiments in the matrimonial line, as before his hapless wives had also been, and forsooth with graver cause and better reason. "The king had better marry a widow," said the people; and that idea seeming to have occurred also to the mind of his august majesty, in the year 1543, this "royal Bluebeard of English history" took for his sixth wife, the Lady Catherine Parr, the three months' widow of Lord Latimer. She was an ardent partisan of the Protestant party, as well as learned and beautiful, but her skill in argument had well-nigh cost her dear.

To amuse her gouty, quarrelsome, would-be-literary and spasmodically-religious royal spouse, Queen Catherine ventured to argue with him upon certain points in theology. Finding himself worsted in the mental contest, the irate king exclaimed: "A good hearing this, when women become such clerks; and a thing much to my comfort to come in my old age to be taught by my wife." And thereupon the new chancellor received the order to prepare the impeachment of the queen. But Catherine was warned in time of her coming doom and was possessed of self-control and tact sufficient for this emergency. When again the conversation turned upon religious subjects and the king questioned her upon some knotty point, she answered laughing: "I am not so foolish as not to know what I can understand when I possess the favor of having

for a master and spouse a prince so learned in holy matters."

"By St. Mary!" exclaimed the king; "it is not so, Kate; thou hast become a doctor."

"And surely," quoth the queen with mirthful looks, "I thought I noticed that such conversation diverted your Grace's attention from your sufferings, and I ventured to discuss with you in the hope of making you forget your present infirmity."

"Is it so, sweetheart?" replied the king; "then we are friends again, and it doth me more good than if I had received a hundred thousand pounds."

The skilful and politic queen, well pleased to find her lovely head still resting on her own shoulders instead of on the executioner's block, gave thanks to God for her deliverance, and henceforth left theology in peace. The orders given to the chancellor not having been revoked, the next day he arrived with forty men to arrest the queen, but King Henry, feigning surprise and anger, sent him away with much apparent displeasure.

Thus had Queen Catherine's wit saved her neck, and the strong grip of the increasing gout now came to her rescue, and this Prince of Shams soon found himself held in the clutch of such a sturdy foe that neither qualms of conscience, nor tears, nor threats, could rid him at last of this dread consort of the tomb. Death claimed him, and the royal hypocrite was forced to yield to that relentless conqueror; and Henry VIII. faced the awful tribunal where no pretensions or shams could avail to hide the horrid deformity of his sin-polluted soul.

Upon the death of Henry VIII. in 1547, his son Edward was proclaimed king as Edward VI. But this young king died in 1553, at the age of sixteen years, and the

mighty realm of England was left to the conflicting succession of two princesses, both of whom their royal father had stigmatized with the ban of illegitimacy. In this emergency the Protestants, headed by the Duke of Northumberland, determined to set up a new claimant.

The daughter-in-law of the Duke of Northumberland was Lady Jane Grey, who was the granddaughter by her mother's side of Mary, queen-dowager of France, and sister of Henry VIII. Upon the death of young Edward, the Duke of Northumberland appeared before the gentle Lady Jane, — who was occupied in reading Plato in Greek, — and bowing his haughty knee in the presence of his daughter-in-law, he exclaimed: —

"The king, your cousin and our sovereign lord, has surrendered his soul to God; but before his death, and in order to preserve the kingdom from the infection of Popery, he resolved to set aside his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, declared illegitimate by an act of Parliament, and he has commanded us to proclaim your Grace as queen and sovereign to succeed him."

Thereupon the poor, unwilling Lady Jane Grey was proclaimed queen, but dearly did she buy her ten days of sovereign power. Mary was speedily brought to London and declared queen, and for this innocent offence the gentle Lady Jane Grey afterwards met death upon the scaffold.

The reign of Mary was made infamously illustrious by the execution of Lady Jane Grey and many others, and the burning at the stake of the bishops Ridley, Latimer, Cranmer, and many other religious martyrs. So sanguinary was the reign of this queen that she is known in history as *Bloody Mary*.

Poor Catharine of Aragon! It were surely sad enough

MARY, FIRST QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

to have borne the many sorrows of her afflicted life, without having her only surviving child stamped with such a name of infamy. Mary was the first queen-regnant of England. The queens of England are classified as queen-regnant, queen-consort, or queen-dowager. The first alone reigns in her own right as sole sovereign of the realm. Of the forty queens of England beginning with Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, who was the first crowned consort, and ending with Victoria, the present queen of England, five were queens-regnant and thirty-five queens-consort.

Elizabeth Tudor, the daughter of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, was born in 1533, on the seventh of September. On the tenth of the same month, the royal babe of three days was christened with great pomp and ceremony.

"The walls between Greenwich Palace and the Convent of the Grey Friars were hung with tapestry, and the way strewn with green rushes. The baptismal font was of silver; it was placed in the middle of the church, raised three steps high, the steps being covered with fine cloth, surmounted by a square canopy of crimson satin fringed with gold, enclosed by a rail covered with red ray, and guarded by several gentlemen with aprons and towels about their necks. Between the choir and body of the church a closet was erected with a pan of fire in it, that the child might be dismantled for the ceremony without taking cold. When all these things were ready, the child was brought into the hall of the palace, and the procession proceeded to the Grey Friars' church. The citizens led the way, two and two; then followed gentlemen, esquires, and chaplains; after them the aldermen, then the mayor by himself, then the privy council in robes, then the gentle-

men of the king's chapel in copes, then barons, earls; then the Earl of Essex, bearing the gilt covered basin; after him the Marquis of Exeter with a taper of virgin wax, followed by the Earl of Dorset bearing the salt, and the Lady Mary of Norfolk, bearing the chrism, which was very rich with pearls and precious stones; lastly, came the Dowager-Duchess of Norfolk, bearing in her arms the royal infant, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, having a long train furred with ermine, which was borne by the Countess of Kent, assisted by the Earls of Wiltshire and Derby.

The Duchess was supported on the right side by the Duke of Norfolk, with his marshal's rod, and on the left by the Duke of Suffolk — the only dukes then existing in the peerage of England — and a rich canopy was borne over the babe by the Lords Rochford, Hussey, and William and Thomas Howard.

At the church door the child was received by the Bishop of London, who performed the ceremony, and a grand cavalcade of bishops and mitred abbots. The sponsors were Archbishop Cranmer, the Dowager-Duchess of Norfolk, and the Marchioness of Dorset.

The future queen was carried to the font, and with the ceremony of the Catholic church christened Elizabeth, after her grandmother, Elizabeth of York; and that done, Garter King-at-Arms cried aloud, "God, of his infinite goodness, send prosperous life and long to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth. Then the trumpets sounded, the princess was carried up to the altar, the Gospel read over her, and she was confirmed by Archbishop Cranmer and presented with the following gifts: — A standing cup of gold by Cranmer; a similar cup fretted with pearls, by the Duchess of Norfolk; three gilt bowls, pounced, with covers, by the Marchioness of Dorset; and

QUEEN ELIZABETH IN YOUTH.

three standard bowls graven and gilt, with covers, by the Marchioness of Exeter. Then, after wafers and comfits had been served in abundance, the procession returned to the palace in the same order as it had set out, excepting that the Earl of Worcester, Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Fitzwalter, and Sir John Dudley, preceded by the trumpeters, carried the gifts of the sponsors before the princess. Five hundred staff torches carried by the yeomen of the guard and the king's servants, lit up the way homeward; and twenty gentlemen, bearing large wax flambeaux, walked on each side of the princess, who was carried to the queen's chamber-door, when a flourish of trumpets sounded and the procession dispersed."

The tiny infant, christened with all this ceremony, was created Princess of Wales when three months old; and when in her thirteenth month, an attempt was made to betroth her to the Duke D'Angoulême, the third son of Francis I., of France. Rather a strange proceeding concerning the spinster queen of England.

The tragic death of Anne Boleyn left this babe motherless at three years of age.

The first public ceremony in which Elizabeth participated was the christening of Edward the Sixth. She was then just four years of age, and was borne in the arms of the Earl of Hertford, brother to the queen, Jane Seymour. Elizabeth carried in her tiny hands the chrism for her new-born half-brother; and after the ceremony she walked with infant dignity in the procession, being led by the hand by the Princess Mary.

For some time, Elizabeth was allowed to reside in the same palace with the infant Edward, and she displayed the greatest affection for him. When she was seven years old she made the little prince a birthday gift of "a

shyrte of cam'yke of *her owne woorkynge*," which was quite precocious, considering her tender years.

The Princess Mary evinced great regard for her sister Elizabeth; and when the brutal King Henry deposed both these princesses from their rights of succession, and stigmatized them as illegitimate, and sent word to Mary that she should no longer treat Elizabeth as princess, Mary wrote a letter to her father, the king, in which she kindly mentioned Elizabeth thus: "My sister Elizabeth is in good health, and such a child, too, as I doubt not but your Highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming."

Anne of Cleves was granted permission to see Elizabeth, even after her divorce, providing Elizabeth did not address her as queen; and all of the wives of Henry VIII. evinced great love for the Princess Elizabeth; and through the influence of Catherine Parr, Henry VIII. restored Elizabeth to her right of succession, although the act which pronounced her illegitimate remained forever unrepealed; and after she had become queen of England, she refrained from requiring Parliament to repeal those acts of her father which had declared his marriage with Anne Boleyn null and void; and she contented herself with an act of Parliament which declared in general terms her rights of succession to the throne.

While the youthful Edward VI. was king, the Princess Elizabeth was involved in certain questionable relations with the Lord High Admiral Seymour, who had married the Queen-Dowager Catherine, a few weeks after the death of Henry VIII.

Upon the death of Catherine, a year afterwards, Lord High Admiral Seymour aspired to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth. There is no doubt that Elizabeth loved

Seymour; and, as she acknowledged, would have married him if the consent of the royal executors could have been obtained; but as such an alliance was considered beneath her, Elizabeth was shut up for a time in a sort of imprisonment, and the lord high admiral was conveniently disposed of by being led to the scaffold.

It is amusing to note that the hand of this much-courted and confirmed-spinster queen was once offered by Henry VIII. to a Scottish earl of equivocal birth and indifferent reputation, who actually declined the honor. But Elizabeth, when queen of England, proudly refused earls, dukes, and even kings, though it must be confessed she served the king of Sweden, who was one of her most constant suitors, rather meanly; for this royal lover sent her a magnificent present consisting of eighteen large piebald horses, and two ships' loads of the most precious articles his country could produce, which princely gift Elizabeth most graciously received, but wrote to this ardent lover, that she anxiously hoped he would spare himself the fatigues of a fruitless voyage, — rather strange royal etiquette, to receive the suitor's gift and then reject the giver.

Regarding Elizabeth's mental acquirements, her learned preceptor, Roger Ascham, thus wrote: —

"The Lady Elizabeth hath accomplished her sixteenth year; and so much solidity of understanding, such courtesy united with dignity, have never been observed at so early an age. She has the most ardent love of true religion and of the best kind of literature. The constitution of her mind is exempt from female weakness, and she is endued with a masculine power of application. No apprehension can be quicker than hers, no memory more retentive. French and Italian she speaks like English; Latin

with fluency, propriety, and judgment; she also speaks Greek with me frequently, willingly, and moderately well. Nothing can be more elegant than her handwriting, whether in Greek or Roman characters. In music she is very skilful, but does not greatly delight. With respect to personal decoration, she greatly prefers a simple elegance to show and splendor, so despising the outward adorning of plaiting the hair and of wearing gold, that in the whole manner of her life she rather resembles Hippolita than Phœdra.

"She read with me almost the whole of Cicero and a great part of Livy; from these two authors, indeed, her knowledge of the Latin language has been almost exclusively derived. The beginning of the day was always devoted by her to the New Testament in Greek, after which she read select portions of Isocrates, and the tragedies of Sophocles, which I judged best adapted to supply her tongue with the purest diction, her mind with the most excellent precepts, and her exalted station with a defence against the utmost power of fortune. For her religious instruction she drew first from the fountains of Scripture, and afterwards from St. Cyprian, Melancthon, and similar works. In every kind of writing she easily detected any ill-adapted or far-fetched expression. By a diligent attention to these particulars, her ears became so practised and so nice that there was nothing in Greek, Latin, or English, prose or verse, which, according to its merits or defects, she did not either reject with disgust or receive with the highest delight."

After the accession of Mary to the throne, the Wyatt rebellion took place: and as it was reported that the Princess Elizabeth was implicated, she was confined for three months in the Tower. Elizabeth was then conveyed

to Woodstock, where she endured a less rigorous imprisonment. Her correspondence was carefully watched, and it was with great difficulty that she succeeded at length in appealing to the queen. It was at this time that she wrote upon her window with a diamond the following lines: —

> "Much suspected, of me
> Nothing proved can be,
> Quoth Elizabeth prisoner."

As her Protestant proclivities were well known, when by the marriage of Mary to Philip of Spain, Popedom was re-established in England, Elizabeth thought it policy to attend the confessional; and upon one occasion being asked what was her belief regarding the "blessed sacrament," she gave this famous and ambiguous answer: —

> "Christ was the word that spake it;
> He blessed the bread and brake it.
> And what the word did make it,
> That I revere and take it."

During this imprisonment, Elizabeth received a message from the queen, offering her immediate liberty on condition of her accepting the hand of the Duke of Savoy in marriage. But the proud princess preferred imprisonment to compulsory wedlock, and she continued for some time longer in forced seclusion. At length Philip, the husband of Queen Mary, who seemed to be the person most persistent in regard to this marriage of Elizabeth, now resolved to try more lenient measures, as severity would not coerce her into obedience. The princess was accordingly released from her imprisonment, and invited to a grand ball at the palace, to which the duke was also welcomed as a guest. Elizabeth was attired for this occasion in a robe of white satin embroidered all over

with pearls; but the matrimonial matters do not seem to have advanced favorably, notwithstanding; and the death of Queen Mary soon after left Philip of Spain a widower, and he himself now became a suitor for the hand of the young Queen Elizabeth. But to his suit, also, Elizabeth turned a deaf ear, and Philip was henceforth her bitterest enemy.

At the time of the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of England, the English people were much divided in religious opinions consequent upon the three important theological changes which had taken place in the short space of twelve years.

"King Henry VIII. retained the ecclesiastical supremacy, with the first-fruits and tenths; maintained seven sacraments, with obits and mass for the quick and the dead.

"King Edward VI. abolished the mass, authorized one Book of Common Prayer in English, with hallowing the bread, and wine, etc., and established only two sacraments.

"Queen Mary restored all things according to the Church of Rome, re-established the papal supremacy, and permitted nothing within her dominions that was repugnant to the Roman Catholic Church. But the death of Mary was the ruin of all abbots, priors, prioresses, monks, and nuns.

"Elizabeth, on her accession, commanded that no one should preach without a special license; that such rites and ceremonies should be used in all churches as had been used in her Highness' chapel; and that the Epistles and Gospel should be read in the English tongue; and in her first Parliament, held at Westminster, in January, 1559, she expelled the papal supremacy, resumed the first-fruits

and tenths, repressed the mass, re-introduced the Book of Common Prayer and the sacraments in the English tongue, and finally firmly re-established the Protestant Church of England."

Her Majesty was twenty-five years of age at the time of her coronation. She sent the usual notification of her accession to the throne to the Pope at Rome. But in answer, the fiery-spirited old man thundered forth his maledictions at her presumption in daring to assume the crown without his leave. Elizabeth, in reply, took upon herself the audacious title of "the Head of the Church," and boldly ignored the pontifical anathemas. But she disliked the strict Presbyterians, or Puritans, as they were then called, almost as much as she did the Roman Catholics. Their great leader, Knox, had published a pamphlet upon female government, entitled "The First Blast of the Trumpet, Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women." This was more than the proud queen could stand, and Knox and the Puritans felt the power of her displeasure. She was not over fond of preachers or of preaching, and remarked "that two or three were enough for a whole country." When her clergy discoursed upon subjects distasteful to her in their sermons, she would frequently call out in her chapel, and command the preacher to change the subject or restrain an exhortation which she considered too bold. She had not the slightest idea of tolerating any opinions contrary to her own august will; and she told the Archbishop of Canterbury that "she was resolved that no man should be suffered to decline either on the left or on the right hand from the drawn line limited by her authority and injunctions."

But we have not space to give either the religious or political aspects of Queen Elizabeth's reign. When,

in 1558, the death of Queen Mary was announced to her by a deputation from the privy council who came to Hatfield where she was then staying to salute her as queen, she appeared much overpowered by the solemnity of the occasion, and exclaimed, as she sank upon her knees in devotion: "It is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes!"

She afterwards adopted as a motto in Latin for her gold and silver coins, "I have chosen God for my helper."

On being conducted with much pomp to the royal apartments in the Tower, attended by an immense concourse of people who graciously greeted her, she remarked upon entering the well-remembered Tower where she had once been received through the traitor's gate as a prisoner, but now entered the royal palace as acknowledged sovereign: "Some have fallen from being princes in this land to be prisoners in this place. I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be a prince of this land; so I must yield myself thankful to God and merciful to man, in remembrance of the same." She was crowned on the 15th of January, 1558, with great splendor. Upon the morning after her coronation, as she was proceeding to chapel, one of her courtiers cried out with loud voice, requesting that four or five prisoners might be released. Upon the queen's asking whom these prisoners might be, he replied: "The four Evangelists and the Apostle St. Paul, who have been long shut up in an unknown tongue, and are not able to converse with the people."

Elizabeth answered this strange appeal by remarking: "It is best to inquire of them whether they approve of being released or not."

The result of a convocation held for the discussion of this subject was a new translation for common use.

In the first session of Parliament a deputation was sent to Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, requesting that her Grace might think of marriage, to which Elizabeth replied:

"In a thing which is not very pleasing to me, the infallible testimony of your good will and all the rest of my people is most acceptable. As concerning your eager persuasion of me to marriage, I must tell you I have been ever persuaded that I was ordained by God to consider, and above all, to do those things which appertain to his glory. And therefore it is that I have made choice of this kind of life. To conclude, I am already bound unto a husband, which is the kingdom of England, and let that suffice you;" saying which she extended her finger upon which she wore the ring with which the ceremony of her coronation had been performed. This same demand of the Parliament was subsequently repeated many times, but until the end of her life Elizabeth took pleasure in keeping England and the world in suspense by her grave coquetries, which from time to time betokened a probable marriage which she herself never apparently desired. Proposals for her hand poured in from every court of Europe, but though she entertained some of them for a time, she always managed to break them off in the end. The man whom she probably really desired to marry after she became queen was her favorite Dudley, whom she afterwards created Earl of Leicester. So great was her evident fancy for this man that she might have consented had he been free; and when the sudden and suspicious death of his wife left his hand at her disposal, the horror of the people who believed him guilty of wife-murder restrained her from thus lowering her queenly dignity. In

spite of deceit and all kinds of wily intrigues, this subtle syeophant succeeded in retaining his place as favorite until his death, notwithstanding his base plots and false pretensions.

The century immediately preceding the reign of Elizabeth was renowned for three most illustrious events, — the invention of printing, which took place about 1448; the discovery of America in 1492; and the reformation in 1517.

The age of Elizabeth was also fertile in great events and in great men. "It was the age of heroism and genius, of wonderful mental activity, extraordinary changes and daring enterprises, of fierce struggles for religious or political freedom. It produced a Shakespeare, the first of poets; Bacon, the great philosopher; Hooker, the great divine; Drake, the great seaman, and the first of English circumnavigators; Gresham, the great merchant; and Sydney, noblest of courtiers; and Spenser, and Raleigh, and Essex, names renowned in history and song. In other countries we find Luther, the reformer; and Sully, the statesman; Ariosto and Tasso; Cervantes and Camöens; Michel Angelo, Titian, and Correggio; Palestrina, the father of Italian music; all these, and many other famous men never since surpassed were nearly contemporary; it was an age of greatness, and Elizabeth was great and illustrious in connection with it."

The reign of "Good Queen Bess" has been held in reverence, in comparison with that of "Bloody Mary," her sister, which was stamped with infamy; and the "Elizabethan age" is one of the most illustrious in the annals of literature.

The government of Elizabeth was acknowledged to have been admirably managed, as regards her foreign

policy, her wars, treaties, and alliances with other European powers. With the exception of Leicester and Hatton, her statesmen were well chosen. Lord Burleigh was her prime minister for forty years, and Sir Nicholas Bacon, and his more famous son, Francis, were among her wise and remarkable ministers.

Navigation, manufactures, and trade, made great advance during her reign. She was the first to establish trade with Turkey and Russia, and was the first sovereign who sent ambassadors to those courts. Mirrors and drinking-glasses from Venice, also porcelain and damask linen were then first introduced into England; but with all this advance forks were still unknown, and Queen Elizabeth, and her elegant belaced courtiers, and her stately beruffed dames, still ate with their fingers.

The first pair of knitted silk stockings ever made in England was presented to Queen Elizabeth in 1560 by her silk-woman. So much did she enjoy this luxury of dress, that she henceforth discarded her hose of cloth, and never after wore any other than those of silk.

Although her preceptor had described the youthful Princess Elizabeth as plain and sombre in her mode of dress, Queen Elizabeth was famous for her extravagant and showy costumes, and her great vanity regarding her appearance. So outrageous in size did her favorite ruffs become, when the fashion was adopted by her court ladies, that a royal proclamation was issued limiting them to a certain number of inches in height, Elizabeth retaining the privilege of wearing them larger and higher than any of her ladies; and bishops thundered forth their condemnations regarding the growing extravagance of dress, cautioning their hearers against "fine-fingered ruffliers, with sable about their necks, corked slippers, trimmed

buskins, and warm mittens. These tender Parnels" said they, "must have one gown for the day, another for the night; one long, another short; one for winter, another for summer; one furred through, another but faced; one for the work-day, another for the holy-day; one of this color, another of that; one of cloth, another of silk or damask. Change of apparel, one afore dinner, another after; one of Spanish fashion, another of Turkey; and to be brief, never content with enough, but always devising new and strange fashions. Yea, a ruffian will have more in his ruff and his hose than he should spend in a year; he who ought to go in a russet coat spends as much on apparel for himself and his wife as his father would have kept a good house with."

"The costumes of that age were magnificent. Gowns of velvet or satin, richly trimmed with silk, furs, or gold lace, costly gold chains, and caps or hoods of rich materials, adorned with feathers, decorated on all occasions of ceremony the persons not only of nobles and courtiers, but of their retainers, and even of the substantial citizens. The attire of the ladies was proportionally splendid. Hangings of cloth, of silk, and of velvet, cloth of gold, and cloth of silver, or '*needle-work sublime*' adorned on days of family festivities the principal chamber of every house of respectable appearance; and on public festivals these rich draperies were suspended from the balconies, and, combined with the banners and pennons floating overhead, gave to the streets an appearance resembling a suite of long and gayly dressed *salons*."

Queen Elizabeth was very fond of display and gorgeous pageants, and her royal *progresses* were always attended with magnificent spectacles of various kinds: sometimes a splendid water procession on the Thames;

again, she rode on horseback, attended by lords and ladies attired in crimson velvet, with their horses caparisoned with the same rich material.

The band of gentlemen pensioners, which was the boast and ornament of Elizabeth's court, was composed of the flower of the English nobility, and to be admitted to serve in its ranks was regarded as a high distinction.

Music was much in fashion in Elizabeth's court, and she excelled Mary, Queen of Scots, on keyed instruments, though Mary played best upon the lute. An instrument resembling a small guitar was much used as an accompaniment to the voice.

Elizabeth gave little patronage to painting or architecture; the former art she encouraged only so far as regarded the multiplication of pictures of herself. At length so many were the poor portraits of her which appeared, and were mostly caricatures of her royal face and person, that the queen issued a proclamation prohibiting all persons from drawing, painting, or engraving her countenance or figure, until some perfect pattern should be made by a skilful limner. But her painters did not flatter her as much as her poets.

"The portraits remaining of Elizabeth show how vile, how tawdry, and how vulgar was her taste in art. They could hardly be fine enough to please her; they seem all made up of jewels, crowns, and frizzled hair, powdered with diamonds, and ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things; and from the midst of this superfluity of ornament, her pinched Roman nose, thin lips, and sharp eyes peer out with a very disagreeable effect, quite contrary to all our ideas of grace or majesty." She was so little capable of judging a work of art that she would not allow a painter to put any shadows upon the face, because, she said, "shade is an accident, and not in nature."

Many stories are told illustrating Elizabeth's extreme vanity. Sir John Harrington relates: —

"That Lady M. Howard was possessed of a rich border powdered with golde and pearle, and a velvet suite belonging thereto, which moved many to envye; nor did it please the queene, who thought it exceeded her own. One daye the queene did sende privately, and got the lady's rich vesture, which she put on herself, and came forthe the chamber among the ladies. The kirtle and border was far too shorte for her majestie's height, and she asked every one how they liked her new-fancied suit. At length she asked the owner herself 'if it was not made too short and ill-becoming,' which the poor ladie did presentlie consent to. 'Why, then, if it become not me as being too shorte, I am minded it shall never become thee as being too fine; so it fitteth neither well.' This sharp rebuke abashed the ladie, and she never adorned herself herewith any more."

The sight of her own face in a mirror, as she grew old and became still more unprepossessing in appearance, threw her into "transports of rage," and towards the end of her life she discontinued the use of a mirror, and it is said that her tire-women "sometimes indulged their own hatred and mirth, and ventured to lay upon the royal nose the carmine which ought to have embellished the cheeks," confident that her aversion to a mirror would screen their pranks. Still the herd of flatterers around her were forced to address her as a goddess of beauty, and she actually seemed to think she could play the part of a Venus at the age of sixty-five. Or she was at least pleased when her fawning courtiers called her one.

Sir James Melville gives this amusing account of Elizabeth's jealousy of the beauty and attractions of her hated rival, Mary, Queen of Scots. Melville had been sent

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

from Scotland to London by Mary, to interview Elizabeth concerning certain matters. Sir James writes: "At divers meetings we had conversations on different subjects. The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise she should be wearied, she being well informed of her natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Holland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed.

"One day she had the English weed, another day the French, another the Italian, and so on. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-colored hair, wearing a caul and a bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know what color of hair was reputed best; and whether my queen's hair or hers was best; and which of them was fairest? I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland; yet still she appeared earnest. I then told her they were both the fairest ladies in their respective countries; that her Majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was highest in stature. I said my queen. Then said she, 'She is too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low.' She inquired if she played well upon the lute and the virginals? I said reasonably for a queen.

"That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me to a quiet gallery, that I might hear some music,

— but he said he durst not avow it, — where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had harkened awhile, I stood by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I ventured within the chamber and stood at a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately as soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared surprised and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging that she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon we passed by the chamber door; I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness, as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure whatever punishment her Majesty should please to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to place under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her Majesty I had no time to learn that language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spoke to me in Dutch, which was not good, and would know what kind of books I most delighted in, whether theology, history, or *love matters*. I said I liked well of *all* the sorts.

"I now took occasion to press earnestly my despatch; she said I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her Majesty that though I had no reason to be weary, I knew my mistress's affairs called me home. Yet I was detained two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed; which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best? I answered, the queen danced not so *high*, nor so disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post horses, clothed like a page, that under this disguise she might see the queen. She appeared to like that kind of language, but only answered it with a sigh, saying, 'Alas! if I might do it thus!' I then withdrew."

The rise of English manufacture is dated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The first paper-mill was set up in 1590, and watches and coaches were first introduced into England during her reign. "When we hear of Elizabeth riding to the House of Peers on a pillion in the beginning of her reign, we should not forget that towards the close of it she is represented as taking an airing in her coach every day."

"The daily ceremonial of her court was distinguished by 'Oriental servility.' Her table was served kneeling, and with as many genuflections as would have contented the Emperor of China. Even her ministers never addressed her but on their knees. From this slavish ceremony Lord Burleigh was latterly excused, when age and infirmities had rendered it painful or rather impracticable; but he was the only exception."

It has been said "that Elizabeth never forgot the woman in the sovereign; and that with greater truth she

never forget the sovereign in the woman." Poor praise, truly! without heart, without capacity for any kindliness or womanly tenderness, she lived without a friend and died without a mourner. Courtiers grovelled in fawning servility at her feet, women feared her; but no one loved her, and even those who flattered her despised her.

Of her two celebrated favorites, Leicester and Essex, the first was perfidious and utterly worthless; the latter was too manly to bear her insolence, and for that he lost his head. He was too spirited to cringe at her footstool, and when on one occasion she angrily boxed his ear, he exclaimed, in indignation, "I would not have taken such an affront from the hands of the king, her father, and I will not accept it of a petticoat! I owe her Majesty the duty of an earl, but I will never serve her as a slave!"

But nevertheless, the petticoat would not be opposed, and Essex perished on the fatal block, even though his death wrung the small heart Elizabeth possessed with all the sorrow it was capable of feeling. She had given Essex a ring in the time of his influence, telling him, if ever he was in danger to send it to her and she would aid him. When he was sentenced to die, he sent Queen Elizabeth this ring, but it passed through the hands of a court lady whose husband was Essex's deadly foe. The ring never reached the queen, and Essex was executed. Years after, when this countess was dying she confessed the fate of the ring to the queen. The sorrow and remorse which Elizabeth experienced on knowing that her favorite had thus appealed to her mercy, hastened her own death.

It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth that Sir Francis Drake accomplished the journey around the world and Sir Walter Raleigh made his famous voyages. Tobacco was first introduced into England by him. An

amusing story is told of the first use of the weed. He was smoking a pipe one day, when his servant came into the room bearing a tankard of ale. The simple fellow had never before witnessed the process of smoking, and supposing that the clouds of smoke issuing from his master's lips betokened some awful accident, he flung the ale into his face and ran from the room, crying that his master was on fire and would be burned to ashes if they did not come to his aid.

Raleigh once amused the queen by making a wager with her that he could tell her the exact weight of the smoke of every pipeful of tobacco that he consumed. The wager was accepted by the queen, and Raleigh thereupon proceeded to weigh the tobacco he placed in his pipe, and, after smoking, he weighed the ashes remaining, and informed her that the difference between the two was the exact weight of the smoke. Elizabeth paid the wager, saying: "That she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but that he was the first one who had turned smoke into gold." The well-known gallantry of this same Raleigh in spreading his new velvet cloak over the muddy walk for his royal mistress to tread upon, not only secured him many new cloaks, but the powerful patronage of the queen.

It was to Queen Elizabeth that the poet Spenser dedicated his poetical muse, and in his "Faerie Queene" he celebrated and exalted his sovereign. But the greatest name of her reign, and the one which has shed the brightest and most lasting lustre upon the Elizabethan age, was the illustrious Shakespeare. It is stated that the "Merry Wives of Windsor" was composed by order of Queen Elizabeth, who, having been pleased with Falstaff, in the play of "Henry IV.," desired to see more of him. It is

supposed that between 1590 and 1603 Shakespeare produced the plays of "Venus and Adonis," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Love's Labor Lost," "Taming of the Shrew," "Henry IV., V., VI. and VIII.," "Midsummer-Night's Dream," "Hamlet," "Richard II. and III.," "Romeo and Juliet," "King John," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice," "All's Well that Ends Well," "Much Ado About Nothing," and "Merry Wives of Windsor"; and before 1606: "Troilus and Cressida," "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," "King Lear," and "Macbeth." So that nearly all of these works appeared in the reign of Elizabeth, who died in 1603.

Elizabeth's contest against Philip II. of Spain, in assisting the Dutch in their war against Spanish tyranny, was one of the most illustrious of her foreign enterprises. In this war of liberty against despotism, Elizabeth's bravest commanders and most accomplished courtiers distinguished themselves.

The two conflicting opinions regarding the character and reign of Elizabeth are thus ably stated by an illustrious writer: "Almost from our infancy we have a general impression that her reign is distinguished as one of the most memorable in history; and at a later period we hear of the 'Elizabethan age' as equally illustrious in the annals of our literature. Her wisdom, her courage, her prudence and her patriotism, her unconquerable spirit, her excellent laws and vigilant government, her successes at home and abroad, her wars and alliances with the greatest and most powerful princes of her time, the magnificent position which England maintained in her reign as the stronghold of the reformed religion, her own grandeur as the guardian of the Protestants and the arbitress of

Europe, her magnanimous stand in defence of the national faith and independence when the Spanish Armada was defeated in 1588; the long list of great men, warriors, statesmen, and poets, who sustained her throne, who graced her court, obeyed her slightest word, lived in her smiles and worshipped as she passed, — all these things are familiar to young people almost from the time they can remember, and they leave a strong and magnificent impression on the fancy. As we grow older and become acquainted with the particular details of history, we begin to perceive with surprise that this splendid array of great names and great achievements has another and a far different aspect. On looking nearer we behold on the throne of England a woman whose avarice and jealousy, whose envious, relentless, and malignant spirit, whose coarse manners and violent temper render her contemptible. We see England, the country of freedom, ruled as absolutely as any Turkish province by this imperious sultana and her grand vizier, Burleigh; we see human blood poured out like water on the scaffold, and persecution, torture, and even death again inflicted for the sake of religion; we see great men, whose names are the glory of their country, pining in neglect, and a base, unworthy favorite revelling in power. We read and learn these things with astonishment; we find it difficult to reconcile such apparent contradictions."

Such are the difficulties which meet us in the study of the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but a close study of the contradictions in the character of Elizabeth herself will partly solve the seeming mystery. Elizabeth possessed great and heroic traits of character, but these were joined to such a pitiably weak, jealous, and treacherous nature as to make her an anomaly in the history of the world. She

lived in an illustrious age, fraught with some of the most momentous events in the annals of time; in a century star-studded with the lustrous names of genius, whose immortal fame has shed a reflex glory on her reign. Interests vital to the progress of humanity teemed and surged around her throne, and lifted her glory high on the topmost crests of the glistening waves of the on-rushing ocean of enlightened civilization and religious liberty.

Hentzner, the German traveller, who visited England in 1599, thus describes Elizabeth's court four years previous to her death: —

"The presence-chamber was hung with rich tapestry, and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay, through which the queen commonly passed on her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction who came to wait upon her. It was Sunday, when there was usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of councillors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen who waited the queen's coming out, which she did from her own apartment when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner: first went gentlemen, barons, earls, Knights of the Garter, all richly dressed and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard studded with golden *fleur-de-lys*, the point upward.

"Next came the queen, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her

nose a little hooked, her lips narrow and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry, and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately, her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain she had a collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along everybody fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded on each side by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the ante-chapel, next the hall, where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of 'Long live Queen Elizabeth!'"

But while the queen was still at service in the chapel, her table was set out with the following solemnity: —

"A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, — which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, — were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together.

"At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had

chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that anybody, foreign or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of some person in power."

This same traveller, Hentzner, states "that he counted on London bridge no less than three hundred heads of persons who had been executed for high treason." Surely a lamentable evidence of Elizabeth's cruelty.

J. R. Green, M. A., in his "History of the English People," thus sketches the character of Queen Elizabeth:—

"Her moral temper recalled in its strange contrasts the mixed blood within her veins. She was at once the daughter of Henry and Anne Boleyn. From her father she inherited her frank and hearty address, her love of popularity and of free intercourse with the people, her dauntless courage, her amazing self-confidence. Her harsh, man-like voice, her impetuous will, her pride, her furious outbursts of anger, came to her with her Tudor blood. She rated great nobles as if they were schoolboys; she met the insolence of Essex with a box on the ear; she would break, now and then, into the gravest deliberations, to swear at her ministers like a fish-wife.

"But strangely in contrast with the violent outlines of her Tudor temper stood the sensuous, self-indulgent nature she derived from Anne Boleyn. Splendor and pleasure were with Elizabeth the very air she breathed. Her delight was to move in perpetual progresses from castle to castle through a series of gorgeous pageants, fanciful and extravagant as a caliph's dream. She loved gayety and laughter and wit. A happy retort or a finished compliment never failed to win her favor. She hoarded jewels. Her dresses were innumerable. Her

vanity remained even to old age, the vanity of a coquette in her teens. No adulation was too fulsome for her, no flattery of her beauty too gross. She would play with her rings, that her courtiers might note the delicacy of her hands; or dance a coranto, that the French ambassador, hidden dexterously behind a curtain, might report her sprightliness to his master. Her levity, her frivolous laughter, her unwomanly jests, gave color to a thousand scandals. Her character, in fact, like her portraits, was utterly without shade. Of womanly reserve or self-restraint she knew nothing. No instinct of delicacy veiled the voluptuous temper which had broken out in the romps of her girlhood, and showed itself almost ostentatiously throughout her later life. Personal beauty in a man was a sure passport to her liking. She patted handsome young squires on the neck when they knelt to kiss her hand, and fondled her 'sweet Robin,' — Lord Leicester, — in the face of the court.

"It was no wonder that the statesmen whom she outwitted held Elizabeth almost to the last to be little more than a frivolous woman. But the Elizabeth whom they saw was far from being all of Elizabeth. The wilfulness of Henry, the triviality of Anne Boleyn, played over the surface of a nature hard as steel, a temper purely intellectual, the very type of reason untouched by imagination or passion. Luxurious and pleasure-loving as she seemed, Elizabeth lived simply and frugally, and she worked hard. Her vanity and caprice had no weight whatever with her state affairs. The coquette of the presence-chamber became the coolest and hardest of politicians at the council-board. Fresh from the flattery of her courtiers, she would tolerate no flattery in the closet; she was herself plain and downright of speech with her councillors,

and she looked for a corresponding plainness of speech in return. Her expenditure was parsimonious, and even miserly. If any trace of her sex lingered in her actual statesmanship, it was seen in the simplicity and tenacity of purpose that often underlie a woman's fluctuations of feeling. It was this in part which gave her her marked superiority over the statesmen of her time. No nobler group of ministers ever gathered round a council-board than those who gathered round the council-board of Elizabeth. But she is the instrument of none. She listens, she weighs, she uses or puts by the counsels of each in turn, but her policy as a whole is her own. It was a policy, not of genius, but of good sense. Of political wisdom, indeed, in its larger and more generous sense, Elizabeth had little or none; but her political tact was unerring. It was a policy of detail, and in details her wonderful readiness and ingenuity found scope for their exercise. She played with grave cabinets as a cat plays with a mouse, and with much of the same feline delight in the mere embarrassment of her victims.

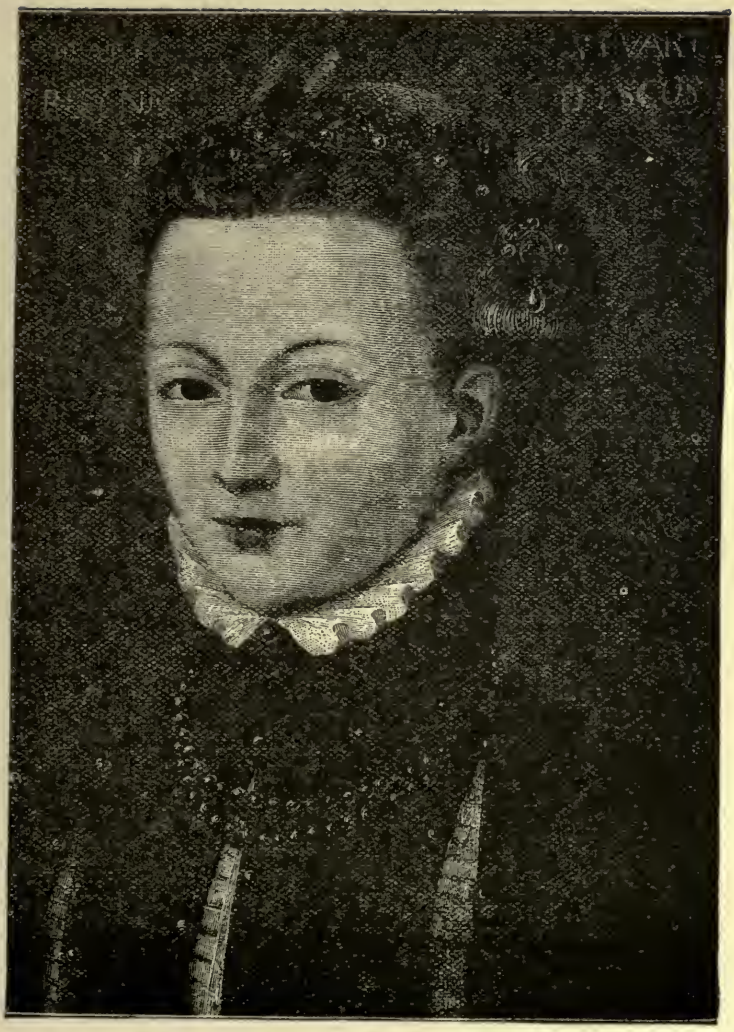
"Had Elizabeth written the story of her reign, she would have prided herself, not on the triumph of England or the ruin of Spain, but on the skill with which she had hoodwinked and outwitted every statesman in Europe during fifty years. Nor was her trickery without political value. Nothing is more revolting in the queen, but nothing is more characteristic, than her shameless mendacity. It was an age of political lying, but in the profusion and recklessness of her lies Elizabeth stood without a peer in Christendom. A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty.

"She had a quick eye for merit of any sort, and a wonderful power of enlisting its whole energy in her service.

Her success, indeed, in securing from the beginning of her reign to its end, with the single exception of Leicester, precisely the right men for the work she set them to do, sprang in great measure from the noblest characteristic of her intellect.

"Elizabeth could talk poetry with Spenser and philosophy with Bruno; she could discuss euphuism with Lyly, and enjoy the chivalry of Essex; she could turn from talk of the latest fashions, to pore with Cecil over despatches and treasury books; she could pass from tracking traitors with Walsingham, to settle points of doctrine with Parker, or to calculate with Frobisher the chances of a northwest passage to the Indies. The versatility and many-sidedness of her mind enabled her to understand every phase of the intellectual movement of her day, and to fix by a sort of instinct on its higher representatives. But the greatness of the queen rests above all on her power over her people. We have had grander and nobler rulers, but none so popular as Elizabeth. It was only on her intellectual side that Elizabeth touched the England of her day. All its moral aspects were simply dead to her. She made her market with equal indifference out of the heroism of William of Orange or the bigotry of Philip. The noblest aims and lives were only counters on her board. No woman ever lived who was so destitute of the sentiment of religion. While the world around her was being swayed more and more by theological beliefs and controversies, Elizabeth was absolutely untouched by them."

For nineteen long years Queen Elizabeth kept the beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots, in captivity, without right or reason, Mary Stuart's defenders declare; but Elizabeth's upholders claim that Mary was guilty of many plots against the English Queen.



MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

It is almost impossible to tread the mazy paths of this epoch with impartial glance and unbiassed opinions. The writers on both sides of these knotty questions are able and apparently conscientious. We can but state both sides, and leave the reader to form his or her own opinion.

That Mary, Queen of Scots, could have been subjected to all the terrible trials and awful accusations which fell upon her seemingly defenceless head and still be entirely innocent of the crimes alleged against her, is quite possible, considering her peculiar situation and the selfish hatred of her enemies; yet those who believe in her guilt bring forth very strong evidence to prove that she connived at murder, and willingly gave herself into the power of the murderer.

This seems too atrocious to claim regarding a woman of the otherwise winning and kindly character of Mary, Queen of Scots. When two entire nations, — and one of them governed by a keen-witted, dissembling, and weakly-jealous queen, — are joined to destroy one poor helpless woman, and that woman a prisoner in the hands of her enemies, with spies at every keyhole and adversaries on every side, hoping to raise themselves to power by her destruction, — it is hardly to be wondered at that evidence can be found or forged which shall aid them in overwhelming her in ruin and at length in death.

Either Mary, Queen of Scots, stands forth in history as the most diabolical instance of hypocritical innocence cloaking the blackest of infamy which the world affords, — for she was too enlightened to be excused as a Cleopatra, and too apparently an embodiment of womanly loveliness and gentleness to be shunned as a Catherine de' Medici, and therefore all the more dangerous and insidious a tempter to lead others to hideous crimes; — or she

was the most pathetic and helpless victim of the most nefarious intrigues, which seemingly none but the devils in Hades could have originated and carried out, to the lasting disgrace of civilized and so-called Christian nations, and the indelible dishonor of the heartless sovereign who abetted and consummated such an atrocious crime.

Either Mary, Queen of Scots, or Elizabeth, Queen of England, must be stamped with disgrace and even infamy; or *both* of them were victims in the hands of fiendish aspirants for power, — the *one*, *unwillingly*, helpless as a prisoner, treacherously betrayed; the *other*, *willingly*, tarnishing her royal glory out of weak jealousy veiled under hypocritical protestations of political policy and unselfish devotion to the welfare of her subjects.

If Elizabeth was guilty of putting to death an innocent and persecuted kinswoman, who, relying on her avowed declarations of love and friendship, fled to her for safety, only to meet a lingering and dishonorable imprisonment, and an outrageous and ignominious death, at the hands of her who basely professed the tenderest sympathy and sisterly affection, — then Mary, Queen of Scots' tragic death is unparalleled in history; for though other queens have died upon the scaffold, the executioner's hand was not lifted at the command of a *near* and *professedly-devoted* relation; nor did an *only son* behold his mother's shameful death without raising hand or word to help her, when that *son* was a *king* upon a throne. That Mary, Queen of Scots, rightfully claimed the throne of Scotland, is beyond dispute; that she also rightfully claimed her place as successor to Elizabeth for the throne of England, is clearly proven from the fact that her son, James VI. of Scotland, ascended the throne of England, as James

I., upon the death of Elizabeth, without any seeming opposition or question of his rights of succession.

Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, was born on the 7th of December, 1542, in the palace of Linlithgow. The blood of the two rival claimants of the crown of Scotland, John Baliol and Robert Bruce, mingled in the veins of Mary Stuart.

"It was the injustice of Henry VIII.'s will in ignoring the descendants of his eldest sister, and placing those of the youngest in the order of the regal succession next his own children, which rendered it expedient for Mary, Queen of Scots, afterwards to obtain a recognition of her rights from Elizabeth, although in point of legitimacy, Mary's lineal title to the throne of England was considered by all the Roman Catholics in Europe, and the people still attached to that communion in England and Ireland, as more valid than that of Elizabeth. Elizabeth had, however, been recognized by the Parliament of England as the successor of her late sister, Queen Mary I., and solemnly accepted by the realm on the day of her consecration as the sovereign. It was therefore futile to urge in depreciation of her title the stigma which her unnatural father's declaration, her unfortunate mother's admission, and Cranmer's sentence, had combined to pass upon her legitimacy, for, according to the constitutional laws of England, the crown had taken away all defects that might previously have existed. The demand of Mary Stuart to be acknowledged as her successor was in itself the strongest recognition of the unimpugnable nature of Elizabeth's rights, and therefore ought to have been met in a friendly spirit, instead of being repelled in a manner which naturally inspired suspicions in the mind of Mary, that Elizabeth intended to supersede her legitimate claims

in favor either of one of the descendants of the youngest sister of Margaret Tudor, or to bring forward the Earl of Huntingdon, great-grandson of George, Duke of Clarence."

It was poor Mary Stuart's first father-in-law, Henry II. of France, who cost her her head, by prematurely declaring her queen of England, in 1559, and it was largely owing to the base treacheries and plots of her second father-in-law, the Earl of Lennox, that the net-work of vile lies, and slanders were spread about her in Scotland, which afterwards so fatally entrapped her, to which the weak and vacillating Darnley lent himself by turns, and then repenting, sued for pardon, which the forgiving Mary had no sooner granted, than he was again persuaded by her enemies to betray her.

In the midst of the labyrinth of conflicting testimonies and evidences, a thread has been found which, following it to its source, leads us to the English court of Elizabeth, as the first instigator of those infamous lies which so many historians have claimed to be the truth, and which, if so, must perforce stigmatize the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, as guilty beyond doubt of the terrible crimes of which she was accused. But researches have revealed a deeper-laid scheme than was for a long time imagined, and which, if true, brands the English cabinet, and to some extent Elizabeth herself, as an accessory to that scheme, — though we will give her the credit to suppose that her aid was gained by keeping her in ignorance of the vileness of the plot, — with as great, and even greater infamy, than has ever rested upon the probably guiltless name of the persecuted Queen of Scots. In proof whereof, we will give the statements which bear upon this point in their proper place in the sketch of Mary Stuart's life, as we proceed.

"With the exceptions of Queen Elizabeth, Catherine de' Medici, and the Countess of Shrewsbury, Mary had no female enemies. No female witnesses from her household came forward to bear testimony against her when it was out of her power to purchase secrecy, if they had been cognizant of her guilt. None of the ladies of her court, whether of the reformed religion or of the old faith — not even Lady Bothwell herself — lifted up her voice to impute blame to her. Mary was attended by noble Scotch gentlewomen in the days of her royal splendor; they clave to her in adversity, through good report and evil report; they shared her prisons, they waited upon her on the scaffold, and forsook not her mangled remains till they had seen them consigned to a long-denied tomb."

Truly such faithful friendships throughout a life of sorrow and continued aspersions against her character speak volumes on the side of Mary's innocence.

Mary Stuart was but a few days old, when James V., her royal father, died. When Mary was nine months of age the royal ceremonial of her coronation was solemnized. The baby queen was crowned with all the solemnities usual upon the inauguration of the kings of Scotland. The tiny infant was wrapped in regal robes, and borne in pompous procession from her nursery into the church where Cardinal Beton placed the royal crown upon her baby brow, and her little fingers were made to clasp the sceptre of state, and she was girded with the famous sword which had been borne by so many warlike monarchs of Scotland. And while prelates and peers knelt before the tiny queen in solemn reverence, and royal princes esteemed it an august honor to kiss her baby cheek, the terrified infant, frightened by all these strange rough men around her, wept. Poor baby queen! She began her reign in tears and ended it upon the scaffold.

When Mary Stuart was five years of age she was betrothed to the Dauphin of France, afterwards Francis II., and when she was six years old she was sent to France to be educated. She was at this time remarkable for her exquisite loveliness of form and feature and precocious intellect. Four young Scotch girls of high rank had accompanied the tiny queen from her native land, and as they were all named Mary, they were known as the "Queen's Maries." These Scottish maidens were Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingston, and Mary Fleming. When in after years one after another of these Maries married and left her service, they were replaced by others bearing the same name, as it was a fancy of the queen always to have four Maries attending her.

Mary astonished the court of France and all the foreign ambassadors there assembled, when only twelve years of age, by reciting with grace and dignity a Latin oration of her own composition, before the king and a distinguished company. Her essay, written in the style of Cicero, was a plea in behalf of the "capacity of females for the highest mental acquirements in literature and the fine arts."

So beautiful was the young queen at this time that, when on Palm Sunday she, with all the princesses and ladies of the court of France, was carrying a palm branch from church, a woman in the crowd was so dazzled with the beauty and heavenly expression of Mary's face, that she knelt at the feet of the child in rapturous admiration, exclaiming, "Are you not indeed an angel?"

A portrait of Mary Stuart, formerly in the royal gallery at Fontainebleau, represents her in her fourteenth year. "The color of her hair and eyes which has been as much disputed as the question of her guilt or innocence, is of that rich tint of brown called by the French chestnut; so

MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

are her beautiful eyebrows. Her complexion is clear and delicate, but somewhat pale, her nose straight, and her features lovely, refined, and intellectual. She wears a white satin Scotch cap, placed very low on one side of her head, with a rosette of white ostrich feathers, having in the centre a ruby brooch, round which is wrought in gold letters *Mariæ Reginæ Scotorum.* From this depends a drooping plume formed of small pendant pearls. Her dress is of white damask, fitting closely to her shape, with a small partlet ruff of scalloped point lace, supported by a collar of sapphires and rubies; a girdle of gems to correspond encircles her waist. The dress is made without plaits, gradually widening towards the feet in the shape of a bell, and is fastened down the front with medallions of pearls and precious stones. A royal mantle of pure white is attached to the shoulders of her dress, trimmed with point lace. Her sleeves are rather full, parted with strings of pearls, and finished with small ruffles and jewelled bracelets. Her hands are exquisitely formed. She rests one on the back of a crimson velvet fauteuil, emblazoned with the royal *fleurs-de-lys;* in the other she holds an embroidered handkerchief. The arms of Scotland, singly, are displayed in a maiden lozenge on the wall above her, for Mary was not yet *la Reine Dauphine.* She was at that time caressingly called by Catherine de' Mediei and the royal children of France, *notre petite Reinette d'Escosse*, and was the pet and idol of the glittering court of Valois. 'Our petite Reinette Ecossaise,' said Catherine de' Medici, 'has but to smile to turn the heads of all Frenchmen.'"

When Mary Stuart was in her sixteenth year she was married to the Dauphin, Francis, who was then fifteen years of age. The nuptial ceremonies and festivities

were magnificent in the extreme. Never had the famous portals of Nôtre Dame received so lovely a bride. Her appearance is thus described: —

"She was dressed in a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations, that it would be difficult, nay impossible, for any pen to do justice to its details. Her regal mantle and train were of bluish-grey cut velvet, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. It was of a marvellous length, full six toises, covered with precious stones, and was supported by young ladies. Mary wore a royal crown on this occasion far more costly than any previous Scottish monarch could ever boast, composed of the finest gold and most exquisite workmanship, set with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds of inestimable worth, having in the centre a pendent stone computed at five hundred thousand crowns. About her neck hung a matchless jewel, suspended by chains of precious stones, which, from its description, must have been none other than that well known in Scottish records by the familiar name of the *Great Harry*. This was her own personal property, derived from her royal English great-grandfather, Henry VII., by whom it was presented to her grandmother, Queen Margaret Tudor." Nôtre Dame blazed with lights, dazzling jewels, and *grande toilettes*. As the ceremony was concluded, Mary greeted her husband as Francis I., king of Scotland; and all the Scottish nobles bent in homage to him. Handfuls of gold and silver coin were then thrown in the midst of the assembled crowds of people, while French heralds proclaimed the marriage, and cried, "Largesse, largesse!" and the royal couple received the titles of "Queen-Dauphiness," and "The King Dauphin."

Magnificent banquets, gorgeous balls, and splendid pageants succeeded the marriage ceremonies in the church. The royal palace was decorated with superb splendor and regal lavishness of display. At the grand ball the beautiful bride, the dazzling queen of Scotland, danced the stately pavon, — a kind of minuet, which was performed by ladies alone. As her train was twelve yards long, and was borne after her by a gentleman, following her in the dance, it was a difficult exercise of grace and skill for the young bride to achieve. After the dance, a novel pageant took place in the grand *salon*. Suddenly there issued from the Chamber of Requests six gallant ships, with sails of silver gauze fastened to silver masts. Seated on the deck of each vessel, which was propelled by artificial means, was a prince attired in cloth of gold. Each handsome prince wore a mask; and as the ship sailed by the groups of ladies, the chivalrous knight seized a maiden and placed her on the gorgeous throne beside him. In this exciting game the Dauphin caught his bride, the lovely Mary Stuart. But Prince de Condé, champion of the Huguenots, caused great merriment by capturing, as his lady, the wife of his opponent of Romish faith, the Duke de Guise.

The death of Mary I., queen of England, in 1558, opened the way for the fatal step of Henry II. of France, regarding his royal daughter-in-law, the queen of Scotland. At a grand tournament held in honor of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philip II. of Spain, Mary, queen of Scotland, was borne to her place in the royal balcony on a kind of triumphal car, emblazoned with the royal escutcheon of England and Scotland, while she was preceded by heralds who cried, "*Place! place! pour la Reine d'Angleterre!*" And as the people took up

the cry, "*Vive la Reine d'Angleterre!*" they little imagined that they were sounding the death-knell of the lovely wife of their dauphin, whom they all adored. It was the assumption of this title at this time which, twenty-seven years afterwards, cost Mary Stuart her life.

But marriage pageants, funeral obsequies, and coronations followed each other in quick succession. At the very marriage tournament when Henry II. of France had caused his royal daughter-in-law to be proclaimed queen of England, he met with an accident which resulted in his death. Mary's husband was thereupon crowned king as Francis II. of France. But in less than a year after his coronation, Francis breathed his last, and the beautiful Scottish queen was left a widow. That Mary Stuart was a devoted wife to her French husband, all concede; and Charles IX., brother of Francis, has left this pathetic testimony to her worth. Whenever Charles IX. looked upon Mary's portrait, he would exclaim: "Ah, Francis! happy brother! Though your life and reign were so short, you were to be envied in this, — that you were the possessor of that angel and the object of her love!"

Mary, Queen of Scots, returned to her native land after the death of her husband, Francis II., and at this point Elizabeth's injustice begins. Mary sent a courteous request to the queen of England, that she should be allowed to pass to her own kingdom through her cousin's domains; but this was ungraciously refused. After Mary, Queen of Scots, reached Scotland and assumed royal power there, she was immediately beset by suitors for her hand. The King of Sweden, Philip II. of Spain, and the Archduke Charles, son of the Emperor of Germany, all sued for her hand, — the former and latter in their own behalf, while Philip of Spain desired an alliance between Mary and his

heir, Don Carlos. As these three princes had been previous suitors to the English queen, Elizabeth never forgave the insult, and vented all her spite of wounded vanity upon the poor Queen of Scots. Then followed the schemes and intrigues regarding the marriage of the Scottish queen; Elizabeth claiming that she had no right to marry any one whom she (Elizabeth) did not approve. At length Mary took the matter into her own hands; and being really in love with the handsome Darnley, her cousin,—who had thus far veiled his weak and vicious nature beneath his courtly manners and attractive face,—this unfortunate marriage was consummated, and Mary Stuart became the hapless victim of her many enemies.

We cannot recount the details of the many trials heaped upon her by her weak and unworthy husband and his intriguing father, joined with Scottish noblemen, who desired her ruin because she was a Catholic. These earls were not actuated by any fervent zeal in upholding the Protestant religion; but as Scotland was then professedly a Protestant nation, these wily nobles used the prevailing opinions of the people to further their own ambitious schemes. And in denouncing Mary as a Catholic, and urging that she be dethroned, that her infant son might be declared king, they were simply endeavoring to grasp the reins of government with their own hands. These Scottish noblemen were leagued with the English court; but Bothwell headed another faction, which explains the seeming difficulty in regard to her being still imprisoned by the very party who rescued her from Bothwell's power, and from whom she was obliged to flee to England, to seek the promised protection of the English queen.

With her last dying breath, Queen Elizabeth, perchance unwittingly, substantiated her own treachery, or that of

the English cabinet, and acknowledged the rights of Mary, Queen of Scots. When urged to name her successor, she said, "My seat has been the seat of kings, and I will have *no rascal* to succeed me." Secretary Cecil ventured to ask her what she meant by those significant words; to which she replied,—thereby intimating that all who were not royal princes were *perforce rascals*,—"I will be succeeded by a king, and who should that be but the *King of Scots*."

In spite of the subtle schemes and wily plotting of the most cunning, keen-witted, and unscrupulous courtiers of those wide-awake and intellectually progressive times, all of them bent upon the destruction of one helpless, imprisoned woman, whose very charms and fascinations and confiding faith in good rather than evil motives, were used by them as the very evidence to convict her of infamous guilt;—whereas, these traits of character are the strongest proof of her innocence;—in spite of all their evil machinations, aided by the jealous vanity of a queen who in other respects evinced a strong mind, and whose reign is regarded as one of the brightest epochs in the world's history; in spite of all these overwhelming forces conspiring to defame and destroy the hapless Queen of Scots, nevertheless, our higher instincts of humanity intuitively plead for the innocence of this unfortunate Queen Mary, even though, by that very conclusion, we must perforce tarnish the glory of the illustrious Queen of England. For Elizabeth's acknowledged defects of character harmonize more strongly with such a supposition, than that we should, without violence to our better intuitions, allow that it could be consistent to link with infamy and crime Mary's equally acknowledged loveliness and kindliness of nature, and devout constancy to what

she felt to be vital points in her Christian faith, while at the same time she allowed the most generous liberality of belief to others. For of Mary, Queen of Scots, alone it could be said, what no other sovereign of those days could claim, that she never permitted persecution for religious differences.

That Elizabeth could be dissembling and treacherous when actuated by her weak, jealous vanity, all historians fully prove and frankly acknowledge; that Elizabeth scrupled not even at the death of her former friends, when her petty spite was kindled against them, other instances, such as the execution of the Earl of Essex, whom without doubt Elizabeth loved, yet in a fit of anger condemned to death, most clearly demonstrate. But that Mary, Queen of Scots, could display such traits of character, as all testimony, whether that of friends or foes, are forced to concede to her through long years of imprisonment, while still at heart she was the infamous spirit of evil which her accusers have declared her to be, — a very devil clothed in the likeness of an angel of Paradise, — is against all experiences of human nature, against all analogous instances in history.

The question of Mary Stuart's guilt or innocence regarding the murder of Darnley and willing marriage with Bothwell, is one thing; but the question of Mary Stuart's political intrigues with Elizabeth's enemies is entirely another thing. As regards Mary Stuart's connivance with her Catholic party during her long imprisonment in England, it is not necessary that she should be proven innocent of such charges to insure her innocence of the horrible infamy regarding the murder of Darnley and willing marriage with his murderer. Were she guilty of these nefarious crimes, all others however black and vil-

lanous would be probable. But her innocence regarding those bloody deeds would not be impeached by political intrigues to obtain her rightful liberty. Political scheming was the governmental policy of the times, and he or she who could be the most wily and intriguing *diplomate* was looked upon as one who had achieved the greatest stroke of genius. Surely in this business none were such adepts as Elizabeth. That Mary Snart would plot in behalf of her Catholic belief would not prove that she was capable of the vilest crimes. And though one should frankly acknowledge that the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, was an advantage to the cause of Protestantism, by weakening Catholicism in Scotland and England, it would not consequently be necessary to prove that her death was the evidence of any crime on her part, save the insatiate thirst for power, and consequent scheming and plotting therefor, of which none of the sovereigns of her time could be said to be guiltless.

Three things are asserted by those who condemn Mary, Queen of the Scots: that she was guilty of murder, and the vilest crimes of which a woman's nature can be accused; that she was guilty of political intrigues as a Catholic fanatic in behalf of her Roman faith; or that she was without any religious belief, merely employing religion as a cloak to her crimes. Now, of course, if she were guilty of the first accusation, no one could attempt to deny the others; but though she were guilty of both the last accusations, it would not imply that, therefore, she was necessarily guilty of murder and revolting pollution.

The historians who defend Mary, Queen of Scots, claim that she was innocent, not only of connivance at murder and infamous vice, but that she was also free from all political intrigues, either in defence of her ambitious

greed for power, or in upholding her religious fanaticism; while the historians who denounce Mary Stuart declare that she was guilty of all and every crime, both as wife, woman, and fanatic intriguer. From a close comparison of given evidence on both sides, the truth would seem to lie between them; for the proofs seem the stronger which free Mary, Queen of Scots, of connivance at murder, and vile pollution, while probabilities lean toward the supposition that she knew of, if she did not indeed encourage, plots amongst the enemies of England; but as she was unjustly imprisoned by the English, this was only political scheming; and though it might cost her her head, from political expediency, it is no proof at all that she was therefore guilty also of the most shocking and inexpiable corruption. The plea of that *political expediency* would of course remove infamy from the English cabinet and their sovereign, as regards the one act of decapitating their dangerous prisoner; but at the same time, the same plea of political expediency would excuse the plotting of Mary, Queen of Scots, while her substantiated innocence of the viler and more heinous crimes brought against her character as a wife and a woman, would at the same time heap upon the English government and Elizabeth the deepest and most demoniacal infamy, in conniving at such atrocious and brutal lies against the character and purity of a helpless woman, that they might strengthen their political schemes against her life.

The question of the effect of her downfall upon the world, as regards the upholding of Protestantism, and the check to the onrush of inquisitorial Catholicism, is a very different matter from the question regarding her innocence as a wife and a woman.

That her downfall strengthened Protestantism will be

conceded; and that her death from political expediency might have been required may not be denied; which concession would not blot out the treachery of Elizabeth and her ministers, nor would it involve the acknowledgment of Mary Stuart's guilt of aught save political plotting, which, had she been the *queen* on the *throne* rather than the *queen* in the *prison*, would have been looked upon as justifiable strategy.

There is no doubt that the quarrel of Henry VIII. with the Pope and Romish Church was a great factor in the glorious struggle for religious liberty, and the strengthening of the power of the Reformation, which has filled not only Europe, but the world, with the effulgent light of a broader Christian civilization. But God can make the "very wrath of man to praise him," and because Henry VIII. was an unconscious and unwilling instrument in the hands of the Almighty, the praise is not to the wicked king, but to an overruling Providence.

If Mary Stuart died for her religion, even though that faith was Catholicism, Protestantism must not fanatically refuse her the martyr's crown. But if Mary Stuart and Elizabeth were both women utterly devoid of religious principle, — and this Elizabeth's warmest admirers declare concerning herself, as well as Mary Stuart, — then were these two women engaged in one of the most subtle, ingenious, and well-matched political games which was ever played upon the stage of history; and in this game, Elizabeth showed herself to be the most cunning schemer who ever wore a victor's crown, while Mary Stuart displayed the most heroic and unconquerable fortitude ever evinced by dying gladiator when vanquished in the Roman amphitheatre.

Unless volumes were written upon the subject, it would

be an impossibility to give a clear recital of the statements made by the partisans and defamers of Mary Stuart. According to one side, the famous "Silver-casket Letters" are proved by acts of the Scottish Parliament and many eminent authorities to have been forgeries; and the whole scheme of Rizzio's and Darnley's murder to have been concocted in the English cabinet. According to other acts of Parliament and other eminent authorities, the famous "Silver-casket Letters" are pronounced genuine and convincing proofs of Mary's guilt of conniving at Darnley's murder, and most shamelessly marrying his murderer.

Now if the "Casket Letters" are genuine, there indeed remains no doubt of Mary's guilt. But if the act of the Scottish Parliament, framed Dec. 20, 1567, for Bothwell's forfeiture, which act of Parliament was signed by James Makgill, clerk-register (and which document, it is stated, may be consulted in the register-house, Edinburgh, in the original Latin), be genuine, the "Casket Letters" must be spurious, and Mary's innocence would be proved. It is only upon these "Silver-casket Letters" that her defamers rest the most important proof of her abetting Darnley's death and marrying Bothwell *willingly*, knowing that he was her husband's murderer. In these forged letters, Mary is made to plan with Bothwell the death of Darnley, and her own abduction with a man who had not yet procured a divorce from his wife, whom only six months before he had married with the queen's most open consent.

This act of Parliament for the forfeiture of Bothwell and sixty-four of his accomplices, after reciting his murder of the "late King Henry," proceeds in these words: "And also for their treasonable interception of the most

noble person of our most illustrious mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, on her way from Linlithgow to the town of Edinburgh, near the bridges vulgarly called 'Foul Bridges,' besetting her with a thousand armed men, equipped in manner of war, in the month of April last. She suspecting no evil from any of her subjects, and least of all from the Earl of Bothwell, toward whom she had shown as great offers of liberality and benevolence as prince could show to good subject, — he by force and violence treasonably seized her most noble person; put violent hands upon her, not permitting her to enter her own town of Edinburgh in peace, but carried her away that same night to the Castle of Dunbar, against her will; and there detained her as his prisoner for about twelve days."

This act of Parliament, after specifying the nefarious crime committed against her, in more explicit language, recites: "That, after detaining Queen Mary's most noble person by force and violence twelve days, or thereabouts, at Dunbar Castle, Bothwell compelled her by fear, under circumstances such as might befall the most courageous woman in the world, to promise that she would as soon as possible contract marriage with him, — all which things were plotted and planned by the said earl and the persons aforesaid, of long time before, even before their aforesaid conspiracy and parricide (the murder of Darnley), notwithstanding that at the same time James, Earl of Bothwell, was bound in marriage to an honorable lady, Janet Gordon, from whom not only was he not divorced, but no process of divorce was begun. And in his nefarious and treasonable crimes and purposes continuing and persevering, he kept and detained the most noble person of our said dearest mother in firm custody and durance, by force and *masterful* hand of his armed friends and depend-

ants, until the sixth day of May last past; on which day, still accompanied by a great number of armed men, he carried her to the Castle of Edinburgh, which was then in his power, and there imprisoned her, and compelled her to remain until the eleventh of the said month, on which day, still accompanied by a great number of armed men, that he might better color his treasonable and nefarious crimes and purposes, he carried her to our palace of Holyrood, and so within four days compelled her to contract marriage with him."

Regarding this act of Parliament, Agnes Strickland, the English historian, says: "The facts chronicled in the parliamentary record, which are officially attested by the signature of James Makgill of Rankeillour, the clerk-register, demonstrate at once the falsehood of his patron, the Earl of Murray's journal, of Buchanan's 'Detection' and history of Mary's reign, of the absurd paper published by Murray under the name of 'French Paris's Second Confession,' and the supposititious letters produced by Morton for the defamation of the queen. These are all refuted by the act of Parliament, which asserts the treasonable constraint that was put on the queen's will; and that act, be it remembered, was framed, and more than that, proclaimed by the heralds in the ears of the people, six months after the date assigned by Morton to the discovery of the letters which he produced as evidences of a guilty collusion and correspondence between the queen and Bothwell. The act was framed within seven months after the offence was perpetrated; and it behooved to be correct, because several persons assisted in that Parliament, as Huntley, Lethington, Sir James Melville, and others, who were not only present when the abduction was effected, but were carried away with their royal mistress as prisoners to Dunbar."

Now let it be remembered that these witnesses for her innocence were, with the exception of the faithful Sir James Melville, and perhaps one or two others, no friends of Mary, Queen of Scots, but were the very parties in league with the English cabinet for her overthrow; and as Bothwell was not in this league, but was plotting only for his own scheme of being raised to the throne by marriage with Mary Stuart, these framers of this act of Parliament, exonerating Mary and denouncing Bothwell, were not acting through favor of her; and therefore this strong and overwhelming evidence comes from her very foes.

The following letter is from Mary Stuart to the Pope when she was at last out of the power of Bothwell. This letter is from the collection of Prince Labanoff: "*Lettres de Marie Stuart*, from the Secret Archives of the Vatican at Rome,"—and will reveal Mary's feelings on the subject: "Tell to his Holiness," writes she to her accredited envoy, "the grief we suffered when we were made prisoner by one of our subjects, the Earl of Bothwell, and led as prisoner with the Earl of Huntley the Chancellor, and the nobleman, our Secretary, together to the Castle of Dunbar, and after to the Castle of Edinburgh, where we were detained against our will in the hands of the said Earl of Bothwell, until such time as he had procured a pretended divorce between him and the sister of the said Lord of Huntley, his wife, our near relative; and we were constrained to yield our consent, yet against our will, to him. Therefore your Holiness is supplicated to take order on this, that we are made quit of the said indignity by means of a process at Rome, and commission sent to Scotland, to the bishops and other Catholic judges as your Holiness seemeth best."

On the other hand, Mr. Froude, the English historian, does not refute this act of Parliament, but as evidence of Mary's guilt, which he most vehemently declares, cites another act of Parliament, and states the following:—

"The Parliament met on the 15th of December. A series of acts embodying the resolutions of the Council were prepared by the Lords of the Articles, — among them were Huntley and Argyle. The abdication of Lochleven, the coronation of James, and the regency of Murray were successively declared to have been lawful; and lastly, in an act 'anent the retention of their sovereign Lord's mother's person,' the genuineness of the evidence by which her share in the murder was proved was accepted as beyond doubt or question.

"When the measure was laid before Parliament, Lord Herries, with one or two others, protested, not against the truth of the charges, but 'against an act which was prejudicial to the honor, power, and estate of the Queen.' But their objections were overruled. The acts were passed; the last and most important declaring that 'the taking of arms by the lords and barons, the apprehension of the queen's person, and generally all other things spoken and done by them to that effect, since the 10th of February last period, were caused by the said queen's own default.' It was most certain, from divers her privy letters, written wholly with her own hand, to the Earl of Bothwell, and by her ungodly and dishonorable proceeding to a pretended marriage with him, that she was privy art and part of the device and deed of the murder, and therefore justly deserved whatever had been done to her. Indirect counsel and means had been used to hold back the knowledge of the truth, yet all men were fully persuaded in their hearts of the authors and devisers of the

fact. The nobility perceiving the queen so thrall and so blindly affectionate to the tyrant, and perceiving also that both he and she had conspired together such horrible cruelty, they had at length taken up arms to punish them."

Surely both of these acts of Parliament cannot be trustworthy. Froude refers to Anderson's Collection as his authority; Miss Strickland, to the register-house, Edinburgh, where the act may be seen in the original Latin. According to one, Mary, Queen of Scots is most clearly proven innocent; according to the other, Mary is most clearly proven guilty. The question therefore rests on the validity of the two acts. The reader may choose between them.

Regarding the famous "Silver-casket Letters," these two English authorities thus comment. Miss Strickland says: "Several hundreds of Mary Stuart's genuine letters are now before the public, commencing with those she wrote to her mother in her artless childhood. Not one of these bears the slightest analogy, either in style, sentiment or diction, with the eight suspicious documents she is alleged to have written. But argument is rendered unnecessary by the fact that the discovery of letters so discrepant with anything ever written, ever said or done, by Mary Stuart, rests solely on the testimony of Morton, one of the conspirators in the murder of Darnley. Prince Labanoff, who has devoted his life to the collection and verification of Mary Stuart's letters, rejects this supposititious series, because, as he briefly observes, 'there is nothing to prove their authenticity'; while the elder Tytler, who, as a lord of session, or judge, had been accustomed to study and collate evidences in the criminal courts of Scotland, has written two able volumes to expose their fallacies, under the title of 'A Critical Enquiry into the Evidences.'"

Dr. Henry, the historian of England and Scotland, gave his private and most impartial opinion on this controversy in a letter to William Tytler, printed in "Transactions of Scottish Antiquarian Society," in these words: "I have been long convinced that the unfortunate Queen Mary was basely betrayed and cruelly oppressed during her life, and calumniated after her death. Many things contributed to involve her in difficulties and dangers on her return to Scotland; her invincible adherence to her religion, her implicit submission to the dictates of her French friends, her having roused the jealousy of Elizabeth by assuming the English arms, the ambition of her brother James, and the faithless, plotting characters of others near her person, — in a word, an invisible political net seemed to have been spread around her, from which it was hardly possible for her to escape. Your efforts, sir, to relieve the memory of a much injured princess from a load of calumny are generous and commendable, and I can assure you they have not been unsuccessful. There is a great and general change in the sentiments of the public on that subject. He would be a bold man who should publish a history of Queen Mary now in the same strain with our two late historians, — Malcolm Laing and Robertson, whose sophistries were rightly estimated by that clear-headed and honest historian, Dr. Henry. Dr. Johnson, a person of a very different way of thinking from either, pronounced a most decided opinion in favor of Mary's innocence, and expressed his firm conviction 'that the Silver-casket Letters were spurious, and would never again be brought forward as historic evidences."

Regarding these same "Silver-casket Letters," Froude says: "These letters were found in the celebrated casket

with the others to which reference was made in the preceding volume; I accept them as genuine, because, as will be seen, they were submitted to the scrutiny of almost the entire English peerage, and especially to those among the peers who were most interested in discovering them to be forged, and by them admitted to be indisputably in the handwriting of the Queen of Scots; because the letters in the text especially refer to conversations with Lord Huntley, who was then and always one of Mary Stuart's truest adherents, — conversations which he could have denied had they been false, and which he never did deny; because their contents were confirmed in every particular unfavorable to the queen by a Catholic informant of the Spanish ambassador, who hurried from the spot to London immediately after the final catastrophe for which they prepared the way; and lastly, because there is no ground whatever to doubt the genuineness of the entire set of the casket-letters, except such as arises from the hardy and long-continued but entirely baseless denial of interested or sentimental partisans."

But in connection with Mr. Froude's declaration that his faith rests on them because they were submitted to the *English Peerage*, impartial statement of evidence demands another comparison between these conflicting testimonies upon a different link in the chain of evidence for and against the guilt of Mary Stuart. Randolph was the English ambassador at the court of Scotland, and in some of his letters to Leicester he has revealed the English plotting and connivance in the scheme to ruin Mary, Queen of Scots. Regarding this point Miss Strickland says: —

"In the selfsame letter which records the round of banquets, masks, and princely pleasures, the English

Mephistopheles, Randolph, exultingly unfolds to Leicester the items of the black budget prepared with his approval, against the meeting of the Scottish Parliament, by the unscrupulous coalition of traitors who were secretly allied with their sovereign's husband and his father in a dastardly bond for murder, premeditated in cold blood, and intended to be perpetrated in the presence of their queen; and the crime was to be justified, as such deeds generally are, by slander.

"'I know now for certain,' writes he, 'that this queen repenteth her marriage, — that she hateth him and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partner in play and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between the father and the son, to come by the crown against her will. I know that if it take effect, which is intended, David, with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many thing *grieveouser*, and worse than these are brought to my ears, yea, of things *intended against her own person*, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak not of them, but now to your lordship.' By one of the secret articles of the atrocious pact to which our worthy ambassador alludes, the life-long imprisonment of Mary was agreed, and her death, in case of her attempting to resist the transfer of the whole power of the crown to the ungrateful consort she had associated in her regality; and to this wrong Cecil, Bedford, and Elizabeth tacitly consented."

Such was the villanous treachery of Darnley and his father, leagued with the English ministers and malcontents in Scotland, headed by Murray, the plotting half-brother of the queen, against Mary Stuart, who time and again received her inconstant and petulant husband into

favor, forgiving his outrageous behavior towards her. But Darnley little knew the schemes of his vile fellow-conspirators. They but used him as a tool, as long as he could avail their purposes, and then blew him up with gunpowder, when they had matured their infamous plans, so that his death should seemingly be the work of his shamefully abused and marvellously forbearing wife.

Miss Strickland further says: —

"A startling light is thrown by a careful collation of the above letters of Randolph to Leicester and Throckmorton on the agency, as well as the incentives, employed in the successive Edinburgh assassinations of Mary Stuart's faithful and incorruptible minister, David Rizzio, in March, 1566, and that of her husband in February, 1567, which led to the deposition of that unfortunate princess and the transfer of the government of Scotland to the sworn creatures of the English sovereign, a *great* but *diabolical stroke of policy*. The cool revelation of our unscrupulous ambassador, that the faithful minister who would not barter his royal mistress's interests for English gold, 'would have his throat cut within ten days,' is sufficient proof of his iniquitous coalition in the murderous confederacy against the first victim of the English cabinet. His hostile expressions regarding Mary's husband, with whom he was at that very moment enleagued in the secret intrigues for obtaining the signatures of Murray and the banished lords to the bond for the murder of Rizzio, are no less worthy of observation, together with his earnest deprecation of Mary and her husband ever succeeding to the throne of England, and the emphatic desire he expressed to Throckmorton that '*something may be done to preclude the possibility of such a contingency.*'

"This subtle diplomatist first excited and then worked on the natural fears of better men than either himself, Leicester, or Throckmorton, to wink at, if not to sanction, the systematic train of political villany to which David Rizzio, Henry Stuart, and Mary Stuart were the successive victims. After the consummation of these astute schemes of wickedness — when Rizzio and Darnley were festering in their untimely graves, and the more pitiable survivor, Mary Stuart, languishing in her damp, noisome prison-room in Tutbury Castle, her infant son set up as a puppet king, to color the usurpation of the murderers of his father and her defamers, and her realm convulsed with civil strife — 'then,' observes Sir James Melville, 'as Nero stood upon a high part of Rome to see the town burning, which he had caused to be set on fire, so Master Randolph delighted to see such fire kindled in Scotland, and by his writings to some in the court of England, glorified himself to have brought it to pass in such sort that it could not be easily *slokened* (slaked) again.'"

In proof of the importance of this link in the chain of evidence, we will quote Mr. Froude's own words: "As the vindication of the conduct of the English government proceeds on the assumption of her guilt, so the determination of her innocence will equally be the absolute condemnation of Elizabeth and Elizabeth's advisers."

There is only one other point in this evidence for and against the guilt of Mary Stuart, which will be cited. Regarding the famous confessions of Paris, Mr. Froude says: —

"Nicholas Hubert, *alias* French Paris, was Bothwell's page. He was taken privately to St. Andrews, where the Regent happened to be, and examined by George Buchanan, Robert Ramsey, Murray's steward, and John

Wood, his confidential secretary. Paris made two depositions: the first not touching Mary Stuart, the second fatally implicating her. This last was read over in his presence. He signed it, and was then executed, that there might be no retraction or contradiction."

Regarding these confessions, Agnes Strickland says:—

"Nothing can, in fact, afford clearer evidence of Mary's ignorance of the plot of her husband's murder than this first confession of Hubert. Malcolm Laing, the most able of all the writers who have adopted the self-interested calumnies of the conspirators against Mary, put forth by their venal organ, Buchanan, and the political agents of Cecil, insists on the authenticity and credibility of this document. It contains, indeed, such strong internal evidences of reality that we fully coincide with him in its being genuine evidence, and for this reason reject the so-called second confession of Nicholas Hubert, or French Paris, as spurious, because one or the other must be false, and the second is palpably a fabrication between Murray and his secretary, Alexander Hay, to bolster up the forged letters and defame the queen. As poor Hubert could not write, it was unlikely he could read the paper to which Murray's secretary made him put his mark. He had no trial, and though Queen Elizabeth requested he might be sent to London, Murray hanged him, that he might not contradict what had been put forth in his name."

We mention Agnes Strickland, in these comparisons with the testimony of Froude, because she was also an English writer; and she quotes from the very same authorities, for nearly all of the historians, letters, state papers, and authorities are cited by Miss Strickland which are used by Froude in proof of his statements. We also quote Agnes Strickland because her works are within the

reach of every one, and those desiring to investigate the evidences on both sides will find her authorities in the foot-notes of her "English and Scottish Queens," and in separate lives of Mary Stuart and Elizabeth, in her historical series. It is not the authority of Agnes Strickland as against that of Froude, but the weight of the many authorities and state papers which both refer to, as evidence in proof of the different sides they take upon this perplexing question. Froude pronounces Mary Stuart as probably innocent of all evil intent regarding Rizzio, and exonerates her of any improper conduct with him further than a good-natured condescension towards one in her employ. But if Mary Stuart's guilt with Bothwell is proven, it is idle to talk of her innocence with Rizzio.

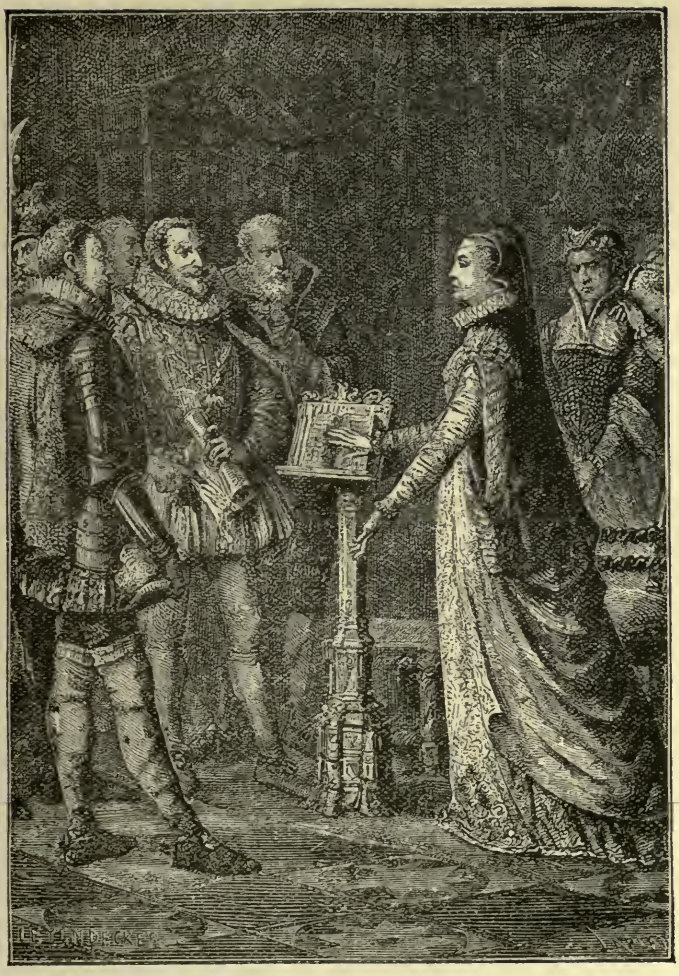
Mary Stuart was rescued from the power of the infamous Bothwell, and he was obliged to flee the country, and died in exile ten years after. But poor abused Mary was not yet free from her enemies. The very men who rescued her from Bothwell were leagued with England, with the ambitious Murray at their head. Their plan was now to get rid of the queen and get hold of the baby prince, that they might in his name get possession of the government. And with this scheme England and Elizabeth were well pleased, forsooth, for by bribes and threats the regent of the baby king could be held in England's power. As these nefarious schemers planned, so did they execute. Queen Mary was apparently aided by them to escape the power of Bothwell, but so cruelly was she treated that it was but an exchange of jailors. Poor, slandered, persecuted queen, thinking good of every one, she was betrayed on every hand. Husband, father-in-law, half-brother, Scottish ministers, and England's courtiers, incited by a jealous cousin-queen, all plotted and counter-

plotted and wove the web so closely around her that there was no escape. She was betrayed by one party, only to find herself more cruelly betrayed by her supposed deliverers.

To whom could she turn? Elizabeth had treacherously and hypocritically sympathized with her terrible woes. Elizabeth was a woman, and a cousin, and a queen; would she not succor her? and so the confiding heart of Mary, Queen of Scots, thinking no evil of those who professed kindness, fled to England and delivered herself unwittingly into the hands of her very worse foe. The poor fly now was entrapped, and the wily spider prepared her final doom.

The captive Queen of Scots had been transferred from prison to prison, each day more closely confined, each day treated with less respect and greater cruelty. At length Mary, Queen of Scots, was brought to trial and accused of high treason. Mary Stuart had neither advocates, counsel, nor documents; no one was allowed to plead for her, but notwithstanding, for two days, the ablest lawyers in England were held in check by her wit, skill, and marvellous presence of mind. Mary demanded to be heard by Parliament, and to be permitted to see the queen in person. But this was denied her, and sentence of death was passed upon her. It was at this time that Henry III., of France, endeavored to awaken in the heart of James VI., of Scotland, some sentiments of regard for his helpless mother. If the conduct of the King of Scotland shocked the *son* of *Catherine de' Medici*, what severer condemnation of the unnatural treatment of James VI. can be required?

Such is Guizot's comment upon the treatment of the young Scottish king towards his unfortunate mother,



MARY STUART SWEARING SHE HAD NEVER SOUGHT THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH.

whose pitiable misfortunes roused many princes in Europe to espouse her cause and endeavor to effect her freedom, which efforts in the end proved most disastrous, as they only brought down greater accusations upon her head.

Some writers do declare, however, that James VI., of Scotland, did make some feeble efforts in her behalf, which were quickly made unavailing through the wily cunning of Elizabeth and her scheming ministers.

When her sentence was read to the hapless Queen of Scots, Mary made the sign of the cross and calmly said "that death was welcome, but that she had not expected after having being detained twenty years in prison that her sister Elizabeth would thus dispose of her." At the same time Mary placed her hand upon a book beside her, and swore a solemn oath that she had never contemplated nor sought the death of Elizabeth.

"That is a popish Bible," exclaimed the Earl of Kent, rudely; "your oath is of no value."

"It is a Catholic testament," said the queen with calm dignity, "and therefore, my lord, as I believe that to be the true version, my oath is the more to be relied on."

Some writers claim that Elizabeth did not herself sign the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, but tacitly consenting thereto, her signature was at last forged by one Thomas Harrison, a private and confidential secretary of Sir Francis Walsingham. According to Elizabeth's secretary, Davison, the warrant had been ready for six weeks when the queen signed it in private, consigning it to the Secretary of State, Davison, "without other orders," as she afterwards declared. Regarding Harrison's confession, which did not come to light until twenty years after Mary's execution, it is stated that a document was found, purporting to be a Star-Chamber investigation,

dated 1606. It is a deposition, attested by the signatures of two persons of the names of Mayer and Macaw, affirming, "that the late Thomas Harrison, a private and confidential secretary of the late Sir Francis Walsingham, did voluntarily acknowledge to them that, in conjunction with Thomas Phillipps and Maude, he, by the direction of his master, Sir Francis Walsingham, added to the letters of the late queen of Scotland those passages that were afterwards brought in evidence against her, and for which she was condemned to suffer death; and that he was employed by his said master, Sir Francis Walsingham, to forge Queen Elizabeth's signature to the death-warrant of the Queen of Scots, which none of her ministers could ever induce her to sign; and that he did this with the knowledge and assent of four of her principal ministers of state."

Regarding this point, Miss Strickland, in her life of Queen Elizabeth, says: "If she did not sign the warrant for Mary's execution, — and we have only Davison's asseveration in proof that she did, — then was her ignorance of the consummation real, her tears and lamentations unaffected, and her indignation against her ministers no grimace."

But were this the case, why did Elizabeth not clear her own reputation from the stain of this infamous deed by denouncing her unscrupulous ministers who had dared thus tamper with her royal name and royal authority? Miss Strickland claims that she could not, giving the reason in these words: "The position in which her ministers had placed Elizabeth, was the more painful because, unless she could have brought them to a public trial, convicted them of the treasonable crime of procuring her royal signature to be forged, she could not explain the

offence of which they had been guilty. The impossibility of proclaiming the whole truth, rendered her passionate protestations of her own innocence not only unsatisfactory, but apparently false and equivocating. While she denied the deed, she was in a manner compelled to act as if it were her own, being unable to inflict condign punishment on the subtle junta who had combined to make unauthorized use of her name for the immolation of the heiress-presumptive of the crown."

But if Elizabeth was innocent of the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, it seems evident that with her imperious nature, she would have most daringly and publicly resented and punished such audacious villany. Had she in reality desired the death of Mary, and yet refused to sign the warrant, and had her name been forged upon it, this would have given her the very opportunity to clear her own name from infamy and the condemnation of the powers of Europe, which she well knew this execution would call forth; and yet the very end she dared to *wish for*, if not to *command*, would have been accomplished, and the blame would rest upon others rather than herself.

That Elizabeth desired the death of Mary all her previous conduct would prove; and if that death was accomplished at last through the crimes of others, unknown to the queen of England, surely she could not have had a better opportunity for proving her own innocence than the denunciation of the treacherous ministers who had committed the crime. That she denounced them it is true; but the strength and manner of those denunciations were more in keeping with the supposition that she was hypocritically screening her own aid and connivance in the treachery, than that they had dared commit so criminal a villany as the forging of her own royal name, and the

commission of so grave an offence upon the strength of that forged signature.

At six o'clock on the fatal morning of the 8th of February, 1587, Mary Stuart told her ladies that "she had but two hours to live, and bade them dress her as for a festival." The particulars of the last *toilette* have been preserved. "She wore a widow's dress of black velvet, spangled over with gold, a black satin pourpoint and kirtle, and under these a petticoat of crimson velvet, with a body of the same color, and a white veil of the most delicate texture, of the fashion worn by princesses of the highest rank, thrown over her coif and descending to the ground. She wore a pomander chain, and an *Agnus Dei* about her neck, and a pair of beads at her girdle, with a cross."

Mary Stuart had gained the reluctant consent of her inhuman jailers, that her faithful ladies, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, should attend her in her last moments. This had been stoutly refused at first, but the eloquent exclamation of the royal captive, "I am cousin to your queen, descended of the blood-royal of Henry VII., a married queen of France, and the anointed queen of Scotland!" at length shamed them into granting this last request.

When the still-beautiful, heroic Mary Stuart entered the hall of death, followed by her faithful attendants, she gazed upon the sable scaffold, the dread block, the gleaming axe, and the revolting executioner, with calm and undaunted courage, manifesting by her majestic and intrepid demeanor, and the angelic sweetness of her countenance, that in spite of calumny and hostile hosts of pitiless foes, Mary, Queen of Scots could face the world and death undismayed.

"Weep not, my good Melville!" said Mary Stuart to

the faithful servant who threw himself in a paroxysm of grief at her feet. "Weep not for me! Thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart; know, Melville, that this world is but vanity and full of sorrows. I am Catholic, thou Protestant, but as there is but one Christ, I charge thee in His name to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman, and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him in his realm, nor to disparage his dignity, and if he will live in the fear of God, I doubt not he shall do well. Tell him, from my example, never to rely too much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above. If he follow my advice, he shall have the blessing of God in heaven, as I now give him mine on earth."

As Mary Stuart ascended the steps of the scaffold, Sir Amyas Paulet, her last jailer, tendered his hand to aid her. With queenly courtesy she accepted it, saying: "I thank you, sir; this is the last trouble I shall ever give you."

When her upper garments had been removed, she remained clothed in her petticoat of crimson velvet, with bodice and sleeves of the same material. As Jane Kennedy drew forth the gold-bordered handkerchief Mary had given her to bind her eyes, the faithful lady could not restrain her weeping. But Mary placed her finger on her lips, saying tenderly: "Hush! I have promised you would make no outcry; weep not, but pray for me."

When the handkerchief was pinned over the eyes of her loved mistress Jane was forced to retire, and Mary Stuart was left alone upon the scaffold with her executioners. Kneeling on the cushion, the heroic Queen of Scots repeated with unfaltering voice: "*In te Domine*

speravi" (In thee, Lord, have I hoped). As she was blindfolded she was then led by the executioner to the block, upon which she bowed her head without the least hesitation, exclaiming in firm and clear tones, "*In manus tuas.*" "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," and the beautiful lips closed forever. At the first blow the agitated executioner missed his aim, and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the skull. No groan nor cry escaped the suffering victim, but the convulsion of her features evinced her terrible pain. At the third blow the "butcher work" was accomplished, and the beautiful head of the hapless Queen of Scots, streaming with blood, was held up to the gaze of the people, as holding aloft this bloody and horrible trophy of his fiendish deed, the executioner cried, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!"

But neither wily ministers, nor plotting knaves, nor jealous hate, nor obedient executioners, could rid Queen Elizabeth of her last great foe, who, in spite of all her schemes, and tears, and imprecations, would soon snatch the royal diadem from her brow, and take the sceptre from her clutching hands, and tear the royal ermine from her tottering form, and close her defiant eyes. The King of Terrors could neither be bribed, nor menaced, nor defeated, though she should cry in tortured agony, "*My kingdom for an hour of time!*" Steadily this conqueror approached, though she fought desperately to elude his grasp. Far differently did Elizabeth meet her doom from the heroic Queen of Scots. Refusing to go to bed lest she should be deemed dying, Elizabeth commanded that pillows should be piled for her on the floor; and there, writhing in agony of body and terror of mind, she spent her last hours. Now calling upon her chaplain to pray,

and then muttering in angry complainings when her ministers requested her to name her successor. At length she was so weak that she could no longer speak, and she ordered by signs that the Archbishop of Canterbury should continue to pray. This the old man did until he was utterly exhausted, the dying queen each time motioning him to proceed, when he endeavored to stop from very weariness. Meanwhile her attendants watched her waning breath, with eager impatience to greet the coming king. But even in death their wily vigilance was overreached by the apparent sleep of their helpless sovereign, and Elizabeth had been dead several hours before it was discovered by her scheming ministers, who were eagerly awaiting the signal announcing her demise, that they might be the first to shout "God save James I.! king of England, Ireland and Scotland!"

Mr. Froude thus ably sums up the salient points in the character and reign of Elizabeth: —

"The years which followed the defeat of the Armada were rich in events of profound national importance. They were years of splendor and triumph. The flag of England became supreme on the seas; English commerce penetrated to the farthest corners of the Old World, and English colonies rooted themselves on the shores of the New. The national intellect, strung by excitement of sixty years, took shape in a literature which is an eternal possession to mankind, while the incipient struggles of the two parties in the Anglican church prepared the way for the conflicts of the coming century, and the second act of the Reformation. The Catholic England with which the century opened, the England of dominant church, and monasteries, and pilgrimages, became the England of progressive intelligence; and the question

whether the nation was to pass a second time through the farce of a reconciliation with Rome was answered once and forever by the cannon of Sir Francis Drake. The action before Gravelines of the 30th of July, 1588, decided the largest problems ever submitted in the history of mankind to the arbitrement of force. Beyond and beside the immediate fate of England, it decided that Philip's revolted provinces should never be reannexed to the Spanish Crown. It broke the back of Spain, sealed the fate of the Duke of Guise, and though it could not prevent the civil war, it assured the ultimate succession of the king of Navarre. In its remoter consequences it determined the fate of the Reformation in Germany; for had Philip been victorious the League must have been immediately triumphant; the power of France would have been on the side of Spain and the Jesuits, and the thirty years' war would either have never been begun, or would have been brought to a swift conclusion. It furnished James of Scotland with conclusive reasons for remaining a Protestant, and for eschewing forever the forbidden fruit of popery; and thus it secured his tranquil accession to the throne of England when Elizabeth passed away. Finally, it was the sermon which completed the conversion of the English nation, and transformed the Catholics into Anglicans.

"While Parliament was busy with the condition of the people, the concerns of the Church were taken in hand by the queen herself. For Protestantism Elizabeth had never concealed her dislike and contempt. She hated to acknowledge any fellowship in religion either with Scots, Dutch, or Huguenots. She represented herself to foreign ambassadors as a Catholic in everything, except in allegiance to the papacy. Even for the Church of England, of

which she was the supreme governor, she affected no particular respect.

"The want of wisdom shown in the persecution of the Nonconformists was demonstrated by the event. Puritanism was a living force in England; Catholicism was a dying superstition. Puritanism had saved Elizabeth's crown; Catholicism was a hot-bed of disloyalty. She found herself compelled against her will to become the patron of heresies and rebels, in whose objects she had no interest and in whose theology she had no belief. She resented the necessity while she submitted to it, and her vacillations are explained by the reluctance with which each successive step was forced upon her on a road which she detested. It would have been easy for a Protestant to be decided. It would have been easy for a Catholic to be decided. To Elizabeth the speculations of so-called divines were but as ropes of sand and sea-slime leading to the moon, and the doctrines for which they were rending each other to pieces a dream of fools or enthusiasts. Unfortunately her keenness of insight was not combined with any profound concern for serious things. She saw through the forms in which religion presented itself to the world. She had none the more any larger or deeper conviction of her own. She was without the intellectual emotions which give human character its consistency and power.

"Elizabeth could rarely bring herself to sign the death-warrant of a nobleman, yet without compunction she could order Yorkshire peasants to be hung in scores by martial law. She was most remorseless when she ought to have been most forbearing, and lenient when she ought to have been stern.

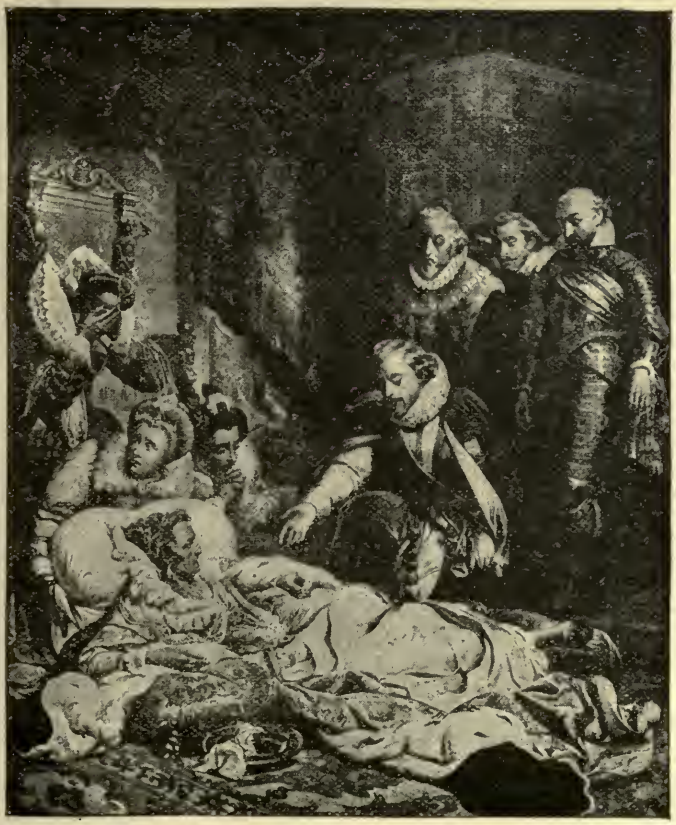
"Vain as she was of her own sagacity, she never modi-

fied a course recommended to her by Burleigh, without injury both to the realm and to herself. The great results of her reign were the fruits of a policy which was not her own, and which she starved and mutilated when energy and completeness were needed.

"The greatest achievement in English history, the 'breaking the bonds of Rome,' and the establishment of spiritual independence, was completed without bloodshed under Elizabeth's auspices, and Elizabeth may have the glory of the work.

"In fighting out her long quarrel with Spain and building her church system out of the broken masonry of popery, her concluding years passed away. The great men who had upheld the throne in the days of her peril dropped one by one into the grave. Walsingham died soon after the defeat of the Armada, ruined in fortune and weary of his ungrateful service. Hunsdon, Knollys, Burleigh, Drake, followed at brief intervals, and their mistress was left by herself, standing as it seemed on the pinnacle of earthly glory, yet in all the loneliness of greatness, and unable to enjoy the honors which Burleigh's policy had won for her. The first place among the Protestant powers, which had been so often offered her and so often refused, has been forced upon her in spite of herself. She was head of the name, but it gave her no pleasure. She was the last of her race; no Tudor would sit again on the English throne. Her own sad prophecy was fulfilled, and she lived to see those whom she most trusted turning their eyes to the rising sun.

"Old age was coming upon her, bringing with it perhaps a consciousness of failing faculties; and solitary in the midst of splendor, and friendless among the circle of adorers, who swore they lived but in her presence, she



LAST MOMENTS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

grew weary of a life which had ceased to interest her. Sickening of a vague disease, she sought no help from medicine, and finally refused to take food. She could not rest in her bed, but sat silent on cushions, staring into vacancy with fixed and stony eyes, and so at last she died.

"All questions connected with the virgin queen should be rather studied in her actions than in the opinion of the historian who relates them. *Opinions* are but forms of cloud created by the prevailing currents of the moral air. *Actions and words are carved upon eternity.*"

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI.

A.D. 1519-1589.

"What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betrayed the Capitol? A woman!
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman!
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, — deceitful woman!" — OTWAY.

"Woman may err, woman may give her mind
To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
But for one woman who affronts her kind
By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
A thousand make amends in age and youth,
By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
By love, supremest in adversity." — CHARLES MACKAY.

"WOE to thee, O country, that hast a child for king!" exclaimed the Venetian ambassador in France, in 1560, when Charles IX., a child ten years old, ascended the throne; but greater woe to that country because the mother of that child, who held the power of government, as queen-regent, was one of the greatest monsters of crime in the annals of history, and forced that child to become a very fiend of infamy and cruelty.

Catherine de' Medici was a woman devoid of every womanly instinct, every womanly virtue, every womanly attribute. She was the very incarnation of the terrible Medusa, petrifying all noble impulses, destroying all vir-

CATHARINE DE MEDICI.

tuous aspirations, killing every kindly feeling in the hearts of those around her.

She had been taught the doctrines of Machiavelli, whose ideal of a prince was one who should work by force, fraud, cruelty, and dissimulation to gain his desired ends; but even these dangerous theories of that crafty, though brilliant-minded Florentine, were far out-stripped in unprincipled chicanery by his ambitious follower, Catherine de' Medici; so that the term Machiavellian is far too weak a word to apply to her diabolical villanies.

France ran red with blood. The terrible tocsin at midnight tolled forth the death-doom of one hundred thousand lives. The wild shrieks of the dying freighted the air of France with heart-curdling wailings from centre to circumference. French soil was deluged with the blood of her people. The blasphemous curses of the fiendish murderers polluted the very air of heaven, until it seemed as though the furies of hell were let loose upon this realm, to wreck upon the helpless people the infernal hate of the arch-demon himself.

Who was the diabolical instigator of this atrocious work? Alas! a woman! and that woman *Catherine de' Medici.*

The innocent soul of a child, naturally moved by good impulses, was tutored in every vice of which human nature is capable. His childish lips were taught to pronounce the most terrible blasphemies, his kind heart was mocked and sneered at, and tempted with every ensnaring device of vile and polluting pleasures offered by the most dissolute and alluring companions, until no wickedness seemed too great to be undertaken, no degrading diversion too low to be indulged in. His constitution was purposely weakened, his mind purposely dwarfed and

debased, that his life might be short, and that his will might be broken; that another's ambitious power might be increased even though it cost the death of body and soul of the helpless victim. Who was this fiend incarnate, who could thus toy with a human soul, hourly dragging it nearer and nearer the yawning jaws of the bottomless pit of perdition? That one was a woman, the *mother* of her quivering victim; this malevolent Gorgon was *Catherine de' Medici*.

Even the horrors of the Inquisition in Spain pale before the horrors of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Even the bloody "Demon of the South," as Philip II. was called, seems not such a revolting spectacle of depraved humanity as Catherine de' Medici; for Philip, at least, fanatically imagined he was aiding the cause of religion, as he believed the infamous Inquisition to be a righteous avenger in behalf of the Catholic Church; whereas Catherine de' Medici had no belief, no religion, cared neither for Catholics nor Protestants, neither for the Romish Church nor for the Reformed Faith.

She flattered each by turns as it best suited her nefarious schemes; she was actuated by no motive beyond her personal ambition of holding the reins of power; she cared not who or what was sacrificed, whether the life and soul of her own child, or whether the result was the downfall of every religious belief, the blood of her subjects, the ruin of her provinces, and the desolation of the homes of her people.

Not even fanaticism can be offered as a poor excuse for her crimes; her infamous deeds can be cloaked by no paltry plea of religious fervor. Her crimes were instigated by her own diabolical soul, a willing ally of the Prince of Darkness; and were it not for the strong men-

tal abilities she manifested, one would imagine her some grotesque monster of an animal. But her crafty schemes betokened keen intellectual powers, and made her seem some malignant demon in human shape sent forth from the lowest depths of the Inferno to lure men and women to destruction.

Catherine de' Medici was a daughter of Lorenzo de' Medici, that ruler of Florence for whom Machiavelli wrote the "Prince." Having lost both her parents in early childhood, Catherine was sent to a convent to be educated. Her uncle, Pope Clement VII., arranged with Francis I. of France a marriage between Catherine and the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Henry II. of France. This marriage was celebrated in 1533, when Catherine was fourteen years of age.

During the reign of Francis, Catherine exercised no influence in France. She was a thick-set, plain, unprepossessing girl; and being so young, and a foreigner, and a native of a state having no great weight in the world of politics, she was thrown entirely into the shade by more important and attractive personages, having not yet given any proof of her after great but iniquitous ability.

The court life at the time of Francis I. was beginning to assume some of the brilliancy and splendor for which it became so famous in the reign of *le Grand Monarque*. The fall of Florence and the expulsion of the French from Italy brought many Italians into France. Among these were men of letters, poets, musicians, sculptors, painters, and architects. Italian was generally understood at court, and became a frequent medium of conversation. Many Italian words were thus introduced into French phrases, and the French tongue became thereby materially changed and softened in its pronunciation.

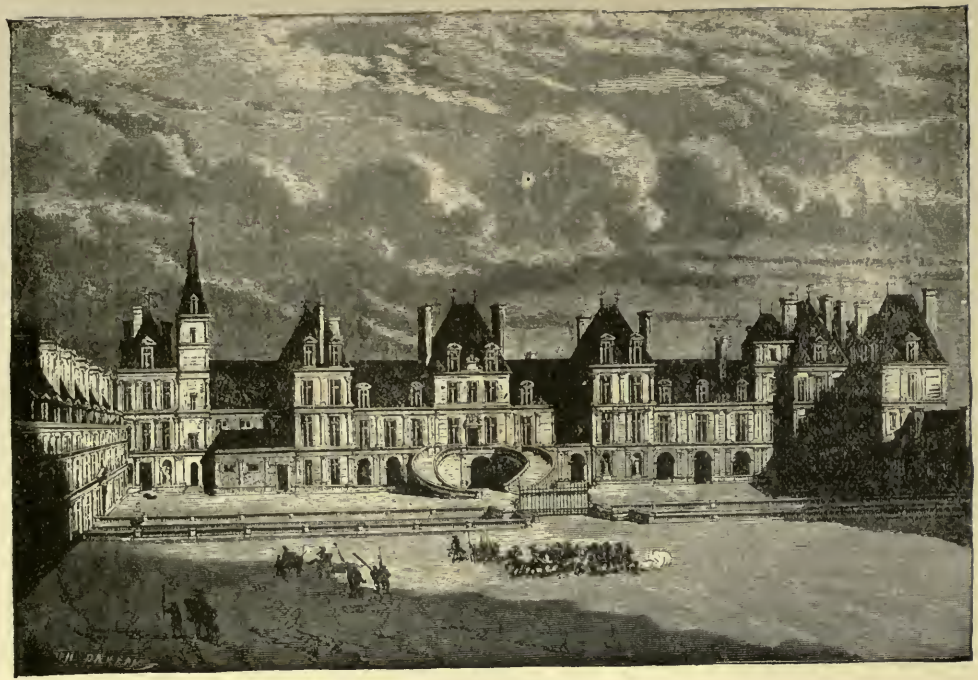
It was at this time that so many old feudal fortresses were torn down to give place to the châteaux of the Renaissance. The king lived familiarly with artists, men of letters and celebrities, and patronized all who had made a name in art or literature.

Fontainebleau, which was originally a hunting-seat of Saint Louis IX., began to rise into a stately palace under the direction of Sebastian Serlio and Rosso, a Florentine. This Italian artist, Rosso, or Battista di Jacopo, was named by King Francis, "chief and superintendent over all the buildings, paintings, and other decorations of the palace," with a large salary, for Rosso lived like *en grand seigneur*. As a painter his industry was great, and he displayed much ability in his designs for the decoration of the *Galerie de François I.*, which he constructed over the lower court. During the reign of Louis Philippe some of Rosso's paintings were discovered under a coating of whitewash, and were restored by that king's order.

But the *chef-d'œuvre* of the Renaissance was the *Château de Chambord*, which, though it was not half completed at the time of the visit of the Emperor Charles V., so greatly excited his wonder and admiration.

One of the marvels of this château was "its double spiral staircase of two hundred and eighty-six steps, rising in the centre of the edifice from its basement to its highest point, — the lantern, crowned by an enormous *fleur-de-lys*. It was a sort of puzzle. Eight persons could walk abreast up or down it, the ascending and descending parties never meeting, yet seeing each other."

The Emperor Charles was also amazed at this time by the gorgeousness and extravagance in dress displayed by the *bourgeoisie*. "At Poitiers he was received by near five hundred gentlemen, richly attired, and two thousand



FONTAINEBLEAU.

of the citizens in robes of velvet and satin, bordered with gold and silver lace. From Orleans a still more imposing cavalcade rode out to meet him. The *bourgeoisie* of this royal city had certain privileges which, like the citizens of Paris, they shared with the nobility. Ninety-two of these privileged merchants of the upper *bourgeoisie* accompanied the governor and persons of distinction to greet the emperor. All of them were mounted on excellent chargers, and all wore coats or casaques of black velvet, and doublets or vests of white satin fastened with gold buttons. Their boots were of white morocco, slashed, and their spurs either silver-gilt or gold. Their caps or toques were also of velvet, elaborately ornamented with gold embroidery and precious stones."

Orleans was then considered a large, handsome town. Charles V. said it was the finest city he saw in France. "Where, then," he was asked, "does your majesty place Paris?"

"Oh, Paris," he replied, "is no city, but rather a little world."

As Francis I. was ruled by his favorite, the *Duchesse d' Étampes*, his wife, Queen Eleanor, was simply a dazzling ornament in his court, where she always appeared in the splendor of the most gorgeous attire, solacing herself with the only privilege left to her, of displaying her rightful rank and prestige. "Near her, as if to seek the protection which her position afforded, if not her influence,—for of that she had none,—the quiet, subtle girl-wife of the youthful Prince Henry was always to be found. Of all that passed around her nothing escaped her vigilant, restless eyes. She was inwardly taking notes to serve for her guidance in the future,—resigned to live, and learn, and bide her time, fully assured—for was it not written

in the stars? — that, as time rolled on, her turn would come to sway the destinies of the kingdom.

"No attentions did Catherine de' Medici receive or look for from her boy-husband. He was a fluttering captive in the chains of first love, and the most brilliant beauty of the court, the famed *Diana de Poitiers*, was the lady of his heart, at the shrine of whose loveliness he bowed the knee. Prince Henry was then seventeen, and the lady had numbered thirty-seven summers. As to winters, they glided o'er her smooth, fair brow, leaving no trace of their passage, or any snowy signs of age on her luxuriant raven hair. Her husband, the Comte de Dreux-Brezé, died in 1531, and she erected a magnificent monument to his memory, and ever after wore the widow's dress. Nature had made her beautiful forever, and beautiful she remained, unaided by art, we are told, until the end of her threescore years and nine.

"At this early period of Henry's attachment to her, Diana derived from it no influence at court. The king disliked his second son, whose sentimental worship of an 'aged siren,' as envious ladies were pleased to call her, was a subject of jest among his companions, while Diana professed for the royal youth a tender but motherly affection; placid Catherine looking on unmoved."

But this placid Catherine would not always sheathe her sharp stiletto of Italian craftiness, and then its gleaming point would pierce the quivering hearts of her victims with merciless cruelty.

During the reign of her husband, Henry II., Catherine lived a quiet, unobtrusive life, having little or no influence over the king, who was completely under the fascinating sway of the beautiful widow, Diana of Poitiers, who, possessing keen insight and much quick wit, was in reality the sovereign of France during the reign of Henry II.

Catherine de' Medici manifested no outward signs of her discomfiture in thus having her place and power usurped by her husband's fair favorite, but she was silently waiting her turn, and carefully observing the various moves in the political game then being played in Europe. She affected not only tolerance, but even friendship towards Diana; but the crafty Italian was meanwhile watching with tiger-cunning the right moment to spring forth from her hidden lair and seize upon her coveted prize, *the imperial power of the throne; this* was her only ambition. With wise insight she realized the hopelessness of endeavoring to free her husband from the ensnaring power of Diana, and so she artfully made his favorite her friend, and seemingly acquiesced in the ascendency of her rival.

On the 31st of March, 1547, Francis I. died, and in the following July, Henry II. was crowned, his elder brother having died some time before. On this occasion Diana and Catherine sat together under a "canopied tribune," beholding the handsome prince in his royal robes, as he knelt before the archbishop and received from his hands the imperial crown.

But another character connected with this court demands attention. Jeanne d'Albret, the daughter of Queen Margaret of Navarre, was brought up at the Court of Francis I. and educated in the Romish faith. But her mother had adopted the principles of the Reformation, and Jeanne d'Albret afterwards became the most ardent defender of the Protestants at a time when such defence required the bravest heart and most unflinching courage.

Soon after the coronation of Henry II. the marriage of Jeanne d'Albret, heiress of the kingdom of Navarre, was celebrated in the Château de Moulins. The bridegroom

was Antoine de Bourbon, Duc de Vendôme and first prince of the blood after the sons of Henry II. King Henry and his brilliant court repaired to Moulins to celebrate these nuptials. Upon this occasion Catherine de' Medici was attired with gorgeous splendor. She was very fond of dress, and with the richly-robed Italian ladies in her suite presented a magnificent spectacle. Amidst all the brilliant costumes, one lady was distinguished by her widow's garb. But Madame Diana well understood her charms, and in her costly robe of white and black velvet, with veil of silver tissue and *coiffe* of netted velvet, bordered with pearls, she became at once *distingué* and enchanting; and though Catherine de' Medici might flash in gorgeous colors and royal jewels, her ugly, heavy features and ungraceful form only appeared more unattractive by the side of her beautiful rival. King Henry, who always wore black and white in compliment to Diana, was attired on this occasion "in a *pourpoint*, or vest of black velvet, slashed with white satin, with short skirts or basques, and a cloak of the same material, embroidered in broad stripes of gold. Trunk-hose of white silk, very large, and rounded with horse-hair or wool, a band of gold braiding attaching them to the long white silk stockings, and white silk shoes with black rosettes. A black velvet toque, with a white plume of two or three feathers placed on the right side, and bordered with four rows of black and white pearls. His cravat was of fine lace, and an *escarcelle* or pocket was fastened on his right side by gold chains to an embroidered waist-belt."

"The princes and other persons of distinction were similarly dressed, the bridegroom wearing blue and white velvet and satin, many jewels in his plumed hat, many rings on his fingers, a jewelled pouch at his side, and a massive gold chain passing twice round his neck."

But a lovely vision was presented by the bride of nineteen, Jeanne d'Albret, as she stood at the altar of the chapel of Moulins. "She was arrayed in white and silver satin brocade, her hair flowing loosely over her shoulders, but confined at the forehead by a circlet of pearls with diamond clasp, as was usual at that time for brides of high degree. Her long, heavy train, embroidered in silver and seed-pearls, was borne by four young pages in costumes of blue velvet and silver, white satin shoes with blue rosettes, and blue velvet toques with small white plumes. The great width of the deeply pendent sleeves (another distinguishing mark of the *toilettes* of ladies of rank, women of inferior station being permitted far less latitude in this respect) heavily embroidered to match the train, seemed from their weight almost to need the services of two more pages to support them. A stomacher of pearls and diamonds, a *cordelière* of the same, silver-embroidered satin shoes, and veil of Italian silver tissue falling very low on the back of the dress, completed this artistic and becoming bridal costume."

But a sketch of Catherine de' Medici has little to do with such fascinating scenes. With the death of her husband, King Henry, began the terrible spectacles of bloodshed and vice and cruelties which have made her name a synonyme of revolting wickedness. Not that Henry II. was not also cruel and guilty of many crimes, for he even celebrated his first appearance in Paris after his coronation by the public burning on the Place de Grève of half a dozen heretics; and he had established a special chamber in the Parliament called significantly the "Chambre Ardente"; and he would sit at the window of the Hôtel-de-la-Roche-Pot, which commanded a full view of the place of execution in the Rue Saint-Antoine, and

watch the writhings of the burning heretics; but notwithstanding these atrocious instances, the cruelties of Catherine de' Medici were on so much larger scale, and planned with such diabolical butchery, that in contrast Henry II. seems almost humane.

The reign of Francis I. had left France in a mournful condition. The peace of Crespy had hurt the feelings both of royalty and of the nation. It had left England in possession of Calais and Boulogne, and confirmed the ascendency of Charles V. in Germany, Italy, and Spain on the French frontiers. But Charles V. met his match as a general, in the brave defender of Metz, the valiant Duke of Guise, who commanded Henry II.'s forces at that memorable siege. This successful defence against the besieging army of the Emperor Charles V. gave Guise vast renown, and weakened materially the power of Charles.

France had been for nearly six years free from actual war with the emperor, when the German princes sought the aid of Henry II. in an alliance against Charles V., who was threatening to become as despotic in Germany as he was in Spain. The German princes had proposed to give Henry II. possession of the three cities, Metz, Toul, and Verdun, or at least allow him to conquer them, as these cities were not Germanic in language. As a further inducement to the French king to make an alliance with them, they promised to aid him in endeavoring to recover from Charles, Henry's heritage of Milan. This had been the constant ambition of Francis I., to obtain possession of this ancestral heritage. Henry accordingly entered into negotiations with the German Princes; and to the declaration of war of Maurice of Saxony against the Emperor Charles, was appended a manifesto from the

HENRY II. OF FRANCE.

king of France. "Therein Henry announced himself the 'Defender of the liberties of Germany, and protector of her captive princes,' further stating, 'that broken-hearted (*le cœur navré*) at the condition of Germany, he could not refuse to aid her, but had determined to do so to the utmost of his power and ability, even to personally engaging in this war, undertaken for liberty, and not for his personal benefit.' This document, written in French, was headed by the representation of a cap between two poniards, and around it the inscription, 'The emblem of liberty.' It is said to have been copied from some ancient coins, and to have been appropriated as the symbol of freedom by Cæsar's assassins. Thus singularly was brought to light by a king of the French Renaissance that terrible *cap of liberty*, before which the ancient crown of France was one day destined to fall."

Henry II., thereupon leaving Catherine de' Medici as regent in France, much to her profound surprise at such unusual attention from her indifferent husband, — who took good care, however, to tie her hands by such restrictions that she was regent only in name, while Diana held the real power, — departed with his army, and with ease took possession of the cities of Metz, Toul, and Verdun.

It was in endeavoring to reconquer Metz that Charles V. met his disastrous repulse in the brave defence of the Duke of Guise, who was then governor of Metz.

After the fatigues and horrors of war, the French court turned again to balls and tournaments, and the building of châteaux, and the patronage of art. It was at this time that Bernard Palissy was much patronized by the fair Diana, whom Henry had made *Duchesse de Valentinois*, presenting her with the *Château de Chenonceaux*, which seemed to be the only attention from the king which

caused Catherine de' Medici to vow vengeance, as she had desired to possess the château herself.

Notwithstanding desolating wars, the French court of Henry II. far outshone that of Francis I. in extravagance of dress and living.

"Never had any queen of France, except, perhaps, Queen Eleanor, and her court been arrayed in brocades so costly, or bedecked with gems more precious than Catherine de' Medici and her ladies, though the crown jewels were worn by Madame Diana. At least they were transferred to her when the reign of *Madame d'Étampes* ended. Diana wore pearls only, black and white, which harmonized with her mourning dress. She may, however, have sometimes condescended to wear the crown diamonds, though they were not of great value.

"Never had the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Italian cookery been served at any state banquets on gold and silver plate in greater profusion or of more artistic workmanship, or the table ornamented with such magnificent productions of the glass manufactories of Venice. Carriages sufficiently capacious, luxuriously furnished, and ornamented with thousands of gilt nails, now took the place of the litter for travelling, — the gentlemen, when not aged or gouty, still preferring horses."

Jeromio Lippomano, writing to the senate, says: —

"The novelties or changes in the fashion of dress succeed each other from day to day, I might almost say from hour to hour. The French spend without measure on their wardrobes and their table. As the profession of the French noble is that of arms, he wears a short coat. But it would be difficult to send you a model, so often is it varied in color and form. To-day the brim of his hat will extend beyond his shoulders; to-morrow his hat or

cap will scarce cover the top of his head. His mantle sometimes reaches to his ankles; at others no lower than his loins. His shoes are either in the Greek fashion, or that of Savoy, — so wide and so high that they reach the middle of the leg, or so short and so narrow that they resemble tubes. If the form of the garments is frequently changed, no less so is the ridiculous manner of wearing them, as buttoning one sleeve and leaving the other open. When on horseback, these young warriors carry the sword in the hand, and gallop through the city as if in pursuit of an enemy, after the manner of the Polish cavaliers."

"Twenty-five to thirty dresses of different form, and all elaborately embroidered, with an ample stock of fine laces, feathers, and jewels, scarcely sufficed to make a decent appearance at this luxurious and extravagant court. The ladies cared not to bestow their smiles on a cavalier who proclaimed his poverty by the scantiness of his wardrobe." So great was the cost of living at the court that the courtiers took turns of three months each in the court service, and then retired to their châteaux, that they might retrench in their expenses, and so save enough money to again make a brilliant appearance when attendance at court was imposed upon them.

Meanwhile Charles V. had retired to a monastery and abdicated in favor of his son, Philip II. of Spain. Philip had married Mary Tudor of England. Mary Stuart of Scotland, a niece of the powerful House of Guise, had been married to Francis, the Dauphin of France. Philip II. had continued his father's hostility to France, and the desperate battle of Saint Quentin had not only defeated the French, but had placed Montmorency, King Henry's favorite "good gossip," a prisoner in the hands of Philip.

It was at this time that Catherine de' Mediei first displayed her politieal tact and eourage. Henry had gone to Compiègne, to raise troops, when the news reached Paris of the capture of Saint Quentin. A great panic ensued. Many fled from the city in fear, thinking the enemy were approaching.

Catherine de' Medici went to the parliament in full state, accompanied by the cardinals, princes, and princesses, and made sueh a stirring appeal to the authorities, showing them the urgent necessity for an immediate levy of troops, that parliament granted her 100,000 erowns for that purpose.

From that day the position of Catherine de' Medici was changed. King Henry returning and learning of her prudent measures, for the first time showed her some attention, and theneeforward she assumed her place in the court. The Dnke of Guise was now put at the head of an army by Henry, and Calais was speedily captured, to the surprise and chagrin of Queen Mary of England and her husband Philip II. of Spain.

But Philip's army was now required elsewhere. The inquisition gave him mueh work in Spain. His wife Mary had died, and Elizabeth had aseended the English throne. As she would not listen to his suit, he turned his eyes towards Franee, and as Henry II. also desired peace, that his "good gossip" might be liberated, the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis was eoneluded, and Philip II. of Spain married for his third wife Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry II. and Catherine de' Mediei, then in her thirteenth year. At the marriage tournament, the queens of Franee, Spain, and Scotland were seated in the royal pavilion. In another, no less gorgeous, sat Diana, still fair and fasеinating, though surrounded by daughters and granddaughters.

King Henry still wore Diana's colors in the mock combats. The king then invited Montgomery to break a lance with him; Montgomery endeavored to excuse himself, but Henry insisted. It was a fatal encounter. The two combatants coming violently together, broke their lances, and that of Montgomery pierced King Henry's eye. He was taken wounded to his palace, but the wound was mortal. In eleven days Henry II. was dead.

The young prince ascended the throne as Francis II.; but in less than a year he died, and his brother Charles was proclaimed king as Charles IX. Over Francis II., Catherine de' Medici did not have much power, for he was absorbed in his love for his beautiful young wife, Mary, Queen of Scots. But with the ascension of Charles, then ten years old, Catherine de' Medici as regent held in her hands the reins of government, and soon unmasked her true character.

At the close of the sixteenth century all Europe was agitated by the controversy between the Catholics and Protestants. The writings of Luther and Calvin and other reformers had aroused the Christian world. Scotland and England had established the reformed faith, and in France the Protestant Huguenots had become quite numerous. Their leaders were the Prince of Condé, Admiral Coligni, and the House of Navarre. They were opposed by the crown and many of the French nobles, the foremost being the powerful House of Guise.

At this time Jeanne d'Albret comes prominently to the front. This Jeanne d'Albret, now queen of Navarre, married to a husband pitiably weak and vacillating, utterly incapable of comprehending her nobility of soul, was forced to take into her own hands the reins of government. Surrounded by enemies on every side, she made no

mistakes in political measures, sustained her ancestral rights, battled for the cause of Protestantism, and was at this time its most powerful protector. Catherine de' Medici worshipped no deity but ambition. Jeanne d'Albret was ready to sacrifice her throne and her life in the support of the glorious cause of the Reformation.

Catherine espoused the cause of the Catholics because she deemed them the stronger party, but she treacherously endeavored to win to her side the young Prince Henry, the son of Jeanne d'Albret, who had been taken to Catherine's court by his father, who was a Catholic. After the death of her husband, Antoine de Bourbon, Jeanne succeeded in bringing her son back to Navarre, where his mother watched his character carefully, endeavoring to uproot the evil tendencies which had been planted by the corruption at the court of Catherine de' Medici.

The first of the religious wars during the reign of Charles IX. began in 1562. During this campaign the Duke of Guise, who was the chief leader in the Catholic party, was waylaid and killed by a young Protestant noble, who had been persecuted, and therefore believed he was justified in assassinating the leader of the Catholics, who was considered the most formidable foe of the reformed religion.

"France was the arena of woe upon which the Catholics and Protestants of Europe hurled themselves against each other. Catherine, breathing vengeance, headed the Catholic army. Jeanne, calm yet inflexible, was recognized as the head of the Protestant leaders."

There were frequent skirmishes and battles. Many thousand Protestants had perished. The Catholics now waxing stronger, prepared for a decisive engagement. The two forces met upon the field of Jarnac, in 1568. In

this dreadful contest the Protestants were defeated, and their brave leader, Prince of Condé, was slain.

But at this critical moment, the heroic courage of Jeanne d'Albret was undaunted. Presenting herself before the terror-stricken Huguenots, she personally encouraged the panic-stricken soldiers. This masterly address of a woman to the soldiers of the Reformation has something truly Napoleonic in its clear ringing cadences, and something vastly grander than Napoleon's aim, for it was inspired by a desire to uphold and advance God's kingdom, rather than an ambitious thirst for increased power. Whatever we may think of upholding any cause by the use of the sword, we must admire these soul-stirring words of this great and dauntless woman.

"Soldiers, you weep! But does the memory of Condé demand nothing more than tears? Will you be satisfied with profitless regrets? No! Let us unite and summon back our courage to defend a cause which can never perish. Does despair overpower you? *Despair!* that shameful failing of weak natures! Can it be known to you, noble warriors and Christian men? When I, the queen, hope still, is it for you to fear? Because Condé is dead, is all therefore lost? Does our cause cease to be just and holy? No! God, who placed arms in his hand for our defence, and who has already rescued you from perils innumerable, has raised us up brothers in arms worthy to succeed him, and to fight for the cause of our country and the truth! . . . To these brave warriors I add my son; make proof of his valor. Soldiers, I offer you everything in my power to bestow, — my dominions, my treasures, my life, and that which is dearer to me than all — my children! I make here solemn oath before you all, and you know me too well to doubt my word; I swear

to defend to my last sigh the holy cause which now unites us, which is that of honor and of truth."

Around this brave queen of Navarre the Protestants rallied their forces anew. Her son, Prince Henry, pledged himself to consecrate all his energies to the defence of the Reformation. Jeanne d'Albret presented a gold medal to each of the chiefs of the army, with her own name, together with that of her son, upon one side, while on the other were inscribed the words, "Certain peace, complete victory, or honorable death." The heroic queen became almost an object of adoration in the enthusiastic hearts of her soldiers.

Catherine de' Medici, noting the effect of the presence of the queen of Navarre upon the Protestant troops, also visited her army; and though she lavished presents and harangued the soldiers, none admired and all secretly despised her, even though they courted her through fear.

Again the opposing forces met upon the field of battle. The Protestants were defeated with awful carnage. Coligni, who led the soldiers of the Reformation, was severely wounded, and carried off the field as dying, having received a bullet wound in the jaw. The Catholics were jubilant, but much to their surprise, in a few weeks Coligni, whom they supposed to be dead, headed another force against them. The brave queen of Navarre had rallied a third army, and this time the tide turned in favor of the reformers. Prince Henry of Navarre himself took part in this battle, which was so greatly to the advantage of the Protestants that Catherine offered them peace, which was gladly accepted. This perfidious peace on Catherine's side "was but the first act in the awful tragedy of St. Bartholomew."

And now Catherine de' Medici entered upon the second

act of this bloody drama. Death and a marriage were to be her weapons in this scene. With flattering caresses she lavished attentions upon the young prince of Navarre, inviting him to her court, where she and her son Charles, whom by this time she had so corrupted in mind and morals that he was a submissive dupe in her Mephistophelian plans, concocted their criminal schemes to entrap him. About this time Charles was married to Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian II. of Austria; and Catherine improved the opportunity of the nuptial festivities to lure Prince Henry and Jeanne d'Albret into her power. Having secured this marriage for Charles, Catherine now declared that Henry must be her son, and offered him the hand of her daughter Marguerite. This princess was beautiful, but was as devoid of principle as her unrighteous mother.

Jeanne d'Albret was much opposed to this match, but state considerations prevailed at last to gain her consent. It was urged upon her that this marriage would protect the Protestants from persecution, and save France from further bloodshed. Thus did the malevolent but cunning Catherine lure Jeanne to her doom, and entangle Henry in the strong net of her evil designs, which should so long imprison him.

Even the Admiral Coligni was deceived by the friendly protestations of Catherine de' Medici, and her son, Charles IX., who by this time had become almost evil enough in nature to suit the satanic desires of his atrocious mother.

Though Catherine and Charles IX. were plotting the entire destruction of the Protestants, using this marriage but as a cloak to cover their sinister plans, Charles IX. with consummate perjury declared: —

"I give my sister in marriage, not only to the prince

of Navarre, but, as it were, to the whole Protestant party. This will be the strongest and closest bond for the maintenance of peace between my subjects, and a sure evidence of my good-will towards the Protestants."

At this very time he and his mother had planned to lure the leaders of the Protestants to Paris as their guests for the celebration of the wedding festivities; when at the dire signal they were to be butchered in cold blood. After receiving the queen of Navarre with every manifestation of love, when the French king quite overacted his part, calling Jeanne d'Albret, "his great aunt, his all, his best beloved," the following dialogue is said to have occurred between Catherine and Charles, after the queen of Navarre had retired.

"Well, mother," said Charles laughing, "what do you think of it? Do I play my little part well?"

"Yes," replied Catherine, "well; but it is of no use unless it continues."

"Allow me to go on," said this debased king, "and you will see that I shall ensnare them."

And ensnare them they did truly. Hardly had the queen of Navarre entered the sumptuous apartments provided for her in the court of Catherine, ere she was seized with a violent fever which continued nine days, when she died.

Henry, her son, had not yet arrived in Paris, but was travelling there more slowly with his retinue. Catherine exhibited the most ostentatious demonstrations of grief. Charles IX. uttered the loudest lamentations, and displayed the most poignant sorrow. Notwithstanding these efforts to allay suspicions, the report spread through France and Europe that the queen of Navarre had been perfidiously poisoned by Catherine de' Medici. The Pro-

CHARLES IX. AND CATHARINE DE MEDICI.

testant writers assert that Jeanne d'Albret fell a victim to poison, communicated by a pair of perfumed gloves. The Catholics as firmly declare that she died from natural causes. The truth cannot be ascertained.

But after events make the supposition very strong that Jeanne d'Albret was the first victim in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Her death necessarily delayed the marriage for a short time, but at length the nuptial day arrived. The Admiral Coligni was with other prominent Protestants lured to Paris. When friends urged him to remain at home and not trust the protestations of the perfidious queen, Coligni, who was much attached to Henry, now the king of Navarre, replied: —

"I confide in the sacred word of his majesty."

But poor Henry was as great a dupe as any, and he was completely deceived by the cunning wiles of this diabolical mother and son.

Protestants and Catholics of the highest rank, from all parts of Europe, gathered in Paris to celebrate this marriage, which was looked upon as a great stroke of policy for the furtherance of peace between the conflicting parties. But the haughty spirit of the Princess Margaret had well-nigh defeated the nefarious schemes of her unprincipled mother and brother. Piqued that Henry of Navarre should show so little admiration for his betrothed, whom he married only for state reasons, she vowed vengeance, and took a peculiar time to display her unconquerable pride. In the midst of the imposing nuptial ceremony, when the officiating bishop asked her if she willingly received Henry of Bourbon for her husband, she pouted coquettishly, threw back her proud head in defiance, and remained silent. Again the question was repeated; but not all the powers of Europe could break her will. Her

brother, Charles IX., knowing well his sister's obstinacy, relieved this embarrassing situation by coolly walking up behind the haughty beauty, and placing his hand upon the back of her head, compelled an involuntary nod. The confused bishop quickly took the hint, and smilingly proceeded with the ceremony. And thus this fatal marriage was completed.

The Pope, not aware of the treachery which had been planned, was aghast at such friendly relations between the Catholics and the hated Protestants, and he sent a legate to remonstrate with the French king. As the moment had not arrived to reveal the hellish plot, Charles replied: "I do wish that I could tell you all; but you and the Pope shall soon know how beneficial this marriage shall prove to the interests of religion. Take my word for it, in a little time the holy father shall have to praise my designs, my piety, and my zeal in behalf of the faith."

Thus did Catherine de' Medici and Charles dare to mask their infernal schemes under the sacred name of religion. But the end was not yet. Admiral Coligni was the next victim. As he was passing through the streets of Paris, a musket was discharged from the window of a house, and two balls struck Coligni, one entering his left arm and the other cutting off a finger of his right hand. The assassin escaped. The wounded admiral was conveyed to his apartments, and Henry of Navarre and his Protestant friends gathered around the suffering Coligni. Again Catherine and Charles declared their utter abhorrence of the deed, and were even blasphemous in their noisy protestations of sorrow.

Meanwhile this guilty pair thus consulted together. Some circumstances seem to indicate that Charles was not a party to the attempt on the life of the admiral;

DUKE OF GUISE.

but Catherine is said to have thus moved him to enter into her brutal plots:—

"Notwithstanding all your protestations, the deed will certainly be laid to your charge. Civil war will be again enkindled. The chiefs of the Protestants are now all in Paris. You had better gain the victory at once here than incur the hazard of a new campaign."

"Well, then," replied Charles, petulantly, "since you approve the murder of the admiral, I am content. But let all the Huguenots also fall, that there may not be one left to reproach me."

While the young king of Navarre was by the bedside of his wounded friend, the Admiral Coligni, recounting to him the assurances of faith and honor given by Catherine and Charles IX., these two were in secret council, debating whether this Henry, the newly-made husband of the daughter of one and the sister of the other, should be included in the dreadful doom appointed for the Protestants. It was at length decided that his life should be spared, but that he should be kept in a kind of imprisonment, and that he should be forced to abjure his Protestant faith.

The young Duke of Guise was to take the lead of this terrible carnage. As he believed that Coligni was a party to the murder of his father, some years before, he determined that he should be the first victim of this awful night. He had issued secret orders for all the Catholics "to wear a white cross on the hat, and to bind a piece of white cloth around the arm," that they might be thus distinguished in the darkness of the night. The alarm-bell in the tower of the Palace of Justice was to toll the dire signal for the indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants. The conspiracy extended throughout the

provinces of France. Men, women, and children were to be cut down without mercy.

"The storm was to burst at the same moment upon the unsuspecting victims in every city and village of the kingdom. Beacon-fires, with their lurid midnight glare, were to flash the tidings from mountain to mountain. The peal of alarm was to ring along from steeple to steeple, from city to hamlet, from valley to hillside, till the whole Catholic population should be aroused to obliterate every vestige of Protestantism from the land."

While Catherine and Charles were arranging every detail of this monstrous crime, they lavished the warmest and most flattering attention upon the Protestant generals and nobles, whom they had lured within their insidious power. The very day before that dreadful night Charles entertained many of the most illustrious of the doomed guests at a sumptuous feast in the Louvre, and detained them in the palace all night by the most courteous and pressing invitations to accept his hospitality.

Henry of Navarre had his suspicions aroused; but though he was well aware of the utter depravity of Catherine and Charles, he knew not where the blow would fall. The young bride of Henry had not been informed of this vile plot, and when about to retire to her apartments in the palace, her sister Claude, who knew of the coming danger, tried to detain her lest she might suffer harm. Catherine sternly rebuked her daughter, and bade her be silent. But Claude still held Margaret by the arm, and said to Catherine, "It is a shame to send her to be sacrificed, for if anything is discovered, they (meaning the Catholics) will be sure to avenge themselves upon her." But the fiend-like Catherine, preferring that her own child should risk danger and per-

haps death, rather than that her hellish work should be thwarted, replied:—

"No harm will befall the queen of Navarre, and it is my pleasure that she retire to her own apartments, lest her absence should create suspicion." Henry, Prince of Joinville, who now held the title of the Duke of Guise, was to be the chief leader of this infernal massacre.

He had ordered the tocsin, the signal for the massacre, to be tolled at two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile Catherine and Charles watched in one of the apartments of the Louvre for the fatal knell. Charles was wildly excited. And at last, his mother fearing that his determination to carry out this night's hellish work was wavering, she urged him to send a servant at once to sound the alarm. Charles hesitated, and a cold sweat covered his forehead. For with all his depravity he had still remaining a slight spark of humanity; but the fiend incarnate, his shameful mother, tauntingly exclaimed: "Are you a coward?" Whereupon the tortured king cried, "Well, then begin."

And so upon the early morning air of a calm Sabbath, Aug. 24, 1572, the direful tocsin pealed forth its death-doom; and at this signal armed men rushed forth into the streets shouting, "*Vive Dieu et le roi!*"

The awful carnage which followed is known in history as the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, because it occurred upon the anniversary of a festival in honor of St. Bartholomew, which had long been celebrated.

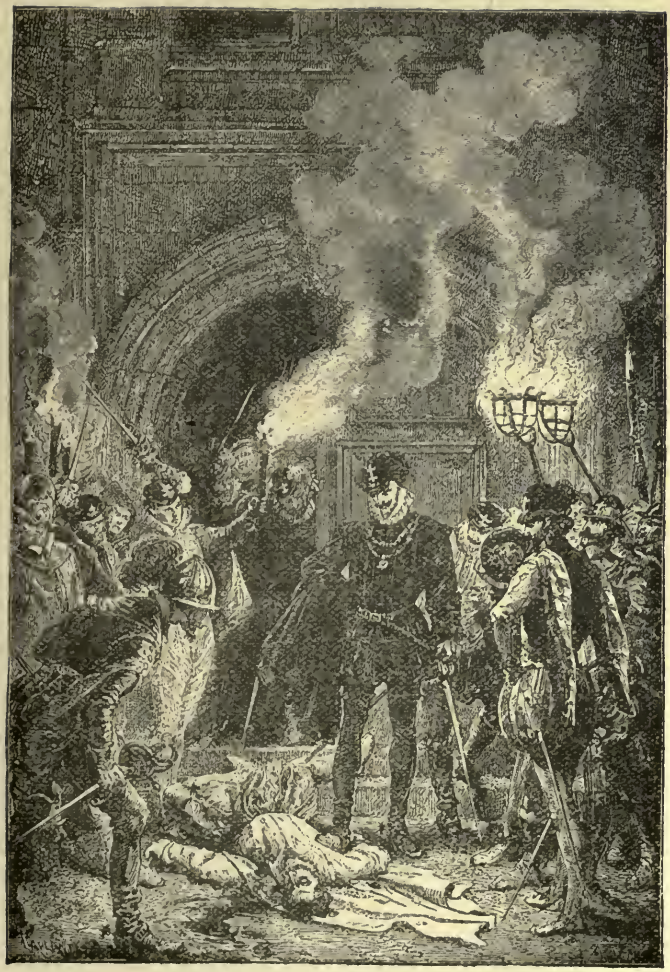
As the solemn dirge from the steeple rang out upon the air, the king stood at the window of the palace trembling in every limb, but the demoniacal Catherine was aroused to a frenzy of delight. The first victim was the

wounded Coligni. The Duke of Guise with three hundred soldiers hastened to the lodgings of the admiral, and the gates were forced and the assassins entered the sick man's chamber. Helpless, and abandoned by his frightened servants, he was brutally butchered, and his bleeding body was thrown out of the window at the command of the Duke of Guise, who desired to look upon his dead enemy. Giving the mangled corpse a kick in the face, the duke exclaimed: "Courage, comrades, we have happily begun. Let us now go for others. The king commands it."

Sixteen years from that time the Duke of Guise was himself assassinated, and received a kick in the face from Henry III., the brother of Charles IX., in whose service he was performing these diabolical deeds.

The streets everywhere resounded with the cries of "Kill! kill!"

At the commencement of the carnage, the queen of Navarre was awakened by a cry at her door: "Navarre! Navarre!" Supposing it was her husband, she ordered her attendants to open the door, whereupon a bleeding Huguenot rushed to her bedside and clasped the queen's arm, begging for his life. He was followed by Catholic soldiers; but at the entreaty of the princess his life was spared. Words are weak to describe the horrors of that direful night. Gory bodies were suspended from the windows; the dead were piled in heaps in the streets; the pavements were slippery with the streaming blood; human heads were kicked as footballs along the boulevards, by the bestial fiends who had become frenzied with the sight of blood. And in the midst of this awful scene of terror, priests paraded in their sacerdotal robes, bearing aloft the crucifixes, and shouting their blasphemous



DEATH OF COLIGNY.

hymns of rejoicing, and inciting the demoniacal murderers to fresh deeds of hellish hate. Catholic nobles and generals rode through the streets with gorgeous retinues, and called upon the people to wreak their vengeance upon the helpless Protestants. For a whole week the massacre continued, and it is estimated that one hundred thousand Protestants perished throughout the kingdom.

When the morning was well advanced, Catherine, Charles, and a profligate band of lords and ladies walked through the reeking streets, and gazed with calmness and satisfaction upon the heaps of dead piled up before the Louvre; and they even indulged in ribald jest and merriment.

The Catholic pulpits resounded with exultant harangues after this hellish work was ended, and in honor of the event a medallion was struck off, with the inscription, "*La Piété a reveillé la Justice.*"

From every part of Protestant Europe arose a cry of horror. Queen Elizabeth shrouded her court in mourning, and refused to give audience to the French ambassador, who exclaimed in mortification and chagrin, "I am ashamed to acknowledge myself a Frenchman."

But Philip of Spain, the "Demon of the South," wrote to the infamous Catherine de' Medici: —

"These tidings are the greatest and the most glorious I could have received."

Amid all the fiend-like deeds of men on earth, the awful Massacre of St. Bartholomew stands without a parallel.

The massacre of the priests of France during the dreadful tragedy of the Revolution was human retaliation. In the mysterious providence of God, the "iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children." "The 24th of

August, 1572, and the 2d of September, 1792, though far apart in the records of time, are consecutive days in the government of God."

Upon the morning of St. Bartholomew's day a band of armed men entered the apartments of the king of Navarre, and conveyed him to the presence of the king of France. Frenzied with the scenes of blood he had already witnessed, Charles with curses and blasphemous imprecations commanded the king of Navarre, as he valued his life, to abjure the Protestant faith. Charles gave him three days to consider the question, and declared that at the end of that time if he did not obey he should be strangled. Henry yielded, and this blot upon his name was only removed when, in 1598, as Henry IV. of France, he issued his famous Edict of Nantes, which granted the Protestants full liberty of conscience.

Two years after the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, Charles IX. lay upon his death-bed. Not one hour of peace had he known since that fatal event. His nights had been filled with spectres of blood and murder, his troubled sleep had been haunted with visions of horror. His old nurse, though a Huguenot, had been saved by the king's order, and she now watched with him in these last moments. One night, hearing the king moaning, weeping, and sighing, she went gently up to his bed and drew aside the curtains. "Ah, nurse, nurse," cried the king, "what bloodshed and what murders! Ah, what evil counsel have I followed! O, my God! forgive me them, and have mercy upon me! What shall I do? I am lost; I see it well!" And with this hopeless wail of remorse, Charles IX. expired.

But no emotions of regret or sorrow moved the stony heart of Catherine de' Medici. Having debased this son

HENRY III. OF FRANCE.

to her foul designs, she now spurned him in contempt for his exhibitions of remorse. When her third and favorite son, Henry, departed for Poland, of which kingdom he had been elected king, she said to him: "Go, you will not be long away." For even before Charles was dead she was looking forward with satisfaction to that probable event, as a means of giving the throne of France to her favorite child. But when, in 1574, Henry ascended the French throne as Henry III., Catherine's power was already weakened, and she found that her son would not be a pliant tool in her wicked hands. Not that he was aught but worthless and vicious, but their evil plans no longer harmonized. Their government for fifteen years served only to make them lose their reputation for ability. The tact of this utterly corrupted woman, and the weakness of this irresolute prince, were feeble instruments in taming the Catholics and Protestants who were now both rising in rebellion around them.

The Catholics formed a League under the brave but infamous Duke of Guise.

There were now three Henrys. Henry III., king of France, Henry, king of Navarre, and Henry, duke of Guise. The war which followed between those parties is called the *War of the Three Henrys*.

We cannot give details, but during these contests, which became religious wars, Henry of Guise was assassinated and the corpse was kicked in the face by Henry III., who afterwards repaired to the sick-bed of Catherine de' Medici, and exclaimed: —

"I have made myself this morning king of France by putting to death the king of Paris," which was the title given to the Duke of Guise.

"Take care," replied his heartless mother, "that you do not soon find yourself *king of nothing!*"

And king of nothing he soon was, though Catherine de' Medici did not live to see his downfall. In twelve days after she had thus heard, without the slightest emotion, of the assassination of the duke who had been her most zealous worker in the infamous Massacre of St. Bartholomew, this iniquitous queen, — the personification of every vice, who had lured all around her to destruction, who had been always accompanied by bands of the most profligate but beautiful women, known as her infamous *Flying Squadron*, who by their fascinating wiles should secure the victims her own cunning could not reach; this woman, — without a single redeeming virtue, despised by the Catholics, and hated by the Protestants, and execrated by the world, — this fiendish spirit was at length the prey of the grim conqueror, Death.

Seven months after the death of Catherine de' Medici, Henry III. was assassinated by a monk, and Henry of Navarre was proclaimed king of France as Henry IV. Thus had all Catherine de' Medici's vile scheming come to naught. She and her sons died with the curses of the nation on their heads, while the son of the illustrious and faithful Huguenot, Jeanne d'Albret, sat upon the throne of France.

HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

QUEEN ANNE.

A.D. 1664–1714.

"A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrivall'd in the glorious lists of fame."—YOUNG.

SOME monarchs make their reign illustrious by their own individual characters and famous deeds; other sovereigns are illustrious only because their reigns have been important epochs in the annals of history, irrespective of any merits of their own, or any renowned actions or policies on their part. Upon the importance of certain political and religious aspects of the times of the "Good Queen Anne" rest all her claims to be enrolled upon the lists of fame.

One kind and generous deed, however, must be credited to her own good-natured heart. Without possessing any of the refined tastes and mental capabilities of the Stuart royal line, of which she was the last representative upon the English throne, she nevertheless inherited the generous disposition of her race, and she has made her individual name to be held in loving remembrance by her people, by the liberal fund which she relinquished from her own entitled rights, in favor of the poor clergy, whose petty livings, or rather "*starvings*," had made the lives of some of the most excellent and worthy in that profession really objects of charitable commiseration. The fund set apart for the relief of poor clergymen was called "Queen Anne's Bounty"; and surely this beauti-

ful charity, which placed her name high upon the list of royal foundresses in the Christian church, must needs cover many of her glaring defects of mind and character beneath the shining mantle of unselfish benevolence.

Another claim which makes Queen Anne personally illustrious is the fact that she was the first monarch crowned as the sovereign of United Great Britain. Scotland had been united with England under James I., but only during the reign of Queen Anne was the union made complete; and in October, 1707, the Parliament of Great Britain sat for the first time.

"To have first thought of the Union was William III.'s last title to glory; to Queen Anne's counsellors, in particular to Lord Somers, belongs the honor of having accomplished the work and achieved the enterprise, in spite of much violence and many obstacles. The representation of Scotland in the United Parliament of Great Britain was decided rather by its historical status as an independent kingdom than by the proportion of its population; forty-five representatives and sixteen Scottish peers were to sit in Parliament."

Thus Queen Anne is known in history as the first sovereign of Great Britain.

Anne Stuart was the second daughter of James, Duke of York, younger brother of Charles II. of England. Her mother was Anne Hyde, the daughter of the illustrious Lord Chancellor Clarendon. The Princess Anne was born in 1664, and at the age of five years she was sent to France on account of her delicate health, and while she was in that country, in 1671, her mother died. In two years after, her father, Duke James, was married to Maria of Modena. This duchess was a kind and estimable lady; but as she was a Roman Catholic and as Duke

QUEEN ANNE.

James had also embraced that faith, Charles II. ordered that the Princess Anne and her elder sister, the Princess Mary, should be educated in the Protestant religion, as his prospective successors after their father. Their father never attempted to interfere with their Protestant education, though they were allowed to reside in the same palace with him.

In 1667 the Princess Mary was married to William, Prince of Orange; and in 1679 her father was driven into exile, and the Princess Anne and her step-mother were permitted by Charles II. to reside with the exiled Duke of York for some months in Brussels.

Previously to this time the friendship between the Princess Anne and Sarah Jennings had been formed, which in after-years exerted so important an influence upon the destinies of both lives, and even became a remarkable factor in determining the results of various portentious political changes in Europe.

The elder sister of Sarah Jennings had been a maid of honor to the first Duchess of York, the mother of Anne; and when that princess was about nine years of age, Sarah, who was then twelve years old, became the constant companion of the young princess. Even in childhood Sarah Jennings manifested many of the strong characteristics of mind and will which gave her the overpowering ascendency over the weak and good-natured Anne which she maintained with such remarkable influence after Anne became queen of England, and Sarah the Duchess of Marlborough.

In 1678 Sarah Jennings married Colonel Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, a gentleman attached to the service of the Duke of York; and when Duke James was sent into exile the Churchills accompanied his family,

and thus Anne was still permitted to enjoy the presence of her favorite friend.

When James was recalled to England, his daughter Anne and Sarah Churchill returned to their native land; and upon the marriage of the Princess Anne to Prince George of Denmark, in 1683, King Charles of England settled upon his niece and her husband the sum of £20,000 a year, and gave to her as a residence the Cockpit, a capacious building which had formerly been the theatre of Whitehall Palace. Prince George Louis of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England, had been a former suitor for the hand of the Princess Anne, but on account of mutual aversion, when the royal couple met for the first time, the match was broken off, and the Prince of Denmark became the successful suitor. The Prince of Denmark was poor and was possessed of little influence, but he was a Protestant, and that was esteemed a sufficient merit in his favor. He is described as a "fair, good-natured, heavy-looking young man, who spoke bad French, loved good wine, and was rather awkward and bashful in his manners. He succeeded, however, in pleasing the 'gentle Lady Anne'; and as they were both endued with good dispositions and equal tempers, and neither of them very capable of discovering each other's deficiencies, this marriage proved extremely happy, and they lived together in uninterrupted harmony"; though, like most royal marriages, the princess and her future husband were allowed a very short time to make each other's acquaintance; for the marriage took place nine days after the Prince of Denmark had been welcomed to London by the king and queen of England and the parents of his future bride. The nuptial ceremony was celebrated with great pomp, in the Royal

Chapel at Saint James's, by the Bishop of London, at ten o'clock at night.

"The bride was given away by her merry uncle, Charles II., who delighted in being present at marriages and christenings. The chapel was brilliantly lighted; and as the king, the queen, the Duke and Duchess of York, and the leading nobility then in London were present, the scene was magnificent, dazzling, and joyous. The citizens of London also took their part in the nocturnal festivity. Throughout the metropolis the bells rang all night, bonfires blazed at every door, the conduits ran with wine, and showers of fireworks and other popular sports and pastimes were provided for the amusement of the people."

"The Lady Anne, although not a peerless beauty, possessed considerable personal attractions. She was of middle size, but not so majestic as her sister Mary; and her hair was a deep chestnut-brown; her complexion ruddy. Her face was round, but rather comely than handsome; her features were strong and regular; the only blemish in her face was that of a defluxion, which had affected her eyes when young, and left a contraction in her upper lids and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were small, her hands beautiful. She had an excellent ear for music, was a good performer on the guitar; and her voice being strong, clear, flexible, and melodious, she took pleasure in the practice of vocal harmony."

When Anne's establishment was appointed by her uncle, King Charles, after her marriage, Sarah Churchill was permitted to become one of her ladies.

The death of Charles II. in 1685, which placed her father upon the English throne, as James II., caused very little immediate change in the household of the Princess Anne. She became one of the central figures at her

father's court, but possessed no particular influence, and occupied herself with court gossip and card-playing, in the society of her favorite, Lady Churchill, when not engaged with the cares of her nursery. The Princess Anne was a good wife and devoted mother; and although all her children but one died in early infancy, it was not through neglect on her part. But Anne was poorly fitted by tastes or nature to play the brilliant part in history which fortune afterwards decreed to her lot. She was simply a good-natured, commonplace, and very weak-minded woman, led by the stronger minds of her favorites, and swayed by every political breeze around her. Her favorites, to her credit be it said, however, were women, and not men admirers. So that although her character was undeniably weak and petty, her life as a wife and mother was blameless, and her heart was kindly. And yet such were the circumstances which environed her after-years, that the name of this simple-minded queen, whose narrow understanding might have been compassed by the circumference of her thimble, and "who put on her crown as she would have put on her cap" — the name of this unaspiring, unqueenly woman, who would have been more at home as a fish-wife than as a sovereign, was pronounced with awe from one end of Europe to the other; and even the *Grand Monarque* himself, "hitherto the insolent arbiter of the world," the magnificent, the matchlessly imperial *Louis Quatorze*, trembled on his throne before Queen Anne and her victorious general, the Duke of Marlborough.

The French general, the Duke of Vendôme, who replaced the defeated Marshal Villeroi, wrote concerning Anne's illustrious military leader: —

"Every one here is ready to take off his hat at the very mention of Marlborough's name."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AND HIS WIFE.

When, in after-years, the daring generalship of Marlborough had been replaced by the daring ambition of Bolingbroke, whose marvellous and impassioned eloquence caused even Mr. Pitt in later years to exclaim, when asked what treasures he would especially like to snatch from out of the shadows of the past, "I would choose one of the lost Decades of Livy and a speech of Bolingbroke's!"—no wonder that with such generals and such orators, the name of Queen Anne was reflected to the world in shining glory.

And what was the woman herself doing in the midst of such stirring times and brilliant opportunities? Quarrelling with the haughty, arrogant-willed Duchess of Marlborough; bickering over some contested point of favoritism; or becoming a puppet in the hands of an ignorant bedchamber-woman, who ruled the queen because this politic but petty Mrs. Masham knew enough to hold her tongue when her royal mistress desired to rave against her overbearing Duchess of Marlborough; and because Mrs. Masham was smart enough to use her little stock of brains in scheming to entrap the favor of the wily politicians who courted her smiles because her ignorant but keen cunning had gained the friendship of the queen.

Observing such a state of things, it is little wonder that the quick-witted Addison flashed the scintillating sparks of his keen humor all over the pages of his famous "Spectator papers," which appeared at that time.

Great Britain had been for some time divided into two strong parties, known as the Whigs and Tories. The Tories held that the rights of kings were divine, while the Whigs contended a king ruled for the good of his subjects, and that by illegal or oppressive acts he forfeited his right to reign, and could be justifiably dethroned by

his people. The Tories upheld the English Protestant church, but detested the Presbyterians and Dissenters, while they feared the Roman Catholics; while the Whigs maintained that the Reformed religion being the religion of the state, a Roman Catholic could not lawfully be placed at its head. There was also a third party, called the Jacobites, who were more violent Tories, being partisans of the deposed James II., who, on account of his Roman Catholic principles, which caused him to entertain certain designs against the religion and liberty of the state, had been obliged to fly from England upon the appearance of his Protestant son-in-law, William, Prince of Orange, who had invaded England at the head of an army, and been placed by the English people upon the throne in conjunction with his wife Mary, the eldest daughter of James II., who had been educated a Protestant.

Notwithstanding the benefit to the country arising from the accession of the Protestant William and Mary to the throne in place of the Catholic James II., the unfilial plottings and intrigues of the princesses Mary and Anne, abetted by their husbands, William, Prince of Orange, and George, Duke of Denmark, against the indulgent and kind-hearted James II., their father, was outrageous and dastardly. Looking at the kingdom, it was well that James II. was dethroned, and that his Catholic son, called the "Pretender," the half-brother of Mary and Anne, was forever debarred from gaining his ancestral rights of succession; but looking at the side of the treatment which King James received at the hands of his daughters, upon whom he had lavished every indulgent kindness, the treacherous scheming, which in the course of events resulted in vast benefits to England and to Europe, have at the same time forever covered the names of the chil-

dren of James II. with the stigma of most contemptible and unfeeling and wicked ingratitude.

James II. having been deposed, William and Mary of Orange ascended the throne of England, and William is to be commended for several wise measures, and England was much the gainer by her change of masters; but his usurpation, which is called in history the "Revolution," is somewhat to be questioned upon the grounds of justice. That it was highly beneficial no Protestant can for a moment doubt; that the change of government caused by the celebrated act of Parliament called the "Bill of Rights," which raised William and Mary to the throne, to be succeeded by the Princess Anne, and in case Anne died without heirs, that the right should then descend to the Electress of Hanover, which succession afterwards brought in the Protestant Georges of Hanover in place of the Catholic House of Stuarts, — that a revolution which caused this change of government was beneficial to England and the world, is not to be underestimated. This extraordinary but bloodless revolution occurred in 1688, just one hundred years before the bloody and terrible French Revolution of 1789. But leaving political questions and turning to the personal history of the Princess Anne, we find her engaged in an ignoble squabble with her sister, the Queen Mary, over the allowance which shall be allotted to the maintenance of the household of the Princess Anne. The princess had schemed with her sister Mary and the Prince of Orange to dethrone their father; and now that Mary is queen, Anne finds her allowance given by her indulgent father cut off, and in being treacherous to her father she has only worsted her own condition. So disgraceful was this sisterly quarrel, augmented by the haughty Lady Churchill (now the

Countess of Marlborough), who fomented the disputes between the sisters, that at last the king and queen were forced to make a compromise with Anne, and allow the princess £50,000 a year. As Lord and Lady Marlborough were known to be enthusiastic partisans of Anne, they fell under the displeasure of King William and Queen Mary, who demanded that Anne should banish them from her household, and the Earl of Marlborough was deprived of his offices. But this opposition only increased the power of Lord and Lady Marlborough over the princess, and she strenuously refused to part with her overbearing favorite.

The lord chamberlain having been sent to Lady Marlborough with the royal order to remove from Whitehall, Anne immediately left Whitehall herself, declaring that she "would live on bread and water, between four walls, with her dear Mrs. Freeman, rather than that her friend should ever be separated from her faithful Mrs. Morley." These assumed names of Freeman and Morley had been chosen by the Princess Anne and Lady Marlborough that they might converse and write to each other with greater freedom from conventional restraints; and their respective husbands were also called by them, the Lord Marlborough, Mr. Freeman, and the Duke of Denmark, Mr. Morley; and many were the political intrigues, as well as friendly secrets, which they disclosed to each other under these false names. These confidential letters became a powerful weapon in the hands of the proud Lady Marlborough in after-years, for when she found her influence over Queen Anne was waning, and another was usurping her place as royal favorite, the arrogant Lady Marlborough threatened to publish these secret epistles, which would reveal all of Anne's treachery against her father

and various other political intrigues. The fear of this exposure made Anne a puppet in the hands of the self-willed but brilliant duchess long after Anne's intense liking had turned to intense detestation.

The death of Queen Mary in 1694 somewhat changed Anne's position. When Anne heard of her sister's dangerous illness, she sent a request that she might be allowed to come and see her; but their quarrels had never been forgotten, and though Mary refused to see Anne, she sent a message of forgiveness.

Anne now succeeded in becoming reconciled to King William, and she received the greater part of her sister's jewels, in token of his friendliness.

Of many children Anne had only one son remaining. He was a very bright and interesting boy of eleven years of age. He had been treated with great kindness by King William and Queen Mary, even throughout the disgraceful family quarrels. But this beautiful boy, around whom so many fond hopes clustered, died suddenly with scarlet fever in 1700, having just celebrated his eleventh birthday. The loss of this only child, the last of six, was a terrible blow to the fond heart of the Princess Anne. But she was soon called from private griefs to public duties.

In 1702 King William died, and Anne was immediately proclaimed queen.

"In the commencement of the reign of Anne, the Earl of Marlborough was a Tory; but his wife became a Whig, and, as a natural consequence, Marlborough was soon drawn over to that party. Admiral Churchill, his brother, was a violent Tory; Lord Sunderland, his son-in-law, was a violent Whig; Lady Tyrconnel, the sister of Lady Marlborough, was an enthusiastic Jacobite, and was at

this time one of the court of the exiled king. This one instance will give some idea of the manner in which not only the nation but private families were divided by the spirit of faction.

"A continued series of disputes and intrigues agitated the country; and among several minor events was the trial of Dr. Sacheverel for preaching a seditious sermon, a circumstance unimportant in itself, but which was made to serve the purposes of a faction, and to inflame the populace almost to frenzy. Never, perhaps, did party spirit rage in a manner at once so disgraceful, so vicious, and so ludicrous. It was not the strife of principles; it was not, like the civil wars of the preceding century, a grand struggle between liberty and despotism, — it was a vile spirit of faction, which had filled the nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguished the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity; which had affected at once the morals and the common sense of the people; and even interfered with the administration of justice.

"The women, instead of tempering the animosities of the time, blew up the flame of discord. Addison, in some of the most elegant papers of the 'Spectator,' attempted to mitigate this evil spirit. He attacked the men with grave humor and graver argument; he endeavored to bring back the women to the decorum and reserve of their sex by the most exquisite raillery, that delicate mixture of satire and compliment in which he excelled; he reminded these petticoat politicians and viragoes of the tea-table that party spirit was in its nature a male vice, made up of many angry passions, which were altogether repugnant to the softness, modesty, and other endearing qualities proper to their sex.

"He assured them there was nothing so injurious to a pretty face as party zeal; that he had never known a party woman who kept her beauty for a twelve-month; and he conjured them, as they valued their complexions, to abstain from all disputes of this nature. Every one will recollect the admirable description of the Whig ladies and the Tory ladies drawn up in battle array at the opera, and *patched*, by way of distinction, on opposite sides of the face; the perplexity of the Whig beauty, who had a mole on the Tory side of her forehead, which exposed her to the imputation of having gone over to the enemy; and the despair of the Tory partisan, whom an unlucky pimple had reduced to the necessity of applying a patch to the wrong side of her face.

"But it was all in vain; a transient smile might have been excited at such palpable absurdity; some partial good was perhaps effected; but fashion and faction were far too strong to be acted upon by wit, or argument, or eloquence, or satire. At a time when a low-bred, artful, ignorant bedchamber-woman, with no more sense than would have sufficed to smooth a crumpled ribbon or comb a lapdog, possessed supreme power, and Swift, Arbuthnot, Harley, and Bolingbroke were dancing attendance in her antcroom, it was in vain to preach to women the forbearance and reserve proper to their sex, to point out the confined sphere of their duties, or to remind them of the advice of Pericles to the Athenian women, 'not to make themselves talked of one way or another.' Mrs. Masham ruled the queen, but she was herself the contemptible tool of a set of designing men. In the end she and her tutor Harley triumphed; the Tories prevailed; the Whigs were all turned out; Marlborough was not only disgraced at court, but, by a sudden turn of feeling pro-

duced in the popular mind by the calumnies and contrivance of his enemies, he became an object of contempt and hatred; and he whose victories had been hailed with such national pride and exultation, found himself 'baited with the rabble's curse.' This might have been contemned, for mere popular clamor dies away, and leaves no trace on the dispassionate page of history; but when Swift, the political gladiator of that time, collected all his terrible powers of invective and satire and sarcasm, and fell upon the devoted general, branding, stabbing, and slashing at every stroke, he left the duke standing like a column seathed by the thunderbolt, and the lapse of a century has hardly enabled us to distinguish the truth from falsehood of his rancorous libels."

The brilliant victories of the Duke of Marlborough, in alliance with the German princes under Prince Eugene, had filled all Europe with wonder. In 1704, the victory of Blenheim was achieved, and notwithstanding Marshal Villars' heroism at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, the victory was gained by Marlborough and Prince Eugene, though so great was the loss of the allies, that Villars wrote to Louis XIV.: "If God permits us to lose such another battle, your Majesty can count on your enemies being destroyed."

Marlborough had joined the Whigs because they were in favor of war; but now the Tories were gaining the ascendency in England; and with their coming into power peace was declared, and the Marlboroughs were deposed from their high places.

Wearied of the ill-temper of the haughty duchess, which broke out in most violent language even in the presence of the queen, Anne at last determined to rid herself of her overbearing companion, whose strong will

ANGER OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

had for so long a time awed her into submission; while the necessary military generalship of the illustrious duke had long kept the queen from daring to dismiss the insolent duchess, who at length forgot even her politic behavior in her fits of anger, and endeavored to scold back the favor of the queen which had been lost to her by her own impolitic arrogance, and through the wily cunning of her own relation, Mrs. Masham, whom she had herself recommended to the queen for the position of bedchamber-woman, never imagining that this poor ignorant relative would usurp her own place as royal favorite.

Before Anne had ascended the throne, a little incident occurred which eventually led to the downfall of the duchess. The Princess Anne was one day alone in her private drawing-room at St. James. The Duchess of Marlborough entered the anteroom where the princess' waiting-woman, afterwards Mrs. Masham, was in attendance. Observing a pair of gloves upon the table, the duchess, thinking they were her own, drew them upon her hands. Whereupon the attendant remarked that the gloves belonged to the princess, who had sent her to get them, as her mistress was about to enter her carriage. "What! have I touched anything that has been upon the hands of that odious woman!" exclaimed the duchess in a fury of ill-temper; and tearing them from her fingers she threw them on the floor and retired, little thinking that the insulting words had been overheard by the princess in the adjoining room. From that moment the ultimate disgrace of the imperious duchess was determined upon, although, owing to her husband's victories and her own threats of publishing the confidential letters of her "loving Mrs. Morley," her downfall was long delayed.

Queen Anne had not ceased to be a loving wife, when

she became a sovereign; and the death of her husband in 1708 was a terrible blow to her. As the queen sat by her dead, though she was the monarch of a vast realm, she was the slave of court etiquette; and as the Duchess of Marlborough still held her office as mistress of the robes, this tyrannical etiquette required that the hated duchess should invade even the sanctuary of Anne's beloved dead, and lead the queen from the funereal chamber.

But the days of the ascendency of the brilliant but terrible virago were nearly numbered. In 1710, the Whig ministry was deposed, and the Tories came into power.

"Anne could not cope with her discarded favorite in eloquence and violence, but she could resist and dissemble; above all, she could hold her tongue." Influenced by the Tories, who gained the ear of the queen through the connivance of Mrs. Masham, it was secretly arranged that the Whig ministry should be forced to retire; that the Marlboroughs should be disgraced, and that peace should be negotiated with Louis XIV. The proud duchess had not yet been publicly informed of her impending downfall, but rumors had reached her of the queen's animosity. Hastening to Kensington, she forced herself into the presence of the queen, and demanded with the air of a sovereign rather than a subject, of what she was accused. The queen, aware that her only weapon against the sarcastic and voluble tongue of the duchess was silence, remarked with cutting composure: "I shall make no answer to anything you say." This was more than the enraged duchess could bear, and she launched forth into such a terrible tongue-lashing of violent vituperation, that the incensed queen turned to leave the room; whereupon the duchess exclaimed, "I am confident you will suffer in this world or the next for so much inhumanity."

"That is my business," retorted the queen, as she lifted the portière and retired, leaving the discomfited duchess to weep in a fury of rage and humiliation.

They never met again. When the Duke of Marlborough returned from his campaign, not all his condescension in begging on his knees that the golden key, — his wife's badge of office, — might be retained by her for a few weeks sufficed to appease the queen. "I will have it in two days," exclaimed the angry Anne; and upon reporting his failure to his indignant wife, she also hurled upon his poor head her invectives of wrath, and throwing the golden keys upon the floor, the haughty virago, who had lost all power over her queen, but still maintained her ascendency in her husband's heart in spite of all her outbursts of temper, sullenly retired, leaving her humiliated spouse to pick up her tardily relinquished badge of office and meekly bear it back in shame and sorrow to her offended sovereign. Hard fate for a man to fall into the snare of playing the go-between of two angry women, especially when one is his wife and the other his sovereign.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough afterwards went abroad, and their history is no longer connected with that of Queen Anne.

The famous peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713. The remainder of Queen Anne's reign was unmomentous. After her experience with the Duchess of Marlborough she determined to assert her own will, but she deceived no one but herself, as she was now alternately swayed by her two favorites, the Duchess of Somerset, who was appointed mistress of the robes, and Lady Masham, whom she had raised to a title and made the keeper of the privy purse. Swift says of Anne at this time: —

"Often out of fear of being imposed upon by an over-caution, she would impose upon herself; she took a delight in refusing those who were thought to have the greatest power with her, even in the most reasonable things, and such as were necessary for her service; nor would let them be done till she fell into the humor of it herself."

In her best days, Anne was merely a dull, uninformed woman, without the slightest literary tastes, and yet her reign is called the "Augustan Age of Anne," and the "wits of Queen Anne's time" are held only second to the "poets of the Elizabethan age." No one would probably have been more surprised than Anne herself to have been thus classed with the glorious names of literary fame, for she never read, and was hardly cognizant of the existence of the brilliant minds which gave her reign its brightest lustre. Sir Isaac Newton, Pope, Dryden, Addison, Steele, Swift, De Foe, Gay, Prior, Arbuthnot, Congreve, Young, Parnell, Granville, and Bishop Atterbury, were the most celebrated among the literary lights in her time.

The daily etiquette of the court life of Queen Anne is thus described: —

"The bedchamber-woman came into waiting before her majesty arose, and previous to prayers. If a lady of the bedchamber were present, the bedchamber-woman handed her the queen's linen, and the lady put it on her Majesty. Every time the queen changed her dress in the course of the day her habiliments made the same formal progress from hand to hand. When the queen washed her hands, her page of the back stairs brought and set upon a side-table a basin and ewer. Then the bedchamber-woman placed it before the queen, and knelt

on the other side of the table over against the queen, the lady of the bedchamber only looking on. The bedchamber-woman poured the water out of the ewer on the queen's hands. It was also her duty to pull on the queen's gloves when her Majesty could not do it herself, which was often the ease, owing to her infirmity of gout. The page of the back stairs was always called to put on the queen's shoes. When Queen Anne dined in public, her page passed the glass to her bedchamber-woman, and she to the lady in waiting; in due time it reached the lips of royalty."

There was little of the pomp and ceremony which distinguished the court of the proud Elizabeth; indeed, Anne herself was too careless and dull-witted, and the imperious Duchess of Marlborough was too defiant of all restraints to have insured that subservient obeisance which Elizabeth demanded and received. Having been obliged, even in her coronation procession, to be borne in a low arm-chair on account of her gout, which prevented her walking in regal majesty as all her predecessors had done, she continued subject to this infirmity, which her gross eating and drinking greatly increased. The stormy disputes between her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, became so violent that at length the fear of having to submit to a third terrible council with them, after two hot disputes had been interrupted by her attacks of violent illness, caused a burning fever, which threatened her life. Submitting to the old remedy of bleeding, she was found to be no better, and it was evident that her end was near. Oxford having resigned his office of lord treasurer in a rage, it became necessary to appoint some one in his place. The Duke of Shrewsbury was suggested for the office, but he would not accept the staff unless the queen herself laid

it in his hand. Accordingly the white wand was placed in the stiffening fingers of the dying queen, and the Duke of Shrewsbury, approaching her bedside, asked: —

"Do you know to whom you give the white wand?"

"Yes," murmured the still-conscious queen; "to the Duke of Shrewsbury; and for God's sake, use it for the good of my people!"

Thus perished the last of the sovereigns of the House of Stuart.

"The British sovereign is dead and the throne is vacant," were the few but expressive words sent to George of Hanover; and without opposition, King George I. ascended the throne of Great Britain.

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.

MARIA THERESA.

A.D. 1717-1780.

"'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd;
'Tis government that makes them seem divine."
—SHAKESPEARE.

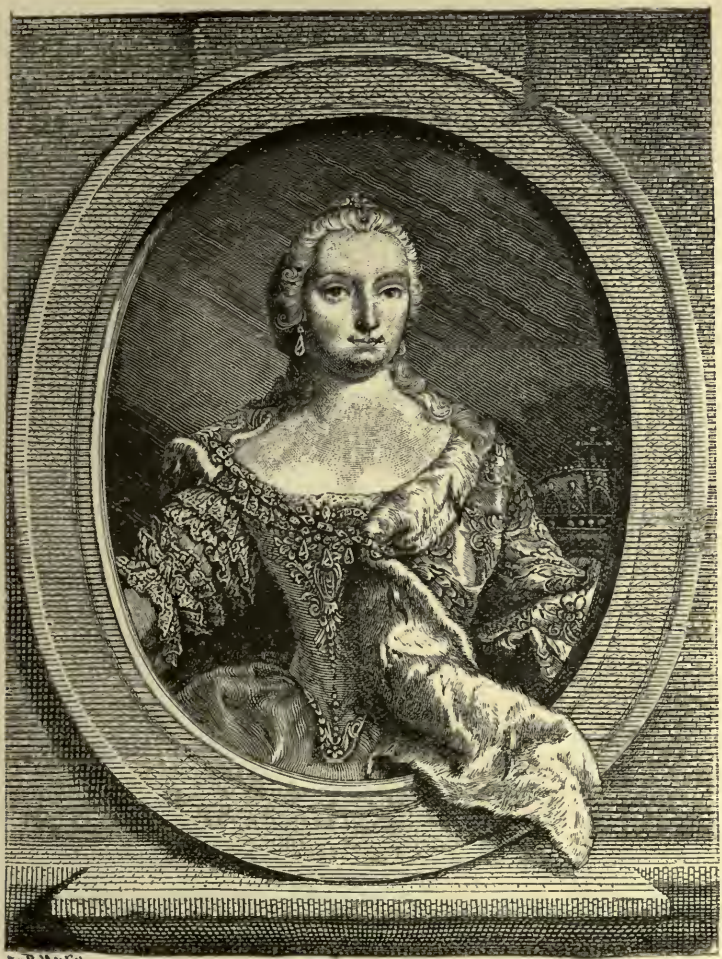
ON the 13th of May, 1717, in the royal palace at Vienna, a baby princess first opened her wondering eyes upon this world, in whose history she was destined to play an important, and what is still better, a highly commendable part. This illustrious infant was christened by the titles, Maria Theresa Valperga Amelia Christina.

Her father was Charles VI. of Austria, emperor of Germany. Lady Wortley Montagu, who, as Mary Pierrepont, had figured as one of the young ladies appointed to bear the train of Queen Anne during her coronation ceremony, afterwards visited the court of Vienna, shortly before the birth of Maria Theresa, and describes the mother of that princess, the lovely Elizabeth Christina of Brunswick, as an empress of sweet and gracious manners and amiable character.

But Maria Theresa far outshone both her parents in beauty of person, strength of character, and marvellous executive abilities, which have placed her in the very front rank of female sovereigns; yea, still more, on account of the rare combination of virtues and strength which her character manifested, she stands at the very head of the list of famous queens, equalled only perhaps by Isabella of Castile.

In making this assertion, we refer only to Maria Theresa's individual claims to greatness; not to any importance of the times, or concomitant circumstances, which formed so large a part of Elizabeth's acknowledged powers; not upon great statesmen, great generals, or great political or religious questions, depends the fame of Maria Theresa. It was not the vast political importance of her achievements, or the place which her kingdom held in the rank of nations; but it was the mind and nature of the sovereign herself, irrespective of any and all surroundings, which makes her character luminous with a stronger and more effulgent light than shines forth from the name of any other female sovereign of the world. In herself alone, in her own virtues; her strong and well-balanced mind; her undaunted courage; her unswerving allegiance to what is true, and pure, and lovely in womankind, joined to an almost masculine executive ability, which woman's usually narrow horizon often weakens, by sacrificing grand and comprehensive policies to a pettiness of details; an executive ability as statesman, and general, which made her no mean foe for the vaunted greatness of Frederick the Second to combat, — these traits, betokening a mind peerless among women, a character peerless among sovereigns, — abilities ranking her with the greatest of her times, — and best of all, virtues, which placed her individually first upon the list of female monarchs of the world; virtues which surround her name with an undying halo of glory; — such are the rightful claims of Maria Theresa to the most honored place among the famous queens of history.

And yet we do not give this illustrious character as much space as others in this book, because the events of her reign were not as vital upon the history of Europe



MARIA THERESA.

and the world as other epochs, and because the very beauty and purity of her character demands no long panegyric to prove her greatness; therefore her reign will be summed up in a few words.

Catherine II. of Russia was probably equal to Maria Theresa in executive ability; but Catherine is so revolting as a woman, so devoid of every virtue of heart or soul, that her fame is rather infamous notoriety than commendable greatness. Elizabeth doubtless possessed as strong a mind and keener cunning, and was undeniably far more liberally educated; but Elizabeth was so pitiably weak in her jealous vanity and heartless and condemnatory gallantries, that she must rank beneath Maria Theresa when they are individually compared.

Isabella of Castile stands nearer to Maria Theresa in individual greatness than any of the other famous queens. We have not included a sketch of her life in this volume, because her history is so indissolubly intertwined with that of Ferdinand V. of Spain; and in giving his life in the companion book of "Famous Rulers," we also there outlined a brief sketch of Isabella of Castile.

Maria Theresa is the most illustrious example of an "imperial woman of business." She was big-brained and energetic, having none of the mental weaknesses of voluptuous natures. Lacking thereby, perhaps, somewhat in warm emotions, but by her own inherent nature she was exempted from falling into error. She was a model of virtue both in public and private life.

"Maria Theresa was an embodiment of executive regality. She had the promptitude, forethought, and vigilance of a detective officer, and discharged duty with the rigid precision of a policeman. She was essentially practical, and thoroughly industrious-minded. She was

ready in an emergency, equal to a difficulty, and sturdy for order and regulation. She met reverses with boldness and fortitude, and used prosperity for instituting reforms. She was greatly remedial, remedying sudden mischances by encountering them firmly, and remedying existing evils with the strong hand of eradication."

Frederick the Great, although politically her foe, said of her: "Although I have made war against her, I have never been her personal enemy. I have always respected her; she was an honor to her sex, and the glory of her throne."

Maria Theresa was not only immaculately virtuous herself, but she enforced the strictest rule of moral and decorous demeanor both in her court and throughout her dominions. Rigorous etiquette and staid decorum were marked features of her imperial household and her own conduct. Only once did she deign to notice one of profligate notoriety. When she desired to enter into friendly alliance with France, she found the effeminate Louis XV. unwilling to listen to the proposals of her ambassador. Well knowing where the chief influence over the mind of this weak king could be reached, she condescended to write a letter to Madame de Pompadour, with the courteous address "*Ma Chère Amie.*" This produced the expected effect. Madame de Pompadour's self-love and vanity were so much flattered by such a mark of attention from the imperial Maria Theresa, that, employing her most seductive arts, she won the consent of Louis XV. to enter into an alliance with Austria. But this political policy must have cost the pure and exalted character of Maria Theresa a sharp pang of personal mortification.

In 1736 Maria Theresa was married to Francis, Duke of Lorraine. This marriage was one of love rather than

policy, and the union was a happy one. Francis was much inferior in mind to his beautiful and accomplished wife, but Maria Theresa's affection for him was sincere and very constant through a long wedded life. The death of her father, Charles VI., left Maria Theresa, in her twenty-fourth year, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, Archduchess of Austria, Sovereign of the Netherlands, and Duchess of Milan, of Parma, and of Placentia, in her own right; and in right of her husband, she was also Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. But notwithstanding these numerous titles, her cause was in truth desperate. Her father had endeavored to secure her undisputed succession by means of the "Pragmatic Sanction," which declared Maria Theresa the heiress of the House of Austria. This sanction had been ratified by several European powers; but no sooner was Charles VI. dead than claimants arose in all directions. "Within the first few months of her reign, the Pragmatic Sanction, so frequently guaranteed, was trampled under foot. France deferred, and at length declined to acknowledge her title. The Elector of Bavaria, supported by France, laid claim to Austria, Hungary, and Bohemia. The king of Spain also laid claim to the Austrian succession, and prepared to seize on the Italian states; the king of Sardinia claimed Milan; the king of Prussia, not satisfied with merely advancing pretensions, pounced like a falcon on his prey, and seized upon the whole duchy of Silesia, which he laid waste and occupied with his armies."

"The perils which surrounded Maria Theresa at her accession were such as would have appalled the strongest mind. She was not only encompassed by enemies without, but threatened with commotions within: she was without an army, without a treasury, and, in point of

fact, without a ministry; for those who composed the *conference*, or state-council of Vienna, agreed but in one thing, — in jealousy of the Duke of Lorraine."

But Maria Theresa was never so great as in the midst of apparently overwhelming adversity. Hungary clung firmly to the young and dauntless queen, and to Hungary she turned for aid. On the 13th of June, 1741, she was crowned Queen of Hungary at Presburg. The coronation was attended with all the national pomp and peculiar ceremonies of that country. The iron crown of St. Stephen was placed upon the head of the dazzlingly beautiful Maria Theresa, then in the height of her fascinating charms. Over her gem-encrusted royal robes was thrown the sacred tattered mantle which was regarded by the Hungarians as a revered insignia of the regal office. Mounted on a superb charger, she then rode gallantly up the Royal Mount, which was a rising hillock near Presburg consecrated to this ceremony; and having reached the summit, Maria Theresa, according to ancient custom, drew forth her glistening sabre, and waved it around her head, signalizing the idea of defiance to all the four quarters of the world. The coronation ceremonies having been completed, Maria Theresa returned to the great hall of the palace, where a magnificent feast had been spread for all the high dignitaries of the realm. The beautiful queen sat in the place of honor; and as the day was warm and the iron crown was heavy, she lifted the ancient diadem from her brow, whereupon her luxuriant hair fell upon her shoulders in picturesque abandon, making her such a vision of beauty with her glowing cheeks, and sparkling eyes, and regal bearing, that the old knights and gallant lords could scarce refrain from shouting their enthusiastic admiration for the lovely woman, and patri-

otic reverence for their adored queen, in resounding acclamations.

Still greater was their enthusiasm when they were assembled in the great hall of the castle, and the stately queen, wearing the Hungarian mourning costume in memory of her late father, entered the spacious apartment, and ascended the platform from whence the kings of Hungary had been accustomed to address their council of lords.

Imperial indeed was the graceful Maria Theresa; majesty sat enthroned upon her regal brow, and the sovereign as well as the gracious woman beamed in her magnetic eyes, while the melodious and alluring tones of her pathetic voice seemed to commingle the inspiring resonance of a bugle-call with the melting sweetness of the rich chords swept from harp-strings, as she alternately appealed to their patriotism, and her helpless condition as queen, woman, and mother. Her stirring address to them was made in Latin, and as she impressively committed herself and children to their fidelity, lifting her infant son Joseph in her arms and presenting him to the assembled lords, a thousand warriors drew their sabres from their scabbards and shouted with wild enthusiasm: "*Moriamur pro rege nostro, Mariâ Theresâ*" (We will die for our sovereign, Maria Theresa).

Overpowered by this enthusiastic devotion, the lustrous eyes of the noble-spirited queen filled with grateful tears, and as she pressed her handkerchief to her face a moment to regain her composure, sobs were heard throughout the assembly of Hungarian nobles, and every heart throbbed with admiring devotion. Hungary was roused as one man, and the dauntless and beautiful Maria Theresa was queen of every heart as well as queen of swords and purses.

Nor was the fame of her heroic courage limited to the boundaries of Hungary. England did her honor. The helpless situation of this young queen excited the liveliest interest in her cause. The Parliament voted large subsidies to support her; and the ladies of England, with the old Duchess of Marlborough at their head, subscribed £100,000 for her relief. But Maria Theresa graciously declined this private gift, accepting only the aid of the king and Parliament.

The enthusiasm in her behalf spread over all the states of Austria, and semi-savage bands flocked to her standard from all quarters. Vienna was strongly fortified, and Germany and Prussia looked on in astonishment. This helpless young queen, without money, armies, or powerful ministers, they had supposed would be an easy prey. But marvellous to relate, Austria, with only an inexperienced, weak woman at its head, defies their vaunted strength; and Frederick, the arrogant, fallen somewhat "from his pitch of pride," deigns to manifest some desire for a conciliatory arrangement, providing that he can keep his coveted Silesia. To this concession Maria Theresa is forced to agree; for while she was defending herself against Prussia, the French and Bavarians were overwhelming her own Bohemia. The Elector of Bavaria having seized Prague, he was elected Emperor of Germany, and crowned at Frankfort by the title of Charles VII. But within a few months the French were defeated. Maria Theresa entered Prague, and was there crowned queen of Bohemia in May, 1743. In Italy she was also victorious. In 1744 she again lost Bavaria, but in the following year Bohemia and Bavaria were recovered; and Charles VII. dying soon after, Maria Theresa was enabled to fulfil her proud ambition by placing the imperial

crown of emperor upon her husband's head. Francis was proclaimed Emperor of Germany at Frankfort, and Maria Theresa was the first to exclaim, "Long live the Emperor Francis I." Thus had been fulfilled one of her dearest ambitions; and she had secured the restoration of the imperial crown to her family, by whom it had been worn for an uninterrupted period of above three hundred years. Henceforth Maria Theresa, uniting in herself the titles of Empress of Germany and Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, is known in history as the "Empress-Queen."

By the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, Maria Theresa retained possession of all her ancestral inheritance except Silesia, Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. "She recovered the imperial dignity, which had been nearly wrested from the House of Austria, and obtained the guarantee of the Pragmatic Sanction from the principal powers of Europe. Her father had left her without a single florin in the treasury; and after eight years of war and the loss of several states in 1750, her revenues exceeded those of her predecessors by six millions.

"All the new laws and regulations, the changes and improvements which took place, emanated from Maria Theresa herself, and they were all more or less wisely and benevolently planned, and beneficial in their effects."

Her first war was purely one of self-defence, and the sword was drawn in a just cause. Her enemy, Frederick the Great, acknowledged that "the Austrian army acquired, under the auspices of Maria Theresa, such a degree of perfection as it had never attained under any of her predecessors, and that a woman accomplished designs worthy of a great man."

Maria Theresa was a conscientious Catholic, but she did not allow the Pope of Rome to dictate the affairs of

her kingdom, and she realized the necessary distinction between temporal and spiritual jurisdictions.

"She suppressed the pensions charged at Rome upon benefices; and forbade the alienation of property in favor of ecclesiastical bodies." She intrusted the spiritual governments of convents to bishops, but placed their secular matters in the hands of magistrates. She so restrained the power of the Inquisition, then existing in her Italian dominions, that the check she placed upon the despotic operations of that diabolical institution, led to its final abolishment in Lombardy and Tuscany at a later period.

Maria Theresa was ever ready to make sacrifice of personal ease for the good of her subjects. She was heard to say: —

"I reproach myself with the time I spend in sleep as so much robbed from my people."

"No sooner did Maria Theresa find herself settled in peaceful security, than she prepared to carry out her systems of internal reform. The vestiges of war were effaced; agriculture was revived; commerce and the arts were encouraged; shipping interests were regarded; roads constructed and repaired; Vienna was enlarged and embellished; manufactories of woollen cloths, of porcelain, of glass, and of silken stuffs, were established. Science flourished in the foundation of several universities and colleges; while one of them, still enjoying celebrity, bears its sovereign's name in gratitude to its foundress — 'Collegium Theresianum.'

"Special schools of drawing, painting, and architecture were instituted; while Prague and Innspruck had public libraries endowed. Observatories, enriched with valuable apparatus and instruments, arose in Vienna, in Gratz,

and in Tirnau; Van Swieten was summoned to regenerate the study of medicine and surgery, and Metastasio was invited to help in disseminating a cultivation of the Italian muse on the banks of the Danube. Measures of importance and magnitude were effected by Maria Theresa in the government of her people. She introduced great amelioration into the feudal system as it then existed in Bohemia. She abolished the torture in her hereditary states, — Hungary and Bohemia. Severe penalties were attached to literary piracy. She exerted herself to promote popular education throughout her dominions, establishing a general system, and taking means for its efficacious operation. She divided into three classes the schools she instituted; firstly, 'normal schools,' one in each province, to serve as a model for all the other schools in the province; secondly, 'principal schools,' in the large towns; and thirdly, 'commercial schools,' in the smaller towns and villages. The normal schools were superintended by a director; those of the large towns were under the superintendence of a magistrate; and the commercial schools, under that of a parish priest, or an assessor of the communal council.

"She granted extra emolument to those teachers whose wives taught the girls sewing, knitting, and spinning; so that children thus taught were able to earn a daily addition to the family income. The system worked admirably, and formed the basis of that extended popular education which operates so beneficially throughout the Austrian monarchy."

Her second war with Frederick the Great, which lasted seven years, was in the end productive of little besides a terrible loss of life and money to both contestants. By the treaty at its close not a foot of territory was gained or

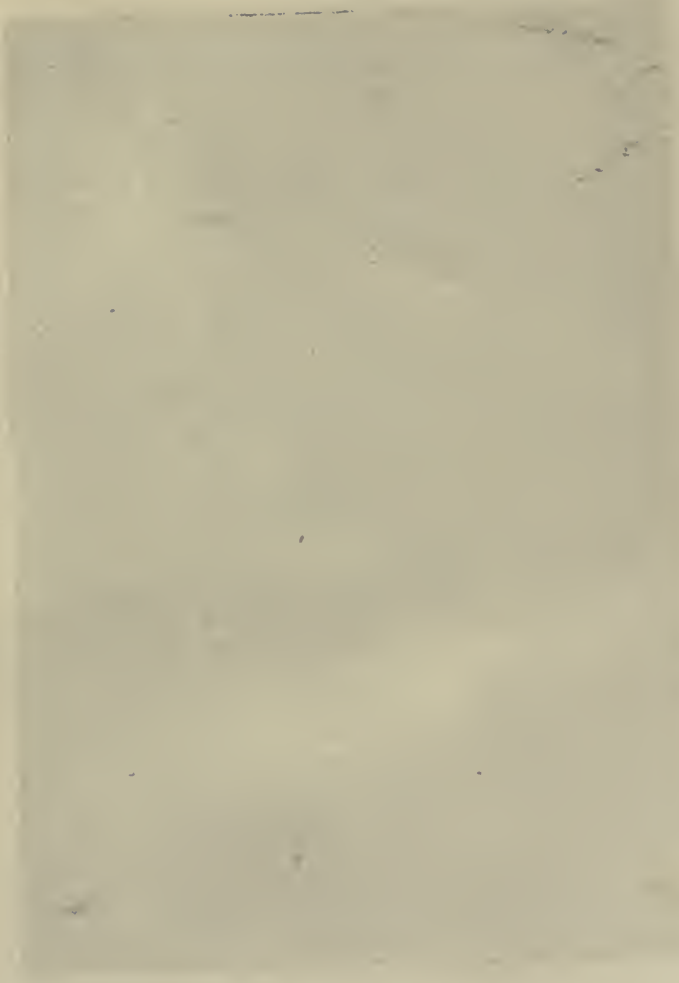
lost by either party. In this war Austria's allies were France and Russia. Maria Theresa was forty-eight years of age at the end of this war. For twenty-four years all Europe had watched her with wonder and admiration. She had replaced the incapable Bartenstein by the able minister, Prince Kaunitz, and for nearly thirty years he ruled the councils of Austria as prime minister.

Maria Theresa was not satisfied short of knowing and comprehending all things pertaining to her government. She often devoted ten or twelve hours together to state business; and notwithstanding this close attention to governmental affairs, she still found time for society, and the amusements of her court, as well as to be the mother of sixteen children.

Maria Theresa was possessed of great beauty and a fine presence. The dignity of her exalted rank was worn with regal grace. "Her figure was tall, and formed with perfect elegance; her deportment, imposing and majestic; her features were regular; her eyes were gray, and full of lustre and expression; she had the full Austrian lips, but her mouth and smile were beautiful; her complexion was transparent; she had a profusion of fine hair; and, to complete her charms, the tone of her voice was peculiarly soft and sweet. Her strict religious principles, or her early and excessive love for her husband, or the pride of her royal station, or perhaps all these combined, had preserved her character from coquetry. She was not unconscious of her powers of captivation, but she used them not as a woman, but as a queen; not to win lovers, but to gain over refractory subjects."

It is recorded to her praise, "that she desired to be informed of every act of the administration; that she afforded the poor and humble, as well as the noble and

EMPRESS THERESA AND PRINCE KAUNITZ.



rich, free access to her presence; that she listened benignantly to all, either granting their petitions, or, if she denied them, giving reasons for her refusal, without delusive promises or vague evasions. During a forty years' reign she invariably showed a love of justice and truth; and she stated, as a principle of her conduct, that it is only the pleasure of alleviating distress and doing good to the people that can render the weight of a crown supportable to the wearer."

In the year 1765, the Emperor Francis I. died. His loss was sincerely mourned by Maria Theresa, who was devotedly attached to her husband. She ever after wore mourning for him, and frequently visited the imperial mausoleum where he was entombed. In anticipation of her own death she caused her coffin to be made, and secretly sewed upon her own shroud. She was afterwards buried in the grave-clothes thus made by her own hands.

Upon the death of the Emperor Francis, her eldest son received the imperial crown as Joseph II. But Maria Theresa continued to hold the first place in the government until her death.

Maria Theresa gloried in her power of being able to be a public benefactor; it pleased her to bestow benefits. She richly deserved her title of "Mother of her people"; and she declared just before her death that, "if anything reprehensible had been done in her name, it was certainly without her knowledge, as she had always desired the welfare of her subjects." Her annual private charities and donations amounted to more than eighty thousand a year; and so great was her benevolence that when her son Joseph was accused of not being generous, he replied: "If I gave like my mother, we should soon have nothing left to give away."

Her benefactions included all classes of her subjects. She founded large hospitals for the infirm and wounded soldiers, and opened asylums of comfort for the widows of officers and young ladies of impoverished families. With such a belligerent neighbor as Frederick the Great, Maria Theresa could not feel assured of any continued period of peace, and she therefore maintained a large army of disciplined troops, and founded military academies at Vienna, Neustadt, and Antwerp.

The simplicity of her court life was a great contrast to the extravagant ostentation of Elizabeth and the dissolute splendor of Catherine II. "In the morning an old man, who could hardly be entitled a *chamberlain*, but merely what is called on the continent a *frotteur*, entered her sleeping-room about five or six o'clock, opened the shutters, lighted the stove, and arranged the apartment. She breakfasted on a cup of milk-coffee, then dressed and heard mass. The floor of her room was so contrived that it opened by a sliding *parquet*, and mass was celebrated in the chapel beneath. On Tuesdays she received the ministers of the various apartments; other days were set apart for giving audience to foreigners and strangers, who, according to the etiquette of the imperial court, were always presented singly, and received in the private apartments. There were stated days on which the poorest and meanest of her subjects were admitted indiscriminately, and they could speak to her in private if they so desired. At other times, she attended to her letters, memorials, despatches, signed papers, etc. During the summer, which was spent mostly at her palaces of Schönbrunn, or at Laxenburg, she would often walk in a shaded avenue communicating with her apartments. A box was buckled round her waist, filled with papers and memorials,

which she carefully read as she promenaded, noting with her pencil necessary answers or observations to each."

She usually dined alone to economize time. After dinner she attended to public business until six in the evening, as she dined at noon; and until her hour of retiring her daughters joined her, when she held a drawing-room or engaged in games with her children. Her daughters were all expected to present themselves at evening prayers, which the empress held before retiring, and nothing but sickness was allowed to interfere with this family regulation.

About two years after the death of her husband she was attacked by small-pox, which was very fatal in her family, she having lost several children by this dread disease. Upon her recovery her marvellous beauty was greatly marred, and being thrown from her carriage soon after and severely wounding her face, her scarred complexion and altered features entirely destroyed her former beauty of countenance, though her queenly bearing and imperial grace continued to charm, and her voice lost none of its melting sweetness.

Experiencing the dread effects of small-pox, she established a small-pox hospital, and introduced inoculation in her kingdom. She paid great attention to the purity of her coinage, and so strong was the faith of her subjects in the money coined under her supervision, that as late as 1830, the workmen at the mint at Milan were coining dollars with the head of the empress-queen and the date 1780. "These dollars were intended for the Levant trade; the people of the Greek Islands, being accustomed to trust in the purity of the coinage bearing the effigy of Maria Theresa, took it in exchange more readily than that of any other potentate."

The alliance of Maria Theresa with France was productive of dire evils to her family in after-years, as the fate of the beautiful Marie Antoinette, the youngest daughter of Maria Theresa, fully exemplifies. Regarding her other children, several of them were distinguished in after-life. Besides her eldest son, the Emperor Joseph II., Leopold, another son, was Grand-Duke of Tuscany for twenty-five years, when he succeeded to the Empire in 1790. Ferdinand, her third son, married the heiress of the House of Modena, and became Duke of Modena. Maximilian became Elector of Cologne. All of her daughters were beautiful and accomplished. The archduchesses Marianna and Elizabeth remained unmarried. The Archduchess Christina, her mother's favorite, married Prince Albert of Saxony, which union, like that of her mother's, was for love rather than political expediency. Christina exercised great influence over her younger sisters, Marie Antoinette, queen of France, and Caroline, queen of Naples. The Archduchess Amelia, another beautiful princess, married the Duke of Parma. Two other sisters, Joanna, and the lamented Josepha, died with small-pox in their early womanhood. The death of the Archduchess Josepha was particularly harrowing, as she contracted the dread disease by obeying her mother's wishes that she should enter the family burial vault, previous to her departure for Naples, as she was then betrothed to the king of Naples, and go through with certain religious ceremonies which Maria Theresa considered to be binding upon a member of this illustrious family. The lovely Josepha expressed great alarm regarding this exposure to contagion, as her sister had lately died from small-pox; but for once, Maria Theresa allowed her religious bigotry to supplant her better reason, and the sad and tragic result

of this filial obedience wrung the mother's heart with anguish, all the more bitter, as her own commands had doubtless occasioned the death of her idolized child. A third daughter, Caroline, was then betrothed to the King of Naples, in place of her two sisters, whose successive deaths had prevented the contemplated union with the royal family of Naples, both of them having been affianced one after the other, to King Ferdinand.

The great blot upon the otherwise illustrious name of Maria Theresa was her participation in the iniquitous partition of Poland. "She has been rescued from the charge of having originated the unjust plan; since the document of the secret convention, signed at St. Petersburg, on the 17th of February, 1772, exists to prove the contrary; wherein it is stated that if the court of Austria refuse consent to the plan of partition, Prussia and Russia will combine against her. Amid the general outcry that arose in Europe against the crowned spoliators, Frederick the Great slyly observed: 'As to me, I fully expected all this uproar of blame; but what will they say of her saintship, my cousin?'"

Maria Theresa was now at the height of her grandeur and power as a sovereign. She had largely extended her territories. She had so increased her revenues that, notwithstanding her immense expenses, she laid by each year in her treasury two hundred thousand crowns. She maintained an army of two hundred thousand men, and lived in harmony with her ambitious and accomplished son, in whose name the imperial power was vested. When war with Prussia was again threatening her dominions, her skilful negotiations with Frederick the Great, which resulted in the peace of Teschen, covered her name with glory and her life with honor.

"Maria Theresa often declared that no event of her long reign had ever caused her such unmingled satisfaction as the peace of Tesehen." It was a peace bought without bloodshed. It was entirely her own work, originated in her own benevolent heart. It was the means of continuing to her kingdom the blessing of peaceful prosperity, and it surrounded her dying head with a halo of glory.

Death had long been insidiously approaching this illustrious sovereign, but she felt no alarm, and prepared to meet the end with calm resignation. Dropsy had at length rendered her existence a continued torture, and she welcomed the relief of death. Upon the last night of her life she was engaged in signing papers and in giving necessary directions to her successor. When her son urged her to rest, she replied: "In a few hours I shall appear before the judgment-seat of God, and would you have me sleep?" Upon expressing her anxiety regarding those who had long been aided by her private charities, she said: "If I could wish for immortality on earth, it would only be for the power of relieving the distressed."

A short time before she breathed her last her attendants thought that she slumbered, as she had closed her eyes; and one whispered, "The empress sleeps." She immediately opened her eyes, saying with impressive calmness: "No! I do not sleep; *I wish to meet my death awake!*" Surely such a death-bed scene harmonized with the exalted and illustrious life of Maria Theresa! She expired on the 29th of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year.

Her biographers justly style her the "*most blameless and beneficent sovereign who ever wore a crown.*"

The earthly dower of Maria Theresa was certainly the richest ever granted to any female sovereign of the world.

"A strong mind and feeling heart, royalty and beauty, long life and prosperity, a happy marriage, a numerous family, illustrious children, her people's love, and the admiration of the universe."

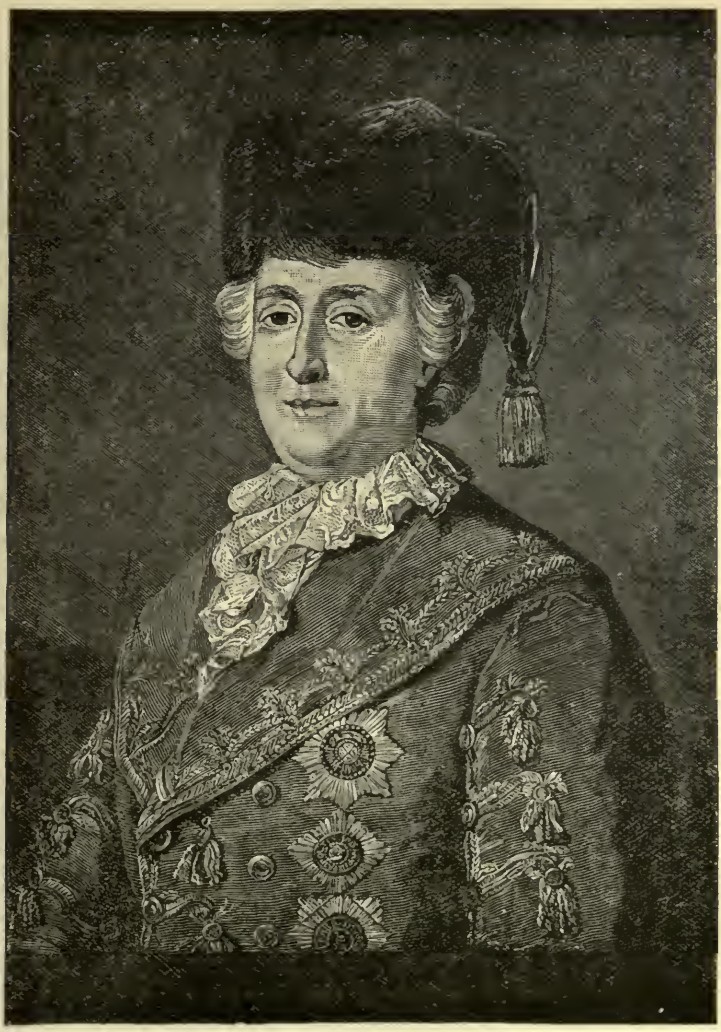
CATHERINE II.

A.D. 1729-1796.

"Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen." — SHERIDAN.

IN mighty Russia, that land of violent extremes, that land of lavish wealth and utter poverty, — whose frightful climate conquered the otherwise invincible Napoleon, and with its keen frosts snapped the pillars of his throne; where millions tremble before a despot whose will is fettered by no constitution; whose prisons are the ice realms of Siberia, whither so many trains of wretched captives have passed to linger hopelessly in living tombs; whose smouldering fires of discontent and hatred, fanned by the ardent breath of Nihilism, are constantly breaking out into rebellion and assassination, — in that land of splendor and of barbarism, behold St. Petersburg, the city of the Czars, founded by Peter the Great in 1703, and risen out of the desolate marshes of Ladoga to be the worthy capital of a great empire.

St. Petersburg, the city of palaces, with its royal and princely residences, adorned with Doric, Ionic and Corinthian columns surmounted by massive friezes, entablatures, and sculptures; with its Grecian and Gothic temples, its great squares, its splendid, spacious streets, its monuments, its warehouses and docks, its gardens and boulevards, Cronstadt with its frowning bastions and painted spires, and in the midst, giving to all an air of space, of freedom, and dignity, the Neva, thronged by craft of all



CATHARINE II. OF RUSSIA.

kinds and sizes, from the tiny gondola to the man-of-war, and from the mighty merchant ship to the rude barge laden with timber or with grain, — presents a scene of opulence and magnificence which makes it difficult to realize that the foundations of this great metropolis were placed in the quaking bogs of Lake Ladoga.

Upon the bank of the Neva, midway between the Senate House and the Admiralty, stands that most famous of the monuments of St. Petersburg, — the equestrian statue of Peter the Great. A splendid statue, this, of bronze and of colossal size. Peter, astride a mighty charger, reins back his steed upon the brink of a precipice, and stretches forth his sceptre, while he seems to survey with proud triumph the wonderful growth of the city of which he is the "creator," and of which he might exclaim, as did Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon, "Is not this great Petersburg, that I have built by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty!"

Little did Peter think, when he laid aside the sceptre of his empire, that five women would reign after him in almost direct succession, and that the last, the greatest of them all, would rear to him this costly monument upon the borders of the Neva.

Peter I. was succeeded by his wife, Catherine, who governed for two years, then Peter II., a poor boy of fourteen, who had the privilege of ruling nominally for a few months, and then Anne, niece of Peter I. was placed upon the throne.

Anne reigned ten years, or rather her favorites reigned for her, and in 1740 she ended her insignificant life. Then baby Prince Ivan was proclaimed Emperor Ivan III. But his mother, Anne of Mecklenburg, thirsted for imperial power. So Biren, the regent, went to Siberia, and

Anne of Mecklenberg ruled in his stead. It was only for a year, however, for in 1741 Elizabeth, cousin of Anne, headed the imperial guards who had revolted, and declared herself Empress Elizabeth the First.

Elizabeth ruled for twenty years, and commenced by declaring that "she would never put a subject to death upon any provocation whatever," — a principle all very fine in theory, but never put in practice. And since it so affected her tender heart to take the lives of her dear subjects, she contented herself by sending them to Siberia, which answered her purpose quite as well.

"Joanna," said she to her lady of the bedchamber, who one day reproached her for the miserable manner in which she educated her nephew, the grand-duke, — "Joanna, *knowest thou the road to Siberia?*" Joanna took the hint and henceforth held her peace.

On the 2d of May, 1729, at Stettin, in Prussia, was born Sophia Augusta Frederica, Princess of Anhalt-Zerbst-Bernburg, who, in 1762, resigned all these sonorous and illustrious titles to be called simply — *Catherine II.*

In 1747 the Empress Elizabeth married her nephew, the worthless grand-duke, to this Princess of Anhalt, and at the death of the empress, in 1761, he became Peter III.

Things went smoothly enough for the first few months, but soon Sophia Augusta Frederica, Princess of Anhalt, desired to reign alone and undisputed upon the throne of the Romanoffs, and in that highly moral and virtuous assembly, the imperial court of St. Petersburg, there were many who, in the hope of self-aggrandizement, would not scruple to terminate the mortal career of the Emperor Peter the Third.

There were three separate conspiracies against the life

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.

of Peter; and Catherine, who appeared to do nothing herself, was in reality the mover of all.

Peter was spending a few days at his country palace of Oranienbaum, from whence he was to proceed to the palace of Peterhof, where the conspirators intended to seize and carry him off.

But all these fine plans were overthrown by a soldier of the guard, who innocently asked his captain on what day they were to take up arms against the emperor. The terrified captain, who knew nothing of the conspiracy, gave notice to his superiors. Then all is terror in the ranks of the conspirators; and the Princess Dashkoff, when she learns of the discovery of the plot, hastily gives intelligence to her party. The Empress Catherine sleeps at Peterhof, where she has gone to meet her husband. At two o'clock in the morning a soldier stands at her bedside. It is Alexis Orloff. "Your Majesty," he says, "has not a moment to lose; rise and follow me!"

The empress and her maid dress in haste. Orloff conducts them to the garden gate, where a carriage is in waiting. The empress and her maid are placed in it. Alexis seizes the reins, and they are off at a gallop.

Before they have gone far the carriage breaks, and Catherine is compelled to continue her journey on foot. When they have walked about a mile, they meet a peasant driving a country cart. Immediately Alexis Orloff seizes the horses, places the empress in the cart, and drives at full speed toward the capital.

The Emperor Peter III. sleeps quietly in his palace at Oranienbaum, while his wife, Catherine II., drives madly along the road from Peterhof to Petersburg, to place upon her head the imperial diadem of Russia.

At seven in the morning Catherine reached St. Peters-

burg. She immediately presented herself to the soldiers, assuring them that the Czar, her husband, intended to put her to death that very night, and that they were her only protection. This lie was believed at the moment, and the men swore to die in her defence.

The Orloffs raised a cry of "Long live the Empress Catherine!" and the soldiers echoed the shout. Their officers encouraged them, and when Villebois, general of artillery, ventured to remonstrate, Catherine turned upon him haughtily, told him she wanted no advice of his, but to know what he intended to do. The general, confounded at her assumed air of command, could only stammer, "To obey your Majesty!" and immediately delivered the arsenals and magazines of the city into her hands.

Thus in two hours did Catherine find herself upon the throne, with an army at her command, and the capital at her feet.

Meanwhile Peter III., totally unconscious of the usurpation of his unfaithful spouse, ordered his carriage, and set out for Peterhof, where he was informed of the revolt. This news threw him into such horror and confusion, that for a time he lost the use of his faculties. He could resolve on nothing, and his imbecility was like that of a terrified child.

Finally, however, he sat down and wrote a submissive letter to Catherine, acknowledging his errors, and proposing to share the sovereign authority with her. To this letter Catherine gave no reply, except to send Count Panin to the Czar, who persuaded him to sign a declaration that he was not fit to reign, and that he voluntarily abdicated the throne. Having done this, the poor, weak prince was carried off and locked up in the palace of

Ropscha. "It was necessary that some apparent reason should be given for such extraordinary proceedings, and a short manifesto was accordingly set forth, proclaiming the accession of Catherine, without any mention of the unhappy emperor, but alleging as her only motives for assuming the government her tender regard for the welfare of the people, and above all for the holy and orthodox Greek religion, which she feared was exposed to total ruin; and this notable document of state villany thus concludes: 'For these causes, etc., we, putting our trust in Almighty God and in his divine justice, have ascended the imperial throne of all the Russias, and have received a solemn oath of fidelity from all our faithful subjects.' Dated June 28, 1762.

"Thus, by a revolution which never could have occurred under any other government than that of Russia, which few could account for and no one seemed to comprehend, — which was accomplished in the course of a single day, without injury to individuals, and without tumultuous violence, — did a young woman, a foreigner, and a stranger to the imperial blood, spring into the throne of the Czars."

Catherine II., having thus established herself upon the throne, began to consider how she could best retain her newly acquired power. The first obstacle which presented itself to her mind was the Czar, Peter III. She had him under lock and key at Ropscha, it is true, but then he had his friends and his faithful Holstein guards, who had seen his downfall with grief and indignation. So Peter III. must be made an end of, and those most accomplished of villains, Orloff and Baratinsky, were sent to Ropscha to make an end of him, which deed they performed very satisfactorily both to themselves and to the empress, by strangling him in his dining apartment with a napkin.

The news of his death was announced to the empress as she was on the point of holding her court, but, as the proper precautions had not been taken, she did not choose to make it public, and went on with her audience with every appearance of cheerfulness and tranquillity. On the following day, while dining in public, the death of the Czar was formally announced; and immediately she rose from the table, all bathed in tears, and retired to her apartment, where for several days she feigned the greatest grief. She afterward published a manifesto, in which she announced to her subjects "that it had pleased Almighty God to remove the late Emperor Peter the Third from this world, by a violent attack of a malady to which he had heretofore been subject, and desiring them to consider it as an especial act of Providence working in her favor." None were stupid enough to believe this monstrous lie, and none were bold enough to contradict it, and this was answer sufficient for the Empress Catherine II.

But "what a sight for the nation itself, a calm spectator of these events! On one side, the grandson of Peter I. dethroned and put to death · on the other, the grandson of the Czar Ivan languishing in fetters; while a Princess of Anhalt usurps the throne of their ancestors, clearing her way to it by a regicide."

As a sovereign, Catherine displayed marked ability. She effected several useful reforms, established important institutions, encouraged national intercourse, founded schools and hospitals, and erected arsenals and manufactories.

During her lifetime she published a list of two hundred and forty-five cities which she had founded in her dominions. This sounds very grand; but we may look as vainly for her cities as for those of Babylonian Semiramis. In

some instances she merely indicated the spot where she intended a city should be erected; in others, she gave the name of a city to some hamlet or village.

When she made her famous voyage down the Dnieper, in 1787, Joseph II. accompanied her to lay the foundations of a city to be called, after her name, *Ekaterinaslof*, and which, in her imagination, already rivalled St. Petersburg. The empress laid the first stone with great pomp, and the emperor laid the second. On returning from the ceremony, Joseph remarked, in his dry, epigrammatic manner: "The empress and I have this day achieved a great work; she has laid the *first* stone of a great city, and I have laid the *last*." His speech was prophetic. The city never proceeded farther, nor was it thought of again.

Catherine had one overmastering passion, — ambition; and since the basis of her character was selfishness, her ambition began and ended with herself. She was shrewd in principle, astute in judgment, hard in character, and hopelessly corrupt in morals. But "she knew how to make herself looked up to, if not with respect and liking, at least with deference; and Frederick the Great, Louis XV., Maria Theresa, and George III., each in their turn, learned to regard her acts with attention."

The principal fame of Catherine rests on her celebrated code of laws, and on her title of *legislatrix* of her dominions.

"If," said Frederick of Prussia, "several women as sovereigns have obtained a deserved celebrity, — Semiramis for her conquests, Elizabeth of England for her political sagacity, Maria Theresa for her astonishing firmness of character, — to Catherine alone may be given the title of a female law-giver."

But how much of this was fulsome flattery and how much honest praise, it is not very difficult to discern, considering the gross nature of Catherine, and the cunning diplomacy of Frederick.

Catherine is said to have doubled the resources and revenues of her empire. Undoubtedly she increased the resources by the extension of her commerce; and by her conquests over the Turks, which threw open the trade and navigation of the Mediterranean, she added greatly to the power of Russia; but she exhausted her resources much faster than she could create them, and she wasted her revenues more quickly than she could replenish them. She doubled and trebled the taxes of her oppressed people, and the legal pillage of her tyrannical officers drove whole provinces to desperation.

"Kings and queens," she wrote in her letter to Queen Marie Antoinette, "ought to proceed in their career undisturbed by the cries of the people, as the moon pursues her course unimpeded by the howling of the dogs." A fine sentiment truly, and one which she took good care should not grow dull for want of use during her lifetime.

To find some parallel for the criminal profusion of Catherine, a profusion which exceeds all calculation, we must go back to the days of Caligula and Heliogabalus.

Her favorites were countless: her lavishness towards them almost incredible. Upon them she squandered a sum equal to $100,000,000.

She bestowed estates equal in extent to provinces; and by a word, by a stroke of her pen, she, who called her people her children, and, by her royal clemency, had substituted the word *subject* for *slave*, gave away thousands, tens of thousands, of serfs, poor wretches transferred like cattle from one proprietor to another. "She gave dia-

monds by handfuls, and made gold and silver as common as pebbles. Yet when we read over the names and qualifications of those who were her confidants and ministers, or of those who were particularly distinguished by her munificence, it is like looking over the peerage of Pandemonium"; for where but in the court of Russia, with a female Louis XV. in the person of Catherine II. upon the imperial throne, could such an assemblage of fiends and savages, ruffians and reptiles, demons and cormorants, have been congregated together to fatten on the blood and tears of an oppressed people?

In pursuance of the mighty plans which she had formed, Catherine kept two objects steadily in view: first, to extend her dominions on the west by seizing Poland; and secondly, to drive the Turks from Constantinople.

She began with Poland, marched an army into that country, forced upon the Poles a king of her own choice, dictated laws at the point of the bayonet, intimidated the weak by threats, and massacred and exiled all who resisted.

The Poles could not endure this usurpation of their country. They rose against the Russians, and from 1765, when Catherine first invaded the country, till its final seizure in 1795, Poland presented a scene of horror, calamity, and crime.

The Poles besought the aid of the Turks, and thus began the first Turkish war declared in 1768. Fierce and bloody was this war, and in 1774 the Turks were compelled to sue for peace, acceding to the humiliating conditions which Catherine haughtily demanded, that the Ottoman Porte should recognize the independence of the Crimea, and yield to Russia the free navigation of the Black Sea and the Archipelago.

In 1774 also, the empress-queen disgraced Gregory Orloff and raised to the post of favorite and chief minister, Potemkin, afterward Prince Potemkin, of infamous renown, who for more than twenty years held the highest honors of the empire. He was neither a great statesman nor a great general, but he was certainly an extraordinary man. He had all the petulance, audacity, and wilfulness of a spoiled boy, yet he possessed a genius fit to conceive and execute great designs. "His character displayed a singular union of barbarism and grandeur, and of the most inconsistent and apparently incompatible qualities. He was at once the most indolent and the most active man in the world; the most luxurious, and the most indefatigable; no dangers appalled and no difficulties repulsed him; yet the slightest caprice, a mere fit of temper, would cause him to abandon projects of vital importance. At one time he talked of making himself king of Poland; at another of turning monk or bishop. He began everything, completed nothing, disordered the finances, disorganized the army, depopulated the country. He lived with the magnificence of a sovereign prince. At one moment he would make an aide-de-camp ride two or three hundred miles to bring him a melon or a pineapple; at another he would be found devouring a raw carrot or cucumber in his own antechamber.

"He scarcely ever opened a book, yet he learned everything, and forgot nothing; his wonderful quickness in appropriating the knowledge of others served him instead of study. Altogether his great qualities and his defects precisely fitted him to obtain the ascendency over such a mind as that of Catherine; she grew tired of others, but his caprices, his magnificence, and his gigantic plans, continually interested and occupied her." Under his admin-

istration all things did not go on well, we may be sure; but all *went on*, and the empress was content.

The second Turkish war having ended in 1783 with the annexation of the Crimea and Kuban, under the classic names of Taurida and the Caucasus, Potemkin persuaded Catherine to go and admire herself in her new dominions, a thing which she was only too ready to do.

So on the 18th of January, 1787, the imperial *cortège* set out from St. Petersburg. There were fourteen carriages upon sledges for the empress and her court, and one hundred and sixty for the attendants and baggage. Five hundred and sixty relays of horses waited them at every post, and the luxurious carriages flew over the frozen plains at the rate of a hundred miles a day. Wherever they stopped, a temporary palace was erected for the empress, fitted with every luxury, and arranged, as much as possible, like her palace at St. Petersburg. When they arrived at Khief, the empress embarked on the Dnieper, and with a fleet of fifty galleys sailed down the river to Cherson.

Here money, provisions, and troops had been conveyed from every part of the empire. The Borysthenes was covered with magnificent galleys; a hundred and fifty thousand soldiers were newly equipped; deserts were peopled for the occasion, and palaces reared for the empress-queen in the midst of trackless wilds.

The king of Poland came to do her homage, and the Emperor Joseph was content to mingle among the herd of her courtiers and swell the splendor of her state.

Catherine herself scattered diamonds and honors with her usual liberality. "In her travelling-carriage she had a large, green sack, full of gold coins, and her courtiers were kept busy throwing handfuls out of the window to

the people, who lay grovelling on the earth as her carriage passed by."

After six months spent in this sort of travelling, the empress returned to St. Petersburg.

As a refuge from the cares of state, Louis XIV. had built his Trianon, and Frederick the Great his Sans-Souci, and Catherine II., oppressed like them, reared the splendid palace of the Hermitage, within whose portals she laid aside the imperial diadem of all the Russias, and became a patron of literature and the fine arts.

Beneath a great portal, supported by colossal granite giants, is the entrance to this Hermitage, over whose steps have often passed those discarded favorites of the empress-queen, smothering under forced smiles and honeyed words their inward rage and indignation; for when Catherine wearied of her favorites she sent them an order to travel.

"I am tired of him," she would say; "his ignorance makes me blush. He can speak nothing but Russian. He must travel in France and England to learn other languages." The courtier who received this intelligence was not long in preparing his travelling-carriage.

At the Hermitage, Catherine surrounded herself with men of letters. Here were Lomonozof, the poet; Sumorokof, the dramatic author; Kheraskof, the writer of tragedies; Sherebetoff, the historian; and Pallas, the naturalist.

She especially affected the friendship of French writers. She entertained Diderot with royal magnificence, and purchased his library; she gave the education of her grandsons, Alexander and Constantine, to the care of the republican Laharpe; and she kept up a constant correspondence with Voltaire. Catherine, herself, had no real love for the arts; but she patronized them all as subservient to her glory and her power.

DIDEROT AND CATHARINE II.

"Thus she not only had no taste for music, but she was destitute of ear to distinguish one tune from another, as she often frankly acknowledged; but nothing less would serve her than an Italian *corps d'opera* attached to her domestic establishment. She had no taste for painting, yet she purchased at a high price some beautiful collections, and in the gallery of her palace of the Hermitage hung some magnificent specimens of the Italian and Flemish schools, purchased in France and Italy."

Fifteen miles from the capital of Russia is the beautiful palace of Czars-Koe-Selo, the Versailles of St. Petersburg. Catherine II. was very fond of this place, and spent enormous sums on its embellishment. Originally every ornament and statue upon the façade of the palace, which is no less than twelve hundred feet in length, was heavily plated with gold. After a few years the gilding wore off, and the contractors engaged to repair it offered the empress nearly half a million of dollars for the fragments which remained. But the extravagant Catherine answered them scornfully: —

"I am not in the habit, gentlemen," she said, "of selling my old clothes."

The main avenue leading to this palace of Czars-Koe-Selo is ornamented with several Chinese statues. One morning as the empress was taking her usual promenade along the avenue, she thought she detected a faint smile upon the face of one of the heathen images. She observed it more closely. Surely it was no fancy! the eyes returned her gaze, and that, too, with an expression remarkably human.

Catherine II. was not a woman to be afraid of anything. Accordingly, she walked straight towards the statue, determined to solve the mystery. She *was* startled for a

moment, however, when all the figures leaped from their pedestals, and, hats in hand, begged her to pardon the little surprise with which they tried to enliven her morning walk; for her favorite Potemkin and three other courtiers had, in jest, exactly copied the dress and attitude of the Chinese figures.

When Prince Bismarck was Prussian ambassador at the court of Alexander II., he was one day standing with the Czar at a window of the Peterhof Palace, when he observed a sentinel in the centre of the lawn with apparently nothing whatever to guard. Out of curiosity he inquired of the Czar why the man was stationed there. Alexander turned to an aide-de-camp.

"Count ——," said he, "why is that soldier stationed there?"

"I do not know, your Imperial Majesty."

The Czar frowned. "Send me the officer in command," he said.

The officer appeared. "Prince —— why is a sentinel stationed on that lawn?"

"I do not know, your Majesty."

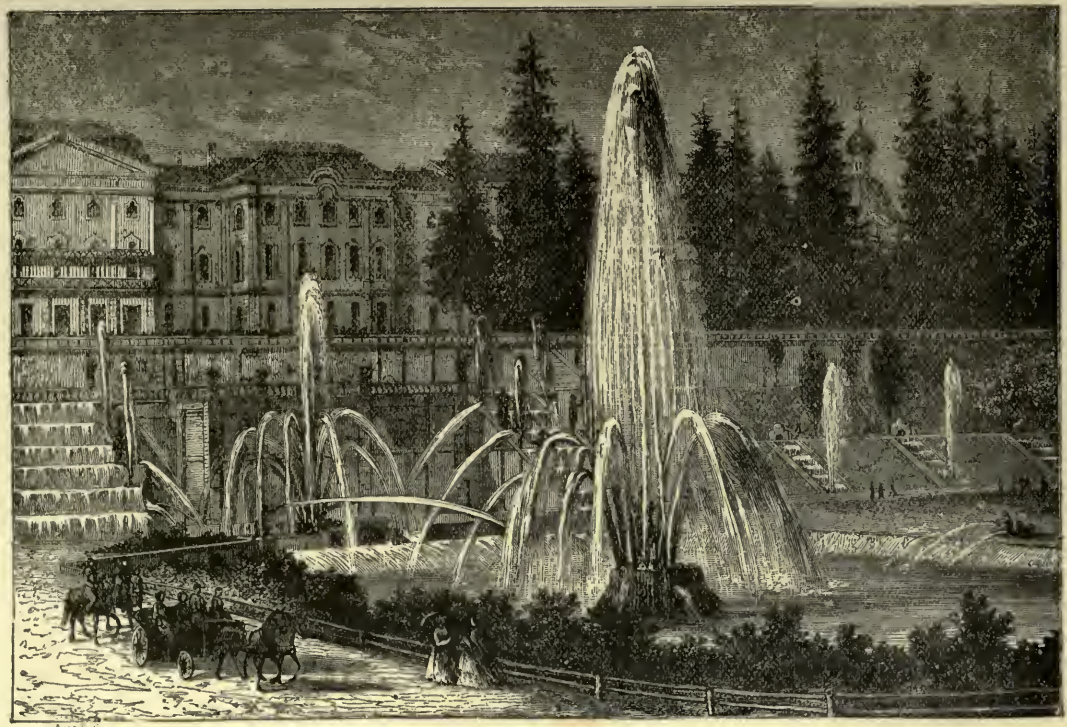
"Not know?" cried the Czar in surprise; "request then the general commanding the troops at Peterhof to present himself immediately."

The general appeared. "General," said the Czar, "why is that soldier stationed in yonder isolated place?"

"I beg leave to inform your Majesty that it is in accordance with an ancient custom," replied the general evasively.

"What was the origin of the custom?" inquired Bismarck.

"I — I do not at present recollect," stammered the officer.



PETERHOF PALACE.

"Investigate, and report the result," said Alexander.

So the investigation began, and after three days and nights of incessant labor, it was ascertained that some *eighty years before*, Catherine II., looking out one spring morning from the windows of this palace of Peterhof, observed in the centre of this lawn, the first May-flower of the season, lifting its delicate head above the lately frozen soil.

She ordered a soldier to stand there to prevent its being plucked. The order was inscribed upon the books; and thus for eighty years, in summer and in winter, in sunshine and in storm, a sentinel had stood upon that spot, no one apparently, until the time of Bismarck, caring to question the reason of his so doing! Such was, and is, the absolutism of the government of the Czars!

Catherine had long resolved that one of her granddaughters should be queen of Sweden.

Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, was already affianced to a princess of Mecklenburg; but with Catherine to will was to do, so she contrived to have this marriage broken off, and brought the young king to St. Petersburg, where she thought her own consummate address and the charms of the intended bride would accomplish the rest.

For once, however, Catherine, the crafty, deceived herself.

Proposals of marriage were speedily made, the treaty drawn up, the day of betrothment fixed, and a splendid fête prepared.

The appointed time arrived. The empress, surrounded by her court, sat in the audience chamber of the Winter Palace.

Alexandrina, adorned in bridal pomp, stood at the side of her imperial grandmother; all was in readiness, but

the royal bridegroom came not. They waited — there was a depressing silence — the bride turned pale, the empress turned red, the courtiers looked at one another ominously.

A very different scene, however, was being enacted in the apartments of the king of Sweden.

The Chancellor Markoff had brought the articles of marriage to him for his signature. As a mere matter of form, he read them over rapidly; but the young king, who listened, became aware that certain articles were inserted which had not been previously agreed upon.

It was a law of Sweden that the queen of the country must profess the faith of the nation, and exchange the Greek for the Lutheran church; but the haughty and imperious Catherine had decided that *her* imperial granddaughter should be made an exception to this law, and had introduced into the marriage treaty a clause to that effect.

The king refused to sign the contract.

The chancellor was thunderstruck. A mere boy to resist the will of the empress; it was preposterous!

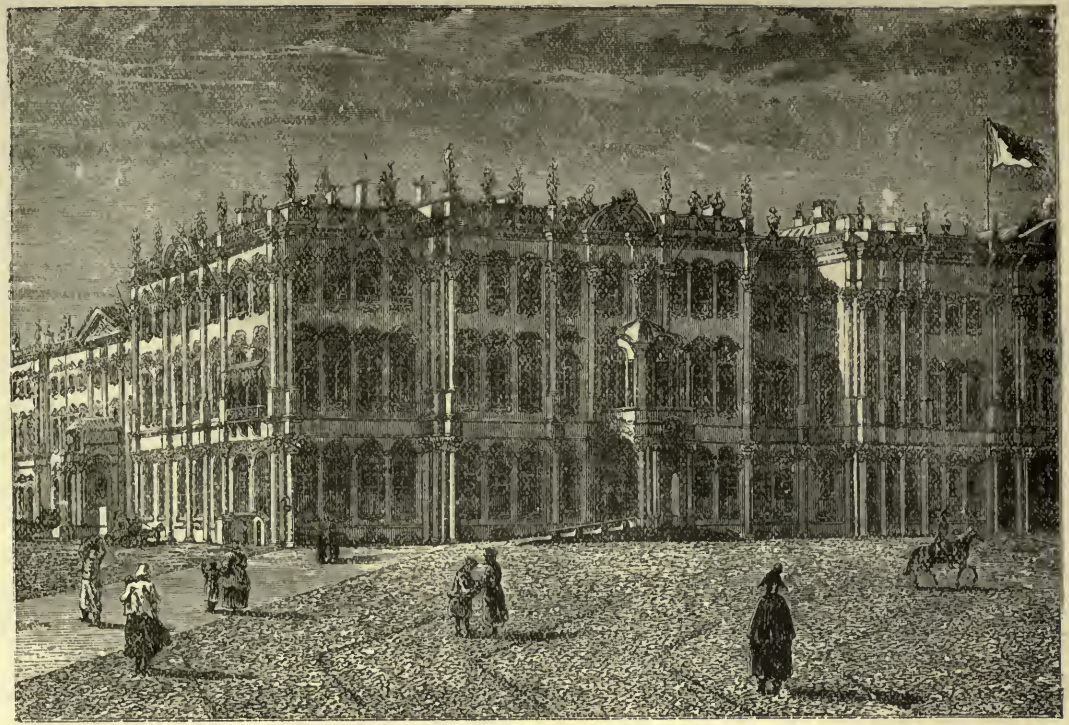
He flattered, he entreated, he implored; but all in vain.

Gustavus was immovable; and enraged at the attempt to deceive him, he flung the papers away.

"No," he cried furiously, "I will not have it! I will not sign!" and he shut himself up in his own apartment.

Here was an unexpected *contretemps*. Who would dare to relate this pleasing news to the empress-queen, surrounded by her expectant court?

For some time no one could be prevailed upon to do it, but finally her favorite, Zuboff, approached Catherine and whispered to her. The blood rushed to her face and, attempting to rise, she staggered. But she controlled her-



THE WINTER PALACE.

self with a mighty effort, and dismissing her court under the pretence that the king of Sweden was suddenly indisposed, retired to her cabinet.

The poor Princess Alexandrina was conducted to her apartment, where she fainted away. In her tender heart, a sad and crushing sorrow mingled with mortification and wounded pride; but Catherine the imperial, Catherine the imperious, — what were her sensations?

"Braved on her throne, insulted in her court, overreached in her policy, she could only sustain herself by the hope of vengeance. Pride and state etiquette forbade any expression of temper, but the effect on her frame was perhaps more than fatal. The king of Sweden took his departure a few days afterward, and Catherine, who from that instant meditated his destruction, was preparing all the resources of her great empire for war, — war on every side, — when the death stroke came, and she fell, like a sorceress, suffocated among her own poisons."

Upon the 9th of November, 1796, she was found by her attendants stretched upon the floor of her apartment, struck by apoplexy. All attempts to reanimate her were in vain; and on the following day, without having had one moment granted her to think, to prepare, or to repent, this terrible and depraved old woman was hurried out of the world, with all her sins upon her head.

Such was the end of her whom the Prince de Ligne had pompously styled "*Catherine la Grande.*"

Though her political crimes and private sins were such as to consign her to universal execration, she seems to have possessed all the graces of an accomplished Frenchwoman.

In her personal deportment, and in the circle of her court, she was kind, easy, and good-humored. Her

serenity of temper and composure of manner were remarkable; and the contrast between the simplicity of her deportment in private and the grandeur of her situation rendered her exceedingly fascinating.

She possessed so many accomplishments, was so elegant and dignified, and performed with such majesty and decorum all the external functions of royalty, that none approached her without respect and admiration; but her selfishness and her depravity spoiled all, and made her what we have seen her.

Among all the famous queens of history, there is not one, save Catherine de' Medici, whose career is so utterly devoid of noble acts, so entirely dictated by "selfishness, lust, and sordid greed," as that of Catherine II., removed by the grace of God on the 10th of November, 1796, from being longer empress of all the Russias, and from the world which she had done so much to pollute.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

A.D. 1755-1793.

"It is our royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe." — WORDSWORTH.

IN the grand *salon* of Trianon stood King Louis XV., and near him, on a gold and crimson sofa, sat the Marchioness of Pompadour. In his hand the king held a letter which vividly depicted — far too vividly for royal ears — the desolation of the kingdom and the ruinous state of the finances; and his Majesty frowned gloomily as he gazed upon it, for it was not the habit of King Louis the Well-Beloved to concern himself with the interests or the wishes of his subjects, or with what took place within his wide domain of France. Turning suddenly to Madame de Pompadour, the king read aloud the missive: "Sire, — Your finances are in the greatest disorder, and the great majority of states have perished through this cause; your ministers are without capacity. Open war is waged against religion. Lose no time in restoring order to the state of the finances. Embarrassments necessitate fresh taxes, which grind the people and induce toward revolt. A time will come, sire, when the people will be enlightened, and that time is probably near at hand"; then, turning upon his heel, he added angrily, "I wish to hear no more about it. Things will last as they are as long as I shall." And Madame la Marquise de Pompadour, rising from her gold and crimson sofa, cried gayly, "Right, *mon roi!* Things will last

as long as we shall, and *après nous le deluge!*" Madame la Marquise de Pompadour spoke truly, and when at last the storm burst in all its fury, and the Duc de Liancourt announced to Louis XVI. that the Bastile had fallen, and upon its smouldering ruins a people bid defiance to their king, his Majesty, astonished and alarmed, exclaimed, "It is a revolt, then!"

"Nay, sire," replied Liancourt, "it is a revolution!"

A revolution! Aye, a revolution truly. And King Louis leaves his splendid, proud Versailles, and Queen Marie Antoinette bids sad adieu to Trianon. The royal diadem of France, torn from a kingly brow, is trampled in the dust, and the blood-red emblem of the Jacobins appears upon the gilded portals of the Tuileries Palace. Anarchy! confusion! chaos! Government, Philosophy, Religion,—all are hurled headlong in the dark abyss, and fury reigns supreme. But amid this overthrow of men and things, a daring soul arises who grasps the helm of state, and stands erect beneath the weight; who chains revolution in France, and unchains it in the rest of Europe; and who, having added to his name the brilliant synonymes of Rivoli, Jena, and Marengo, picks up the royal crown, and, burnishing it into imperial splendor, places it triumphantly upon his head, to found for a time a kind of Roman Empire,—himself the Cæsar of the nineteenth century.

All the palace, all Vienna, was full of excitement. The loyal affection and sentimental lamentation of the inhabitants gave vent to themselves in cries of grief. For the fair young daughter of their empress, in whose coming exaltation they took the utmost pride, who was to do them such honor and service at the court of France, she whose bright face ever beamed with smiles, was, on this

MARIE ANTOINETTE
d'Autriche Reine de France.

21st of April, 1770, departing on her long journey, and, as many without much prophetic insight might have perceived, her difficult career. When the great coach rolled from the palace courtyard, the girl-bride covered her face with her hands, which yet could not conceal the tears that streamed through her slender fingers. Again and again she turned for a farewell look at the mother, the home, and the early friends, which she was never to see again. The carriage rolled away, and Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josèphe de Lorraine turned her back forever on the Prater and the Danube, Schönbrunn and the moated Laxenburg.

Spring-time in sunny France; the birds are singing merrily, the trees are putting forth their leaves, and all nature wears a look of happiness and joy. The Château de Compiègne is filled with guests, — a brilliant assemblage of the *haute noblesse* composing the court of Louis XV. Upon the terrace stands the king, and with him his three grandsons, — the Dauphin (Louis XVI.), Monsieur le Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), and the Comte d' Artois (Charles X.), — and an eager, anxious crowd surrounds them. All gaze in one direction, for Louis, the Dauphin, awaits his bride, — she who is to be the future queen of France. But little like a bridegroom looks the timid, fat Louis, upon this bright spring morning. He wears an air of resigned indifference, contrasting strongly with the eagerness of his Majesty, King Louis XV., who, notwithstanding his sixty years, makes a far more gallant knight than he. There is a cloud of dust upon the horizon; the *avant-couriers* arrive; the king and the Dauphin mount their horses, and with a numerous retinue ride forth to meet and welcome the approaching bride. And now the old state travelling carriage is in sight. Putting spurs to

his horse, the king leads the way, and, hat in hand, rides up to the side of the cumbrous vehicle. The door flies open, and before him in all the freshness of her fifteen summers is Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josèphe de Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria. The introductions follow, and the young bride and her bashful *fiancée* are conducted back to Versailles, where, on the 16th of May, 1770, the nuptial benediction is pronounced by the Archbishop of Paris, in the chapel of the palace.

Then followed the *fêtes*, and notwithstanding the exchequer was in the usual chronic state of exhaustion, twenty millions of francs — a mighty sum for that period — was spent upon them.

"*Fêtes magnifiques*" they were termed, from their surpassing in splendor anything witnessed in France since the days of *Louis le Grand*. For weeks the public rejoicings continued.

On the 30th of May, they were to close with the *fête* of the Ville de Paris, and in the evening a display of illuminations and fireworks on the Place Louis XV. (now the Place de la Concorde) which were to surpass all that had preceded them. Thousands of people filled the square and all the approaching avenues. Most unfortunately, through some mismanagement, the scaffolding supporting the fireworks took fire and burned rapidly. No means were at hand for extinguishing the flames, and the terror-stricken multitude rushed in all directions. Crushing upon each other, hundreds were suffocated by the pressure. Those that fell were trampled to death. Groans and screams, and frantic cries for help that none could render, filled the air. Nothing, in fact, could be done until the fire had burnt itself out, and the extent of the calamity was ascertained. The Dauphin and Dauphiness,

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

distressed at so sad a disaster, gave their entire year's allowance towards mitigating the misery that had fallen upon many poor people; and the "*fêtes magnifiques*," with all their splendor and rejoicing, ending thus in "lamentation, mourning, and woe," seem to have been, as it were, a foreshadowing of the career of her for whom they had been given, — the unfortunate Marie Antoinette.

"It is the 10th of May, 1774, — a lovely evening following a bright spring day. The sun has sunk below the horizon; the brilliant hues of the western sky have faded into the dark shades of the advancing night, and the Chateau of Versailles, in its sombre grandeur, looms larger in the increasing gloom. On the terrace are saunterers in earnest conversation; carriages and horses and a throng of attendants in the marble court. A group of impatient pages, *écuyers* booted and spurred, an escort of the household troops, eager for an order to mount, — all are watching, with anxious eyes, the flickering glare of a candle that faintly illumines the window of a chamber in the chateau."

In that chamber lies Louis, once the "well-beloved," in the last stages of confluent small-pox. As the clock of Versailles tolls the hour of twelve, at midnight, the flame is extinguished; the king is dead! Louis XV. has breathed his last! Instantly all is movement and animation in the courtyard, while through the gilded galleries of Versailles resounds the cry, destined to be heard never again within its walls, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" as, with a noise like thunder, the courtiers rush from the antechamber of the dead monarch to the apartments of the Dauphin, to hail *him* king of France. This extraordinary tumult, in the silence of midnight, conveyed to Louis and Marie Antoinette the

first intelligence that the crown of France had fallen upon their brows; and, overcome by the violence of their emotions, they fell upon their knees exclaiming, "O God! guide us, protect us; we are too young to govern!"

Preparations had been made for an immediate flight; for all alike were anxious to escape the infectious air of the *petits appartements* and *grande galerie*, whose deadly atmosphere claimed yet a hecatomb of victims. Three hours after the king's death Versailles was a desert; for the young king and the queen, with the whole court in retinue, had set out in their carriages for Choisy. A few under-servants and priests of the "inferior clergy" remained to pray beside the body, which was ultimately placed in a coffin filled with lime, thrust into a hunting-carriage, and, followed by a few attendants, with no signs of mourning, the *cortège* set out, "*au grand trot*" for St. Denis.

There were none to mourn the departed monarch; and in an hour Louis the Well-Beloved was forgotten, or remembered but to be despised. But a single Fontenoy veteran, inspired by the memories of other days, rushed forward and presented arms as the scanty funeral *cortège* of the once vaunted hero of a brilliant fight passed through the gates of Versailles, in the dead of night, on the 13th of May, 1774. "What matters it," murmured the old soldier, regretfully; "he was at Fontenoy!"

"It was a momentous crisis in the history of the nation when Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette ascended the throne of France. The time had arrived when the abuses of the Old Régime could no longer be tolerated, and sweeping reforms were demanded. The nation, hitherto politically a nullity, had awakened to a sense

of its rights; while absolute sovereignty, with its arbitrary dictum, '*L'état c'est moi*,' and its right divine to govern wrong, had lost its prestige, and had apparently no prospect of regaining it."

The people, indeed, regarded the young monarch as the "hope of the nation," and named him "*Louis le Desire*," — a testimony to the ardor with which they had looked forward to his accession. And it is probable that, had a more able pilot — "a king more a king" than that feeblest of monarchs, Louis XVI. — been called to the helm at that period, "the vessel of state might have been safely guided through the shoals and quicksands surrounding her, and escaped the eddies of that devastating whirlpool in which she was eventually engulfed." Indeed, if sincerely wishing to see his people prosperous and happy could have made them so, France would have had no more beneficent ruler than Louis XVI. But his good wishes and intentions were rendered of no avail by his utter want of energy and ability to carry them out. Infirm of purpose at the first, he remained so to the end. The decree, "Let there be light," unfortunately, never went forth to quicken his mental faculties. The queen, on the other hand, possessed all the courage and resolution of her imperial mother, Maria Theresa; and, had she been able to control affairs, the revolution would have been crushed in its infancy with an iron hand. Again, had the king been able to hold to his milder measures, to maintain on the following day that which he had declared the day before, it is possible that France might have passed quietly from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy. But the self-will and determination of the one, and the weakness and instability of the other, rendered a union of ideas impossible and the revolution inevitable.

Little was known by the nation at large of the mental qualities of the young king. He was now in his twentieth year; and it had been noised among the people that he had inherited all the virtues of his father, "*Le Grand Dauphin*," to which were added the frugal tastes, the genial temper, and the air of *bonhomie* to which the gallant Henry IV. owed so much of his popularity.

"No wonder, then, that the accession of Louis XVI. was hailed throughout France with general delight, or that the enthusiastic people — their many expected reforms already conceded in imagination — should have written in conspicuous characters, 'RESURREXIT,' beneath the statue of the gallant Henry, whose jovial humor and pliant conscience enabled him to gratify his Catholic subjects with his presence at a *Te Deum*."

When the king made his public entry into the capital, the joyous demonstrations of the Parisians affected him deeply. "What have I done," he exclaimed, "that they should love me so much?" Ah, Louis! you have as yet done nothing; but much, very much, is expected from you!

But Louis XVI. possessed no energy; and the torpid action of his mind was but too plainly evinced by the sluggish inactivity of his heavy frame, as, stolid in his immense corpulence, he sat lolling in his chariot.

Perhaps, in their eagerness for reforms, the Parisians displayed unreasonable impatience. But when, a few weeks later, the young monarch again passed through Paris, he remarked — though unfortunately the lesson was lost on him — that the acclamations of the people were far less frequent and fervid than on the former occasion. And his eyes were filled with tears when he perceived that the conspicuously displayed "RESURREXIT"

was transferred from the statue of the gallant Henry to that of the slothful Louis XV. Still, with all his vices, Louis the Well-Beloved, on those rare occasions when he appeared in public, had always commanded the respectful homage of his subjects, simply by the dignity of his bearing. By the same means he imposed silence on his courtiers, when, in license of speech, they infringed the limits within which it was sometimes his *bon plaisir* to restrain them. Occasionally, too, when the parliament opposed his edicts, or the dissentient opinion of a minister roused him from his habitual indolence, he could at once assume the arbitrary tone, the "*je le veux*" of the absolute monarch, and carry out his purposes with all the *hauteur* of his royal ancestor, the *Grand Monarque*. "And it is probable that his handsome person and majestic air — for, whatever may have been his shortcomings in other and more essential qualities, in appearance he was every inch a king — may have gone far in preventing the utter extinction of the enthusiastic affection which on several occasions during his reign the people so singularly, yet so generally, expressed towards the royal *débauché*. A lingering spark of that once ardent feeling must have smouldered on in their hearts to the end; for, grievously oppressed though they were, and vicious as they knew him to be, they still toiled on under their burdens, not exactly uncomplainingly, yet in a spirit of toleration towards him; while the yearned-for relief was, as if by the tacit consent of his subjects, to be claimed only from his successor." Truly, indications were not wanting of the approaching storm. But "*Après nous le deluge!*" cried Madame de Pompadour, gayly; and the king and the court echoed the cry. Madame la Marquise was right. The deluge came; and the royal authority which

Richelieu, Mazarin, and Louis XIV. had raised to such gigantic heights, and which Louis XV. had so shamefully abused, was hurled prostrate in the dust.

Bright shines the sun on this 10th day of June, 1775; and, heavy in its massive architecture, the grand old cathedral of Rheims looms up against the clear blue sky. The interior is hung with crimson cloth of gold. On the right of the altar, arrayed in their red and violet robes, point lace, gold crosses, chains, and mitres, sit the great grandees of the church. On the left, in their mantles of state, stand the temporal peers of the realm, and a brilliant crowd of gold-embroidered naval and military uniforms surrounds them; while above, in the lofty galleries of the nave, in the midst of pearls and diamonds, gold, and precious stones, and lofty, waving plumes, is Marie Antoinette, proud and radiant, surrounded by the ladies of her retinue.

For on this 10th day of June, "good Louis XVI.," as the country people say, is to be crowned. Maria Theresa was anxious that Marie Antoinette should be crowned with the king; but she evinced not the slightest inclination, and, indeed, it was only at Vienna that such an event seems to have been expected or desired. But among the glittering throng which fills the cathedral, one sees not the king. He waits in the sacristy, whither two of the dignitaries of the church proceed to lead him to the front of the altar. The door forthwith flies open, and Louis XVI. appears in all the insignia of royalty. The mantle of state is placed upon his shoulders, and anointing him with the seven unctions of the *sacre*, the archbishop cries aloud, "*Vivat rex in aeternum!*" The grand old organ peals forth as he approaches the altar, and the fresh young voices of the choristers swell through the

LOUIS XVI.

aisles and naves as they sing the choral service. How startling is the effect when, during a *sotto voce* passage of the service, the archbishop places the crown upon the king's head, and he, suddenly raising his hand, thrusts it aside, exclaiming, "*Elle me gêne!*" Poor Louis! Truly he was destined to find it *gênant* in every sense. Henry III. had said, "*Elle me pique!*" All knew what had been his end. "The queen, who had been a deeply interested spectator of the scene, exhibited so much agitation at the moment of the king's exclamation, that she was near fainting, and was conducted from the cathedral." The ceremony is concluded; and the clanging of bells, the roaring of cannon, the lively chirping of thousands of birds, freed from their cages, to symbolize the "*vieilles franchises*" of France, and the tumultuous shouts of "*Vive le roi!*" proclaim to the multitude that "*Louis le Desire*," is crowned king of France.

Marie Antoinette had been reared in all the freedom of the Austrian court, and it was some time before she could habituate herself to the etiquette-laden atmosphere of Versailles, where every look, every motion, every gesture, were governed alike by the inexorable rules of *la grande politesse*, laid down with such precision and exactitude by King Louis XIV. From the cradle to the tomb, in sickness and in health, at table, at council, in the chase, in the army, in the midst of their court, and in their private apartments, kings and princes, in France, were governed by ceremonial rules. The pomp and glitter at Versailles dazzled the beholder. There all breathed of greatness, of exaltation, and of unapproachableness; and the people, awestruck at the splendor and gorgeous trappings of royalty, fell prostrate before the throne.

Madame Campan thus describes her feelings upon first entering this charmed spot: —

"The queen, Marie Leekzinska, wife of Louis XV., died just before I was presented at court. The grand apartments hung with black, the great chairs of state raised on several steps and surmounted by a canopy adorned with plumes, the caparisoned horses, the immense retinue in court mourning, the enormous shoulder-knots embroidered with gold and silver spangles which decorated the coats of the pages and footmen,—all this magnificence had such an effect upon my senses, that I could scarcely support myself when introduced to the princesses.

"How well was the potent magic of grandeur and dignity, which ought to surround sovereigns, understood at Versailles!

"Marie Antoinette, dressed in white, with a plain straw hat, and a little switch in her hand, walking on foot, and followed by a single servant, through the walks leading to the Petit Trianon, would never have thus disconcerted me. And I believe this extreme simplicity was the *first* and only *real* fault of all those with which she is reproached."

The illusions of etiquette were necessary to Louis XV. Louis XIV. might have dispensed with them. His throne, resplendent with the triumph of arms, literature, and the fine arts, was glorious enough without them. But he would be more than a great king, this mighty Louis! And so this demi-god, when age and calamity had taught him that he was but human, endeavored to conceal the ravages of time and of disease beneath the vain pomp of ceremony. He, Louis "the Magnificent," the most accomplished of gentlemen, habitually exacted and received from the noblest of his realm adulations and menial services better becoming the palace of Ispahan than the Chateau of Versailles.

"All service to the king and queen, and, in a lower degree, to the Dauphin and Dauphiness, was regarded as an honor to the persons serving, — an honor to be keenly contended for by persons of the highest rank, no matter what delay, or inconvenience, or unutterable weariness of spirit was experienced by the individuals thus served." Her Majesty the queen could not pass from one apartment to the other, without being followed by the lords and ladies of her retinue. The ceremonies of rising and dressing were accompanied by laws and rites as irrevocable as the decrees of the Medes and Persians.

The *petites entrées* and the *grandes entrées* had each their appropriate ceremonies. At the former, none but the physicians, reader, and secretary had the privilege of being present, whether her Majesty breakfasted in bed or out of it. At the *grande toilette*, the toilet table, which was always the most splendid piece of furniture in the apartment, was brought forward, and the queen surrendered herself to the hands of her hairdresser. Then followed the *grande entrée;* sofas were ranged in circles for the ladies of the household. The members of the royal family, the princes of the blood, and all the great officers, having the privilege, paid their court. Only *grandes dames* of the *haute noblesse* could occupy the *tabouret* in the royal presence. There were well-defined degrees of royal salutation, — a smile, a nod, a bending of the body, or leaning forward as if to rise, which was the highest form of acknowledgment. If her Majesty wished her gloves, or a glass of water, what she desired was brought by a page upon a gold salver, and the salver was presented in turn with solemn precision, according to the rank of the persons present, by the *femme de chambre* to the lady-in-waiting; but if the chief *dame d'honneur*, or

a princess of the blood, or any member of the royal family entered at the time, the salver was returned to the *femme de chambre*, and by her offered again to the *dame d'honneur*, or to the princess, that she might have the privilege of presentation, till, at last, the article reached its destination.

One winter's morning, Marie Antoinette, who was partially disrobed, was just about to put on her body linen. The lady-in-waiting held it ready unfolded for her. The *dame d'honneur* entered. Etiquette demanded that she should present the robe. Hastily slipping off her gloves, she took the garment, but at that moment a rustling was heard at the door. It was opened, and in came Madame la Duchesse d'Orleans. She must now be the bearer of the garment. But the laws of etiquette would not allow the *dame d'honneur* to hand the linen directly to Madame la Duchesse. It must pass down the various grades of rank to the lowest, and by her be presented to the highest. The linen was consequently passed back again from one to another, till it was finally placed in the hands of the duchess. She was just upon the point of conveying it to its proper destination, when suddenly the door opened, and the Comtesse de Provence entered. Again the linen passed from hand to hand until it reached Madame la Comtesse. She, perceiving the uncomfortable position of the queen, who sat shivering with cold, without stopping to remove her gloves, placed the linen upon her shoulders. Her Majesty, however, was quite unable to restrain her impatience, and exclaimed, "How disagreeable, how tiresome!" Such was the etiquette of the court of Versailles, and its inexorable rules governed alike every action in the lives of the king and queen, while the cavaliers and *grandes dames* observed with the greatest

minuteness every punctilio of *la grande politesse et la grande galanterie*, that by so doing they might widen the gulf already existing between them and the new ideas of *liberté* and *égalité* which were beginning to pervade the realm.

"You love flowers; I give you a bouquet of them by offering you Le Petit Trianon entirely for your own private use. There you may reign sole mistress; for the Trianons, by right, belong to you, having always been the residence of the favorites of the kings of France." For Louis XVI. this speech was a great effort of gallantry. It delighted Marie Antoinette. Here, then, was that for which she had so often longed; a place to which she could retire from the cares of state, and throw aside the pomps and punctilios of etiquette. She loved not the grand old gardens of Versailles, with their terraces and clipped yews. She would have an English garden of the day, with its thickets, waterfalls, and rustic bridges, such as the Prince de Ligny had made at *Bel-œil* and the Marquis de Caraman at Roissy. *Le grand simple* is to take the place of *le grand magnifique*, and attired in white muslin, with a a plain straw hat, and followed by a single attendant, the queen roams through the gardens and groves of the Petit Trianon. Through the lanes and byways she chases the butterfly, picks flowers free as a peasant girl, and leaning over the fences, chats with the country maids as they milk the cows.

This freedom from restraint was etiquette at the court of Vienna; it was barbarism at the court of Versailles. The courtiers were amazed, the ceremony-stricken dowagers were shocked; and Paris, France, and Europe, were filled with stories of the waywardness and eccentricities of Marie Antoinette. And Mesdames, the king's aunts, from their retreat at Bellevue, and Madame du

Barry, from her domain of Luvieiennes, lost no opportunity to gather reports unfavorable to the reputation of the queen, and spread them far and wide.

Still another surprise was in store for the nobility, for upon one occasion, at Trianon, when the queen seated herself, she requested in a lively, nonchalant manner the whole of the ladies, without distinction, who formed her intimate circle, to seat themselves also! What a blow to those who held so dear the privileges they derived from distinction of office and superiority of rank! *La haute* and *la petite noblesse*, in spite of their cherished distinctions, *all* are to sit down together! It is terrible! How many enemies are made, and allies added to the circles at Bellevue and Luviciennes, by that little act! Poor thoughtless Marie Antoinette!

But she proposed to reign at Trianon, not as queen of France, but simply as a lady of the manor, surrounded by her friends. And so she built the Swiss cottages, with their thatched roofs and rustic balconies; for it was her good pleasure that she, her king, and her friends, should be country people for the nonce. The queen's cottage stood in the centre, and she was the *fermière*. The king was the miller, and occupied the mill, with its joyous ticktack. Monsieur le Comte de Provence, figured as schoolmaster, while the Comte d'Artois was in his element as gamekeeper. However, one may be sure that these simple country folk had no want of retainers to do their behests. In the dairy, where the cream was put in the blue and white porcelain of Trianon, on marble tables, diligent dairymaids skimmed and churned, and displayed fresh butter and eggs. Down by the lake were more masqueraders,—washerwomen this time; and Madame la Comtesse de Chalons beat the clothes with ebony beaters.

In the stable, the sheep, unconscious of the honor to be done them, stood ready for clipping with golden shears. "The Duc de Guines might not assist at this, because he was so stout and so desperately bent on resorting to art to restrain his bulk, that his valet, in selecting his master's garments every morning, was fain to ask, 'Does my lord the Duke sit down to-day?' But there were other helpers, — the big, jovial Duc de Coigny, and the rough-voiced, stiff-jointed Comte d'Adhémar, who could, at least, hoist sacks of corn up the mahogany steps to the granary." *Madame la Fermière* distributed refreshments as she overlooked and encouraged her workers. And so the dainty work, which was the idlest pastime, went on to the accompaniment of gay jests and rippling laughter.

This descent from the throne, which was so congenial to the queen, was loudly condemned. In their first efforts for reform the people had no wish to detract from the hereditary splendor of the crown, or the "divinity," which for so many centuries had hedged the kings of France. It was the king and queen who took the first steps. Winter comes, and with it a heavy fall of snow, and Marie Antoinette longs again for the merry sleigh rides of Vienna. "The old court sledges are brought forth — these being professedly economical times — for examination as to their possibly serviceable condition. A glance, however, suffices to show that disuse and neglect have put them completely *hors de service*." So new ones of great magnificence are prepared, with "abundance of painting and gilding, trappings of embroidered crimson leather and velvet, with innumerable tinkling bells of gold or silver." The horses, with nodding plumes and gorgeous caparisons, dazzled the eyes of the Parisians as they swept through the Champs Elysées, drawing their loads of lords

and ladies enveloped in furs. The people frowned disapprovingly. It was a new amusement — an innovation; and angry, envious tongues declared that the "*Autrichienne* had taken advantage of the rigor of the season which had caused such widespread misery to introduce her Austrian pastimes into the capital of France."

Marie Antoinette was imprudent, very imprudent; that was her only crime. But much allowance must be made for one, who, at the age of fifteen years, was made *la premiere dame* in a court the most gorgeous, and, after that of Catherine II. of Russia, the most dissolute, in Europe.

The people had already begun to compute the cost of equipages, palaces, crown jewels, and courtiers. And some few of the *grands seigneurs*, even, had begun to recognize the growing power of the *vox populi;* but Marie Antoinette did not yet know that public opinion was of any importance to her. "The slanderous tongues of Mesdames and the pious circle of Bellevue, the innuendoes of Luvieiennes, and the insidious attacks of Monsieur le Comte de Provence, — all this she understood, and resented. It seemed a matter of course that it should be thus; but the right of the *people* to interfere with her amusements and to call in question their propriety, was something she could not understand." Alas! poor queen; the dreadful significancy of that expression "THE PEOPLE," and the vengeful acts to which an infuriated populace could be driven, were two terrible lessons she had yet to learn.

On the 22d of October, 1781, a child is born at Versailles. The king advances towards the queen's couch; with a profound bow, and in a voice that falters with emotion, he exclaims, "Madame, you have fulfilled the

dearest wishes of my heart and the anxious hopes of the nation; you are the mother of a *Dauphin*." Nothing could exceed the public rejoicings; the triumph became well-nigh frantic. For it is recorded that their superabundant joy found expression in a sort of delirium, — people of all grades, and who had no previous acquaintance with each other, indulging in fraternal embraces in the street. The king himself went through a similar display of excessive joy. He laughed, he wept, the tears streaming down his fat face. He ran in and out of the antechamber, presenting his hand to kiss or to shake — or both, if they pleased — to all and each indiscriminately, from the solemn *grandees*, who were there to attest the birth, to the humblest lackey in attendance. "The royal infant, splendidly arrayed and with the grand cross of St. Louis on his breast, was placed in his satin and point-lace bassinet to receive the homage of the great officers of state. It is recorded that he replied in a most suitable manner to the many flattering speeches addressed to him; and this being the first opportunity he had had of exhibiting the power of his lungs, he availed himself of it freely." Madame Royale had been born three years before; two other children were subsequently added, — the Duc de Normandie, and the Princess Sophie; but only Madame Royale and the Duc de Normandie were destined to survive to endure those woes which eventually overwhelmed the royal family.

Marie Antoinette was now in the flower of her beauty, on which French biographers love to dwell. Tilly said, "Her eyes recalled all the changes of the waves of the sea, and seemed made to reveal and reflect the blue of the sky." Her fine throat and the lofty carriage of her head were remarkable; and she once said, laughingly, to

Madame Le Brun, "If I were not a queen, should not I look insolent?"

"As one would have offered a chair to another woman, one would have offered a throne to her; and when she descended the marble staircase at Versailles, preceded by the officers who announced her approach, saluted in the great court by the beating of drums and the presentation of arms, all heads were uncovered respectfully, all hearts were filled with admiration of the woman, as well as with loyalty to the queen."

Who shall tell the true story of the diamond necklace? It will probably never be told. The papers of the Cardinal de Rohan, which might have thrown much light upon the subject, were unfortunately destroyed. Little did Marie Antoinette think, as she entered Strasburg in triumph on her marriage journey, that she would encounter, in the magnificent robes of a cardinal's coadjutor, a man who was to prove her deadly foe,—the insolent and profligate Prince Louis de Rohan. He had been ambassador at Vienna, where he had disgusted Maria Theresa by his profligacy and arrogance. She had procured his withdrawal. He had not been allowed to appear at the court of Versailles; and now for ten long years he had fretted and fumed under a sense of the royal displeasure. Boehmer, the crown jeweller, had, for a period of years, been collecting and assorting the stones which should form an incomparable necklace, in row upon row, pendants and tassels of lustrous diamonds, till the price had reached the royal pitch of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This costly "collar" he offered to the king, who would willingly have bought it for the queen had she desired it; but Marie Antoinette replied, that if the money were to be spent, it had better be used in fitting a

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

frigate for the royal navy. His Most Christian Majesty concurred exactly in this sentiment, and, returning the necklace to Boehmer with the words, "We have more need of ships than of diamonds," thought no more about the matter. Not so did the Cardinal de Rohan, and the *intrigante* Madame de Lamotte. They had made up their minds to possess the three hundred and fifty thousand dollars represented by the glittering gems. So they laid their clever heads together, and, by forging notes of the queen and sundry other little plots which were wonderfully successful, obtained the necklace, leaving Boehmer to look to the queen for payment. Of course payment was not forthcoming, and in his distress the jeweller related the affair to Madame Campan, telling her he feared he had been duped. Madame Campan proceeded at once to Versailles, and laid the matter before the queen. It was the 15th of August, 1784, Assumption day, and Prince Louis de Rohan, in full pontificals, and wearing the Grand Cross of St. Louis, arrived at Versailles to perform mass in the royal chapel; but he had scarcely entered the *Œil de Bœuf*, when he was summoned to the cabinet of the king. As he entered, Louis XVI. turned upon him suddenly, inquiring, "You have purchased diamonds of Boehmer?" "Yes, sire," was the trembling reply. "What have you done with them?" the king added. "I thought," replied the cardinal, "that they had been delivered to the queen." "Who commissioned you to make this purchase?" "The Comtesse de Lamotte," was the reply; "she handed me a letter from her Majesty, requesting me to obtain the necklace for her. Indeed, I thought I was obeying her Majesty's wishes by taking this business upon myself."

"How could you imagine, sir," indignantly interrupted

Marie Antoinette, "that I should have selected *you* for such a purpose, when I have not addressed you for eight years, and how could you suppose that I should have acted through the mediation of such a character as Madame la Comtesse de Lamotte?"

The cardinal was in the most violent agitation; he drew from his pocket a letter, directed to the Comtesse de Lamotte, and signed with the queen's name. Her Majesty glanced at it, and instantly pronounced it a forgery, and the king added, "How could you, a prince of the church and grand almoner of my household, not have detected it? This letter is signed *Marie Antoinette de France*. Queens sign their names short; it is not even the queen's handwriting." Then drawing a letter from his pocket, and handing it to De Rohan, he said, "Are you the author of that letter?"

The cardinal turned pale, and, leaning upon a table, appeared as though he would fall to the floor.

"I have no wish, Monsieur le Cardinal," the king added, "to find you guilty; explain to me this enigma; account for all these manœuvres with Boehmer. Where did you obtain these securities and these promissory notes, signed in the queen's name?"

The cardinal was trembling in every nerve: "Sire, I am too much agitated now to answer your Majesty; give me a little time to collect my thoughts." "Go into my cabinet," replied the king; "you will there find papers, pens, and ink. At your leisure, *write* what you desire to to say to me."

But the written statements of M. de Rohan were as unsatisfactory as his verbal ones. In half an hour he returned with a paper covered with blottings, alterations, and erasures. Louis' anger was aroused, and, throwing

open the folding doors, he cried out in imperious tones, — very unusual for him, — which resounded through the *Œil de Bœuf* and *grande galerie:* "Arrest the Cardinal de Rohan!" The Baron de Bretuil approached through the crowd of astonished courtiers, and, summoning the officer on guard, he indicated the cardinal with the words, "*De par le roi, Monseigneur*, you are arrested; at your risk, officer." But, before the cardinal could be removed, he had spoken three words in German to one of his officials, and given him a slip of paper. The horse on which the man rode post haste to the cardinal's palace in Paris, fell dead in the courtyard; but the red portfolio, containing the supposed autographs of the queen's letters, lay in ashes before it could be sealed up in the name of justice and of the king. The cardinal was taken to the Bastile. More arrests followed, including that of the Comtesse de Lamotte. For nine months the trial lasted before the Council of the Grand Chambre. The Pope protested against a prince of the church being made accountable for his acts to any but the highest ecclesiastical tribunal (an assembly of the cardinals at Rome); while the *haute noblesse* looked on the cause of the Prince de Rohan as their own, considering the rights and privileges of their rank intrenched upon, when a near relative of the princes of the blood was put on his trial before the Council of the Grand Chambre. So the cardinal was eventually acquitted, and Madame de Lamotte alone was severely punished by flogging and branding on both shoulders.

Their Majesties were chagrined at the acquittal of M. de Rohan and shocked at the punishment of the countess. The former was an insult to the king, the latter to the queen; for Madame de Lamotte boasted a descent

from the House of Valois and royal blood within her veins. Such was the affair of the Diamond Necklace, which, though apparently trivial in itself, involved consequences of the most momentous importance.

"Mind that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand; "I should be in nowise surprised if it should overturn the French monarchy."

Whoever were the guilty ones, Marie Antoinette was entirely innocent. She, however, experienced all the ignominy she could have encountered had she been involved in the deepest guilt, and the affair furnished a fine theme for the malevolence of Bellevue and Luviciennes.

Respect for royalty was on the wane. The king, of course, had shared with the queen in the disrespect which Mesdames, his aunts, were desirous should rest on her alone; and the insulting conduct towards him of his brothers, Monsieur le Comte de Provence and the libertine, the Comte d'Artois, who, according to an eye-witness, "on occasions of great state or solemnity, will pass before the king twenty times, push him aside, tread on his feet, and this, apparently, without any thought of apology or excuse," together with the affair of the Diamond Necklace, were well calculated to debase him further in the eyes of his courtiers and in public opinion. Nowhere was this more evident than when the court assembled in the Grand Gallery of Versailles, where once the *Grand Monarque* held his *réunions* called "*Appartements*." At such times, "a stranger would have found it difficult to recognize the king by any particular attention or any deference paid to him." What, then, must have been the agonized sensations of the perturbed spirit of the superb *Louis Quatorze*, if ever, to look on his degenerate posterity, he revisited the scene of his

PALACE OF VERSAILLES.

former greatness and grandeur, where once he sat enthroned like Jupiter among the inferior gods, and where all around him were but too willing to fall down in the dust at his royal feet, had it been his "*bon plaisir*" that they should do so! Ah, those were palmy days for church and state!

Brightly dawned the 5th of May, 1789, and Versailles, with its tapestries, its garlands, and its throngs of gayly dressed visitors, wore a festive, smiling air. To many it was indeed a joyous day, — a day of hope; for the king had granted the States General. Such an assemblage France had not witnessed for more than a hundred and fifty years. No wonder, then, it was looked forward to as the dawn of national liberty. But as the procession winds its way along the vast streets of Versailles, the people see, with pain, how marked are the distinctions of rank and costume which divide *their* representatives from the nobles and the clergy. To the episcopal purple, the croziers, and grand mantles of the dignitaries of the church succeed the long black robes of the "inferior clergy." Then in all the splendor of velvet and cloth of gold, lace ruffles and cravats, floating plumes and mantles of state, come the *haute noblesse*. Then follow the modest Third Estate of the realm; the absence of finery in their humble garb is atoned for in the eyes of the populace who receive them with hearty cheers, which they have refused the nobles who have preceded them. One only is generally known. It is the "plebian count" de Mirabeau. The *cortège* of the princes, who are surrounded by courtiers, is allowed to pass in silence. Louis XVI. appears; as usual, he moves without dignity, simple, in spite of his Cross of St. Louis and his *cordon bleu*. Marie Antoinette moves with her accustomed majesty, but

her face wears an anxious look. Her lips are closely pressed, as if in a vain effort to dissemble her trouble, for not only is her Dauphin, whose birth had been so proudly hailed, at the point of death, but she is this day greeted, not with the old loyal shouts of "*Vive la reine!*" but with new insulting cries of "*Vive d'Orleans!*" Monsieur le Comte de Provence is grave and pensive, and apparently impressed with the importance of the occasion. He walks with difficulty, owing to his extreme corpulency. The Comte d'Artois shows evident signs of *ennui* and bad temper, and casts disdainful glances to the right and left upon the crowd that lines the streets, and so, although they little think it, those high-born men and women march onward to their fate. "For although no really hostile sentiments can be said to have *then* animated that vast throng, nevertheless, alike among those who formed the procession and those who were only its spectators, there was a lurking latent feeling that something strange, something hitherto unknown, coming from the past and pressing on to the future, was moving onwards towards France."

It was the revolution to be decreed by the *États Généraux*. On the 23d of June, the king held a *séance royale* at Versailles. It was attended with all the *appareil* and state of the "bed of justice" of the old régime. The *noblesse* had determined, if possible, to crush the Third Estate; but the king hardly knew how to utter the arrogant and defiant words which had been put into his mouth. It was the lamb attempting to imitate the roar of the lion. "*Je veux, j'ordonne, je commande*" was the burden of the king's speech, which was read by the keeper of the seals, upon his knees. One may imagine how it was received by the *Tiers État*.

The address closed with the following words: "I command you, gentlemen, immediately to disperse, and to repair to-morrow morning to the chambers appropriate to your order."

The king and his attendant court left the hall. The *noblesse* and the clergy followed him. Exultation beamed upon their faces, for they thought that the *Tiers État* was now effectually crushed. The Commons remained in their seats. The crisis had arrived. There was now no alternative but resistance or submission, rebellion or servitude. The Marquis de Brézé, grand master of ceremonies, perceiving that the assembly did not retire, advanced to the centre of the hall, and in a loud, authoritative voice, — a voice at whose command nearly fifty thousand troops were ready to march, — demanded, "Did you hear the command of the king?"

"Yes, sir," responded Mirabeau, with a glaring eye and a thunder tone; "we have heard the king's command, and you who have neither seat nor voice in this house are not the one to remind us of his speech. Go, tell those who sent you, that we are here by the power of the people, and that nothing shall drive us hence but the power of the bayonet."

And the grand master of ceremonies went out backwards from the presence of the orator of the people, as it was etiquette to go from the presence of the king.

The *noblesse*, in the meantime, were in exultation. They deemed the popular movement effectually crushed, and hastened with their congratulations to the queen. Marie Antoinette was much elated, and presenting to them the Dauphin, she exclaimed, "I intrust him to the nobility."

The Marquis de Brézé now entered the council-chamber, to inform the king that the deputies still continued their

sitting, and asked for orders. The king walked impatiently once or twice up and down the floor, and then replied hastily, "Very well! leave them alone." Louis XIV. would have sent every man of them to the Bastile or the scaffold; but the days of Louis XIV. were no more. It was the 14th of July, 1789. All Paris was in confusion. Mobs ransacked the city in pursuit of arms. Every sword, pistol, and musket from private residences were brought forward. The royal arsenal, containing mainly curiosities and suits of ancient armor, was sacked, and while all the costly objects of interest were left untouched, every available weapon was taken away. But why all this turmoil, terror, and excitement? Out at Versailles was Marshal Broglie, proud and self-confident, in conference with the court, and having at his command fifty thousand troops abundantly armed and equipped, all of whom could in a few hours be concentrated in the streets of Paris. Upon the *Champ de Mars*, Benseval had assembled his force of several thousand Swiss and German troops, cavalry and artillery, and at any moment this combined force might be expected to pour, in the king's name, upon his "good city of Paris," and chastise his rebellious subjects with terrible severity; while the enormous fortress of the Bastile, with its walls forty feet thick at the base and fifteen at the top, rising with its gloomy towers one hundred and twenty feet in the air, with its cannon charged with grapeshot, already run out at every embrasure, commanded the city; while that remained in the hands of the enemy there was no safety. Could the Bastile be taken? Preposterous! It was as unassailable as the rock of Gibraltar. The mob surged around the Hotel de Ville demanding arms and the immediate establishment of a citizen's guard. But arms were not to

be had. It was well known that there were large stores of them somewhere in the city, but no one knew where to find them. What is this? A rumor runs through the crowd: "There are arms at the Hotel des Invalides; muskets, thirty thousand and more;" and now the discordant cries resolve into one long and steadfast shout, "*Les Invalides! Les Invalides!*" and in the bright sunshine of this July morning, upon the esplanade of the Invalides, thirty thousand men stand grim and menacing. But there is no resistance. The gates are thrown open and the mob rush in. They find in the armory thirty thousand muskets and six pieces of cannon; and now, as by common instinct, resounds the cry, "*La Bastile! La Bastile!*" The crowds across the Seine take up the shout, while from the Champs Elysées, the Tuileries Gardens, and the Palais Royal, comes back, as it were, the echo, indistinct at first, but in ever-increasing volume, "*La Bastile! La Bastile!*" as one hundred thousand men, shouting, swearing, and brandishing their pikes and guns, rush forward, a living torrent, to assail with these feeble means, that fortress *par excellence* of France, — a fortress which the army of Monsieur le Prince, le grand Condé, had besieged in vain for three and twenty days.

Enormous, massive, blackened with age, the gloomy emblem of royal prerogative, exciting by its mysterious power and menace the terror and execration of every one who passed beneath its shadow; its eight great towers darkening the air in gloomy grandeur, the world-renowned prison of the Bastile, the fortress *par excellence*, loomed lofty at the entrance of Paris, in the very heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

De Launey, the governor, from the summit of his towers had, for many hours, heard the roar of the insurgent

city; and now, as he saw the black mass of countless thousands approaching, he turned pale and trembled. M. Thuriot was sent by the electors of the Hotel de Ville to summon the Bastile to surrender. The drawbridge was lowered and he was admitted. De Launey received him at the head of his staff. "I summon you," said Thuriot, "in the name of the people." But De Launey, who was every moment expecting the arrival of troops from Versailles, refused to surrender the fortress, but added that he would not fire upon the people if they did not fire upon him. Thuriot, perceiving the cannon, and knowing that the governor had received an order from the Hotel de Ville to dismount them, exclaimed: —

"You have not had the cannon dismounted."

"I have had them drawn in; that is all."

"You will not have them dismounted, then?"

"No! the king's cannon are here by the king's order, sir; they can only be dismounted by an order from the king."

"Monsieur De Launey," said Thuriot, "the real king, whom I counsel you to obey, is yonder"; and he showed to the governor the vast crowd filling the square before the fortress, and whose weapons glittered in the sunshine.

"Sir," replied De Launey haughtily, "you may, perhaps acknowledge two kings; but I, the governor of the Bastile, — I know but *one*, and he is Louis XVI. who has affixed his name to a commission by virtue of which I command here both men and things"; and, stamping his foot, he added angrily: "In the name of the king, sir, leave this place at once." Thuriot withdrew, but he had hardly emerged from the massive portals and crossed the drawbridge of the moat, which was immediately raised behind him, ere the people commenced the attack. Up-

roar and confusion ensued. One hundred thousand men, filling all the streets and alleys, all the windows and house-tops of the adjacent buildings, opened upon the Bastile an incessant fire, harmlessly flattening their bullets against the massive stone walls. Priests, nobles, wealthy citizens, ragged and emaciate mendicants, men, women, boys, and girls, were mingled in the assault, pressing side by side; apparently the whole of Paris, with one united will, combined against the great bulwark of tyranny. For five hours the attack continued; at five in the afternoon, the French soldiers raised a flag of truce upon the towers. This movement plunged De Launey into despair. One hundred thousand men were beleaguering his fortress. The troops from Versailles had not arrived, and three-fourths of his garrison had already abandoned him, and gone over to his assailants. Death was his inevitable doom. Seizing a match he rushed toward the magazine, determined to blow up the citadel. There were one hundred and thirty-five barrels of gunpowder in the vaults. Two subaltern officers crossed their bayonets before him, and the lives of one hundred thousand people were saved. Gradually the flag of truce was seen through the smoke; the firing ceased, and the cry resounded through the crowd, and was echoed along the streets of Paris, "*La Bastile* surrenders!" "The fortress which Louis XIV. and Turenne had pronounced impregnable, surrendered not to the arms of its assailants, for they had produced no impression upon it; it was conquered by the public opinion which pervaded Paris, and which vanquished its garrison." While these scenes were transpiring at Paris, Versailles was in excitement. Courier after courier arrived, breathless, announcing that the Bastile was taken, that the troops in Paris refused to fire

upon the crowd, that De Launey was slain, and that the cavalry of Lambese were flying before the people.

No eye was closed at Versailles that night, unless, perchance, it was that of the king, Louis XVI.; for all felt the counter-shock of that terrible concussion with which Paris was still trembling. The French guards, the body-guards, and the Swiss, drawn up in platoons and grouped near the openings of all the principal streets, were conversing among themselves, or with those of the citizens whose fidelity to the monarchy inspired them with confidence; for Versailles has at all times been a royalist city. Religious respect for the monarchy and for the monarch was ingrafted in the hearts of its inhabitants as if it were a quality of its soil. Having always lived near kings, fostered by their bounty, beneath the shade of their wonders, having always inhaled the intoxicating perfume of the *fleur-de-lys*, and seen the brilliant gold of the garments, and the smiles upon the august lips of royalty, the inhabitants of Versailles, for whom kings had built a city of marble and porphyry, felt almost kings themselves; and, even at the present day, — even now, when the splendid palace of *Louis Quatorze* stands silent in its grandeur; when no longer the marble court is thronged with gorgeous equipages, and

"Up the chestnut alley, all in flower so white and pure,
Strut the red and yellow lacqueys of the Madame Pompadour;"

when the vast gardens where once Louis, the *Grand Monarque*, surrounded by his train of lords and ladies, moved majestic, "monarch of all he surveyed and of all who surveyed him," are silent and deserted; — even now, Versailles must either belie its origin, or, considering itself as a fragment of the fallen monarchy, and no longer feeling the pride of power and wealth, must at least re-

tain the poetical associations of regret and the sovereign charms of melancholy. By his answer to the Marquis de Brézé, Mirabeau had struck the very face of royalty.

By the taking of the Bastile, the people had struck it to the heart, paralyzed its nerves of action, and given it a death-blow. "But the monarch of France, from his palace at Versailles, heard the thunders of the distant cannonade, and yet inscribed upon his puerile journal, '*Nothing!*'"

"Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad;" and the adage applies fitly to the French court during the six months preceding the overthrow. Never had the nobles been so haughty and domineering. Never had they looked upon the people with such supreme contempt. Their arroganee passed all bounds. Even Marie Antoinette exclaimed in terror, "This *noblesse* will ruin us!"

The Flanders regiment had been stationed at Versailles; and on the 1st of October a banquet was given to the officers at the palace. Wine was liberally supplied from the royal cellars, and was so liberally partaken of that the banquet became a scene of riot and disorder. The revolutionary movement was cursed intensely, and the national cockade trampled under foot. The tidings of this *fête* spread rapidly through Paris, exciting great indignation. The court was feasting; the people starving. Versailles was filled with rejoicing; Paris with mourning.

The morning of the 5th of October dawns dark, cold, and dreary. The people of Paris are starving. About a baker's shop is a crowd of women and children, crying for bread. Bread is not to be had. "*À Versailles, bonnes femmes!*" cries a man passing by. "*À Versailles!* there is bread enough there, and to spare. *À Versailles!*

the land of plenty, feasting, and revelry! *À Versailles!*" A young girl seizes a drum, and cries aloud, "Bread! bread!"

Soon a mob is collected; three or four hundred women presently increased to as many thousands. They follow their leader, echoing her cry, "Bread! bread!" On to the Hôtel de Ville they rush. But there is no bread there; and their cry is now, "*À Versailles! À Versailles!*" "We will give the men," they exclaim, "a lesson in courage. If they cannot support and protect us, we will do it for ourselves."

And so along beside the Tuileries, and through the Elysian Fields, rushes on this mighty mass, headlong towards Versailles. Couriers have been sent forward to warn the king and queen of the approaching peril. His Majesty, King Louis XVI., for want of something *better* to do, has gone to chase hares at Meudon. He is sent for, post haste, and returns to Versailles. "About seven hundred gentlemen were then in the palace, all in full dress, *chapeau sous le bras*, and armed only with dress swords. Some few had found pistols; and in that unmilitary fashion they declared themselves determined to defend the chateau if attacked."

Five minutes after the king's return, the women arrived, singing, "*Vive Henri IV.!*" and more like furies than suppliants. All the shops were instantly closed; drums beat to arms, the *tocsin* sounded, and the troops were drawn up on the Place d'Armes. Entrance to the courts of the palace was refused; but finally the women sent a deputation of fifteen to the king. He received them very graciously, and promised what they desired, so that they came out of the palace shouting, "*Vive le roi!*" and praising the goodness of the king to such an

extent that their fellow-Amazons, in rage, would have strung them to the nearest lamp-posts had not the soldiers interfered.

At nine o'clock, news was brought that General de Lafayette, at the head of the National Guards and the *Gardes Française*, and followed by a crowd of the Parisian people, was on his way to Versailles. M. de Saint-Priest immediately sought the king, and urged him to leave the palace before their arrival. "The road is open," he said; "a picket of the household troops is at the gate of the Orangery, and your Majesty, on horseback, at the head of an escort, can freely pass whithersoever you wish."

Poor Louis! He would wait the course of events; not from courage to face whatever might happen, but from want of resolution to depart. Rightly had the queen called him "*le pauvre homme.*" In this hour of menacing danger she found no protector in her poor, miserably weak husband and king. But she needed none; for "she alone, among all women and all men, wore a face of courage, of lofty calmness and resolve this day. She alone saw clearly what she meant to do; and Theresa's daughter dares do what she means, were all France threatening her: abide where her children are, where her husband is."

Near midnight Lafayette arrived at the chateau, pale as death, wet through, and splashed with mud. He had ridden hard and fast in advance of his troops, that he might check any alarm felt by the royal family at the sudden incursion of the mixed multitudes of National Guards, *Gardes Française*, and volunteers of all sorts, whom he had unwillingly been made to lead. Assuming the guarding of the chateau, he prevailed upon the queen

and her ladies to retire to their apartments and seek sleep without fear.

Gradually quiet was restored, and tired, tempest-tossed Versailles lay down to rest. Alas, for peaceful dreams! All know the story of that dreadful night. How the mob, prowling round the palace, found a door unguarded; how they rushed in, and, pressing blindly on, came to the queen's door; how they fought; how the good guard who defended it poured out their life-blood upon the marble floor; how the queen had barely time to escape through the *Œil de Bœuf*, when the howling mob rushed in, and stabbed her bed, again and again, with bloody pikes and swords; and how at last the guards of Lafayette arrived and drove them from the palace. It was a night of horror. The queen was saved; but better for Marie Antoinette would it have been, if in that short agony she could have died. It was not to be. A mysterious Providence reserved her, after years of unutterable suffering, for a death more awful.

The morning of the 6th was now dawning, and the whole multitude, swarming around the palace, demanded as with one voice that the king should go to Paris. As he could not very well do otherwise, the king decided to comply. Loud shouts now rose of "*Vive le roi!*" But threatening voices were raised against the queen; "*À bas l'Autrichienne!*" "*À bas l'Autrichienne!*" they cried.

"Madame," said Lafayette, "the king goes to Paris; what will you do?"

"Accompany the king," replied Marie Antoinette.

"Come with me, then," rejoined the general. He led the queen upon the balcony, from whence she looked upon the multitude, agitated like the ocean in a storm. Proudly she stood, a true daughter of her imperial mother, Maria

Theresa, and calmly she gazed upon the mighty throng. The murmurs of the crowd were hushed. At the sight of this fearless woman standing thus exposed to all their fury, those who would have torn in pieces the daughter of the Cæsars were compelled to render homage. Lafayette, bending, took her hand and kissed it, while the marble court resounded with the shouts of "*Vive la reine!*"

A little after noon the royal family entered their carriage, and slowly the melancholy *cortège* set out for Paris.

As they passed through the gates of Versailles, the queen glanced backward for a moment upon that splendid palace, the scene of so much happiness and grandeur, which she was to see no more. And the carriage rolled on, bearing its occupants to a dungeon and the scaffold. Adieu to Versailles! Royalty was vanquished; and Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries were but the captive slaves of their subjects.

Months rolled by, months of insult and humiliation, until even the king was aroused, and seriously contemplated flight; that, escaping from the scenes of violence and danger to which he was exposed in Paris, he might draw around him his loyal subjects upon the frontiers of France, and there endeavor amicably to adjust the difficulties which desolated the kingdom.

Gabriel Honoré de Mirabeau, the son of thunder, was the mightiest and most terrible product of the Revolution. He was the ugliest man and the grandest orator in chaotic France. He swayed the multitude; and it seemed, as he himself believed, that if he would, he, and he only, might yet save the monarchy.

It was at St. Cloud that Marie Antoinette held her famous interview with Mirabeau. As she felt the spell of

his genius, so he rendered homage to her majesty. The interview lasted an hour, and Mirabeau closed it with the words: "Madame, when the empress, your mother, admitted one of her subjects to the honor of her presence, she did not take leave of him without allowing him to kiss her hand." Marie Antoinette held out her hand. "Madame," exclaimed Mirabeau, "the monarchy is saved!" But opportunity was not given him to keep or break his pledge. Under the sweet April sunshine of 1791, Mirabeau breathed his last. His death paralyzed the hopes of the king, and he now resolved to spare no endeavors to secure his escape; and so in the darkness of midnight, on the 20th of June, 1791, the king, the queen, Madame Elizabeth, the two royal children, and Madame Tourzel, their governess, escaped silently from the palace of Tuileries, and entering their carriages, which stood ready, drove rapidly away. Alas for fond hopes! Through the king's want of caution, the royal family were recognized at Varennes, arrested, and brought back to Paris. Ah, the humiliations of that long and weary, crowd-encompassed, dust-enveloped journey back to Paris! Threats, imprecations, and torrents of abuse were hurled upon the royal family from all sides. More than this they could not do, for a forest of glittering bayonets surrounded the royal carriage. It was by the glaring light of the torches that the sorrowful *cortège* entered Paris, and under a canopy of glistening steel the royal family ascended once more the marble staircase of the Tuileries Palace.

A year has rolled away. The 20th of June, 1792, has passed, — that day of horrors on which the mob, with shouts of "*Vive la nation!*" broke into and rushed through the palace of the Tuileries; that day on which the queen was exposed for hours to insults, abuses, and

derisive jests; that day on which the king was made to place upon his royal brow the red cap of the Jacobins, while the mob, exulting in their victory, cried loudly: "*Vive le roi!*" Poor Louis! As he entered the apartment of the queen, after the rabble had been cleared from the palace, he saw, in the reflection of a mirror, the *bonnet rouge* upon his head, and flinging it upon the ground, he turned to the queen, exclaiming, with a burst of tears: "Ah! madame, it was not to see me thus insulted that I brought you from Vienna."

How different were the days when the boy and girl met on that bright spring morning at Compiègne, and hunted, danced, quarrelled, and kissed again, in the old, luxurious times at Versailles and Marly, Fontainebleau and Choisy-le-Roi!

The 10th of August has arrived. The streets are swarming with a frenzied multitude. All Paris is marching toward the Tuileries, for the mob have declared that unless the dethronement of the king is procured, they will sack the palace. The peal of bells, the clangor of drums, the rumbling of artillery wheels, and the shouts of the advancing bands fill the air.

From every direction, east, west, north and south, the portentous booming of the *tocsin* is heard, and the infuriated insurgents, in numbers which cannot be counted, through all the streets and avenues are pouring toward the palace.

The spectacle aroused the energies of Marie Antoinette, and as she entered the apartment where her "*pauvre homme*" stood bewildered and submissive to his lot, she approached a grenadier, and drawing a pistol from his belt, presented it to the king, exclaiming, "Now, sire, now is the time to show yourself a *king!*"

But there was nothing imperial in the nature of Louis XVI. With a passive meekness, which it is difficult to understand, he took the pistol and quietly handed it back to the grenadier.

It was five o'clock of one of the most brilliant of summer mornings as the king, followed by the queen, and accompanied by six staff officers, descended the marble stairs and entered the courtyard to review the troops and ascertain the spirit with which they were animated. The music of martial bands greeted him, the polished weapons of the soldiers glittered in the sun as they presented arms, and a few voices rather languidly shouted: "*Vive le roi!*" Others, however, shouted defiantly: "*Vive la nation!*" thus showing that many of those who were marshalled for his defence were ready to unite with his assailants. Had the king been a spirited man, in uniform, mounted on horseback, he would have roused their enthusiasm, for the French have always loved the *vrai chevalier*. But fat, awkward Louis was well calculated to excite no other emotion than that of compassion blended with contempt.

"The appearance of the queen in this terrible hour riveted every eye, and excited even the enthusiasm of her foes. Her flushed cheek, dilated nostril, compressed lip, and flashing eye invested her with an imperial beauty almost more than human. Her head was erect, her carriage proud, her step dignified, and she looked around her upon applauding friends and assailing foes with a majesty of courage which touched every heart. Even the most ardent patriots forgot, for the moment, their devotion to liberty, in the enthusiasm excited by the heroism of the queen."

On entering the palace Marie Antoinette exclaimed in despair, "All is lost! The king has shown no energy. A review like this has done us more harm than good."

The king had now passed into the garden to ascertain the disposition of the troops stationed there. With his small retinue he traversed the whole length of the line. Some of the battalions received him with applause, others were silent, while here and there voices, in continually increasing numbers, cried, "*À bas le veto! à bas le tyran!*" As the king turned to retrace his steps, menaces and insults were multiplied. Some of the gunners even left their places and thrust their fists in his face, assailing him with the most brutal abuse. The clamor penetrated to the interior of the palace, and the queen, turning pale as death, sank into a chair, exclaiming, "Great God! they are hooting the king. We are all lost." The king returned to the palace, pale, exhausted, perspiring at every pore, and overwhelmed with shame and confusion. He retired to his cabinet. M. Roederer, chief magistrate of the Department of the Seine, entered immediately.

"Sire," said he, "you have not a moment to lose. Neither the number nor the disposition of the men here assembled can guarantee your life nor the lives of your family. There is no safety for you but in the National Assembly." Such a refuge to the high-spirited queen was more dreadful than death. It was draining the cup of humiliation to the dregs.

"Go to the Assembly!" exclaimed Marie Antoinette; "never! never will I take refuge there. Rather than submit to such infamy, I would prefer to be nailed to the walls of the palace."

"It is there only," replied M. Roederer, "that the royal family can be in safety, and it is necessary to escape immediately. In another quarter of an hour, perhaps, I shall not be able to command a retreat."

"What!" rejoined the queen, "have we then no defenders? Are we alone?"

"Yes, madam," M. Roederer replied, "we are alone. The troops in the garden and in the court are fraternizing with your assailants, and turning their guns against the palace. All Paris is on the march. Action is useless; resistance impossible."

A gentleman present, who had been active in promoting reform, ventured to add his voice in favor of an immediate retreat to the Assembly. The queen turned upon him sternly, exclaiming: "Silence, sir, silence! It becomes *you* to be silent here. When the mischief is done, those who did it should not pretend to wish to remedy it."

M. Roederer resumed, saying: "Madam, you endanger the lives of your husband and your children. Think of the responsibility which you take upon yourself!" The queen cast a glance upon her daughter, and a mother's fears prevailed. The crimson blood mounted to her temples. Rising from her seat, she said proudly, "Let us go."

A guard of soldiers was instantly called in, and the royal family descended the stairs, entered the garden, and crossed it unopposed. The leaves of autumn strewed the paths, and the young Dauphin kicked them before him as he walked along. It is characteristic of the weak mental qualities of the king, that in such an hour he should have remarked, "There are a great many leaves. They fall early this year." Some writers have found in this expression the evidence of a deep and solemn mind *reflecting* upon the calamities which had fallen upon France. Reflections! What had Louis XVI. to do with *reflections* at a time like this? His affairs demanded *actions*, not *reflections*.

At the hall of the Assembly they found an immense crowd blocking up the entrance. "They shall not enter here," was the cry; "they shall no longer deceive the nation. They are the cause of all our misfortunes. *À bas le veto! à bas l'Autrichienne! Abdication ou mort!*" But the soldiers forced their way through, and the royal family entered the Assembly. The king approached the president. "I have come hither," he said, "to prevent a great crime. I thought I could not be safer than with you."

"You may rely, sire," the president replied, "on the firmness of the Assembly."

But few of the excited thousands who crowded all the approaches to the Tuileries were conscious that the royal family had escaped from the palace. The clamor rapidly increased to a scene of terrific uproar. The volleys of musketry, the deep booming of artillery, the cries of fury, and the shrieks of the wounded and dying filled the air.

The hall of the Assembly was already crowded to suffocation, and the deputies stood powerless and appalled, for all now felt that a storm was beating against the throne which no human power could allay. Suddenly the king beckoned to an attendant, and spoke a few words to him in an undertone. The man started to leave the hall, but the terror-stricken deputies crowded around him.

"What has the king said?" they anxiously inquired; "what new order has he given? Quick! quick! speak out!"

"Why! my friends," replied the messenger, laughing, "do you not know that you are dealing with a Bourbon? The king has simply *ordered his dinner*."

And so in the midst of the National Assembly, while outside a raging, howling mob was storming his palace of

the Tuileries, and his good Swiss guard were pouring out their life-blood upon the marble stairs, and while the throne of his ancestors hung tottering in the balance, King Louis munched his bread and drank his wine. Thus low had fallen the descendant of the *Grand Monarque*.

The king munched on; the mob took and sacked the palace; thousands lay dead in the Place du Carrousel, around the Tuileries, and in the Champs Elysées. The throne was demolished, and the last vestiges of the old court *régime* and the monarchy of the superb *Louis Quatorze* disappeared forever.

And now followed those long months of imprisonment in the Temple, — months of unutterable suffering, while the king was on trial for his life. And then that sorrowful night of the 20th of January, when for the last time the king was permitted to behold his family. Ah! what prayers, what groans, what tears were heard and seen that night. Then came that awful morning of the 21st of January, 1793, and while the king was suffering upon the guillotine, the queen, with Madame Elizabeth and the children, remained in their prison, in the endurance of anguish as severe as could be laid on human hearts. As the deep booming of the artillery announced that the fatal axe had fallen, poor Marie Antoinette swooned dead away.

But haste we on to the last act of the dreadful tragedy.

On the 2d of August, 1793, Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josèphe de Lorraine, Queen of France and Navarre, and Archduchess of Austria, the once brilliant sovereign of Versailles, now a prisoner and a widow, torn from her children and treated like a common felon, was removed from the prison of the Temple to that of the Conciergerie,

there to linger until her release from human barbarity on the 16th of October. In one of the vast halls of this edifice, when occupied by the Parliament, Louis XIV. had entered during a sitting, booted and spurred, and declared that he was the state. "It was a strange fate that this building, once the dwelling-place of the sovereigns of the House of Capet, when holding their state in the capital, should see a captive within its walls, the widow of their descendant, — the 'widow Capet,' as the Jacobins described her in their blood-stained edicts." The damp, foul dungeons were the most gloomy tombs imagination can conceive. Down the dripping and slimy steps the queen was led by the light of a tallow candle, until, through a labyrinth of corridors, she approached her iron door. The rusty hinges grated as the door was opened, and entering, she struck her forehead against the low beam.

"Did you hurt yourself?" inquired the *gendarme*.

"No, nothing can further harm me." Poor Marie Antoinette!

"The candle gave just light enough to reveal the horrors of her cell. The floor was covered with mud, and streams of water trickled down the stone walls. A miserable pallet, with a dirty covering of coarse and tattered cloth, a small pine table, and a chair, constituted the only furniture." So deep was the fall from the *salons* of Versailles!

Here for two long, weary months the poor queen lingered; her misery being slightly alleviated by the kind-heartedness of Madame Richard, the wife of the jailer, and Rosalie Lamorlière, an inmate of the prison, who did all the rigorous rules allowed them to mitigate her woes. "The night of her arrival at the Conciergerie the queen had not so much as a change of linen. For days she

begged to be allowed some, but it was not till the tenth day that her prayer was granted, when Michonis went to the Temple and brought back with him a parcel of linen and some clothes; among others, the white gown which the queen wore on the day of her execution. Little by little everything was taken from the queen. The souvenirs of her happy past, to which she clung, were taken from her; first her watch, a gift of her mother's, and which had never left her since she left Vienna, — the watch which had counted the happy hours of her youth and womanhood was taken from her. Bitterly she wept at having to part with it, as if it had been a friend. There was not a moment that the queen could be out of sight of her *gens d'armes;* a little screen, four feet high, was the only separation between the space in which she changed her dress and those men." Imagine the misery of this state for a woman so delicately nurtured, so luxuriously brought up, having at her command a household of over four hundred persons, and accustomed to the refinements of the most polished court in Europe.

In the old days of splendor at Versailles, when her attendants were unable to find some article of dress or toilet, she had exclaimed pettishly: "How *terrible* it is not to be able to find what one wants!" But now, in these last days of her life, when surrounded by every aggravation that could wound a proud spirit, treated like the worst of offenders, insulted as mother, wife, queen, and woman, she never uttered one word that could be construed into petulance, or gave one angry look.

"With threads taken from her bedding, she worked a kind of garter, and not being allowed any knitting-needles, used a pair of toothpicks. When finished, she dropped it, with a significant look, when her jailer entered the

prison. It reached — thanks to one of her loyalest followers, M. Hue, a faithful servant of Louis XVI. — its destination, for he gave it to Madame Royale when he accompanied her, two years later, to Vienna." This was the richest legacy the daughter of Maria Theresa and the queen of France could bequeath to her child. The queen was not so fortunate with another little relic that she hoped her daughter would receive. This consisted of a pair of gloves and a lock of her hair, which she slipped into the jailer's hand; but the action was observed by one of the *gens d'armes*, and the little parcel was confiscated. "The damp of the queen's underground prison was such that her black gown began to fall into rags. She had another, — a white one; but this she wore only on the day of her death.

"The few other clothes she had were in a deplorable state, and required constant repair. She was only permitted three shirts, but the revolutionary tribunal decided that but one of these should be given to the queen, and worn ten days before another was allowed her; even her handkerchiefs were only allowed one by one, and a strict account was kept of every article as it came from or entered her prison." Not being allowed a chest of drawers she placed her clothes in a paper box that Rosalie brought her, "and which she received," says Rosalie, "as if it had been the most beautiful piece of furniture in the world." Rosalie also procured her a little looking-glass, bordered with red, with little Chinese figures painted on the sides. This too seemed much to please the queen; and doubtless it gave her more satisfaction than had done all the miles of gorgeous, gilded mirrors at Versailles.

And now the 14th of October has come, and Marie

Antoinette is summoned to appear before her judges. There are wretches present who cry as she enters, "*À bas l'Autrichienne!*" Yet even the fear of the guillotine is not able to check the visible signs of pity and deep-felt sympathy her appearance elicits in others.

How startlingly the sorrowful present contrasts with the gay and brilliant past, when, in her bridal dress of satin, pearls, and diamonds, the Duc de Cossé-Brissac led her to the balcony of the Tuileries to gratify the eager desire of the dense multitude to see her, and bade her behold in them two hundred thousand adorers, while shouts of "*Vive la Dauphine!*" rent the air. Marie Antoinette was then a youthful bride. Twenty-three years have passed away, and she is now a widow. In a faded black dress, she stands in the theatre of that same palace of the Tuileries, amidst a throng of *canaille*, to be tried for her life by men whose own lives would be the forfeit, if either compassion or justice should move them to find her innocent. Alas! the daughter of the Cæsars, she whom Edmund Burke had seen, "glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy," is hurled low indeed. And yet, to me, as she stands there in her frayed and patched black gown, with her widow's cap upon her almost white hair, before her judges, and her jury, and the crowded tribunes, Marie Antoinette is a far nobler, far grander figure, than when a blooming bride she stood upon the Tuileries balcony, surrounded by the acclamations of the multitude, or when, as queen of France, blazing with diamonds, and in all the pomp and splendor of regality, she received the homage of her courtiers in the gilded galleries of Versailles.

The tribunal which judged the queen was composed of a president and four judges, the public prosecutor, Fou-

quier-Tinville, — a man who even at that time was notorious as being amongst the most inhuman of the monsters who then governed revolutionary France, — the chief registrar, and fifteen jurymen. Fouquier-Tinville had himself drawn out at great length the act of accusation. He looked upon it as his *chef d'œuvre*, and Chauveau-Lagarde, the queen's counsel, did not exaggerate when he called it a "work of the devil." In it the queen was compared to Messalina, Brunehild, Frédégond, and the Medici. He declared that "since her arrival in France she had been the curse and leech of the French nation; that she had maintained a secret correspondence with the king of Bohemia and Hungary; that her aim was the ruin of the country; that by her instigation, and in concert with the brothers of Louis XVI. and the infamous Calonne, formerly minister of finance, she had lavished the wealth of the nation, the spoils of the sweat of the people, in maintaining her criminal expenditure and in paying the agents of her treasonable intrigues; that she had sent millions out of the country to the emperor, in order to maintain the war against the republic, and that she had thus exhausted the revenues of the country. Further, that since the commencement of the Revolution she had not ceased an instant from maintaining a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, and, by every means in her power, aided and abetted a counter revolution." He then went back and harped, at great length, upon the affair of the Gardes du Corps at Versailles in 1789, and also on the flight to Varennes; accused her of the loss of life on the 17th of July, 1792, at the *Champs de Mars*, and declared that owing to her, and her alone, the massacre occurred at Nancy and elsewhere. "Thus this man raved on in an endless series of accusations,

which seem more as if they came from the disordered brain of a homicidal maniac than from a man in his senses."

Indeed, one can only believe that some of the writings and actions of the actors in the year of terror, 1793, were owing to a state of madness. It is said, and on good authority, that Fouquier-Tinville ultimately confessed to being pursued by horrible visions, saying that he saw the spirits of those he had condemned to death menacing him, not in his dreams, like Richard III., but in broad daylight. And well he might; for between the 10th of March, 1793, and the 27th of July of the following year, two thousand six hundred and sixty-nine victims were sent from that tribunal to the guillotine.

Then followed the second day. "What is your name?" inquired one of the judges.

"Marie Antoinette de Lorraine d'Autriche," answered the queen.

"What is your condition?" was the next question.

"Widow of Louis, king of France."

"What is your age?"

"Thirty-eight."

The act of accusation was then read, and the witnesses appeared. Of these there were forty-one, — men of all sorts and conditions of life, and who were ready to swear anything, however improbable, however atrocious, against the queen. All through the long hours of that awful day the different witnesses were questioned and cross-questioned. She saw again faces familiar to her in past years, faces that must have recalled Versailles and the Trianon; and with what feelings of horror must she have recognized Simon, her son's jailer and persecutor, among that crowd of witnesses! When the charges relative to

the queen's treatment of her son were again alluded to, the queen deigned no reply. Seeing this, one of the jurors called the attention of the president to her silence. One can imagine what a hush must at that moment have fallen on that great crowd, eager to hear what the queen would answer to such an infamy. But Marie Antoinette was equal, aye, more than equal, to the occasion. She rose proudly from her chair, and in a majestic voice exclaimed: "If I have not answered, it is because nature herself refuses to answer such an accusation made to a mother. I appeal to all that may be present."

"A thrill ran through that vast hall — a thrill that has not ceased to be felt by all who can enter into what the feelings of that mother were at such a moment. No wonder that when Robespierre heard what a sensation had been made by the sublime manner in which the queen had met that charge, and the effect it had upon the audience, he, being then at dinner, should have broken his plate with rage, and cursed the folly of Fouquier-Tinville in preferring it." At last all was over, and the queen was asked if she had anything to say. "I was a queen, and you took away my crown; a wife, and you killed my husband; a mother, and you deprived me of my children. My blood alone remains. Take it, but do not make me suffer long." Then in the dignity of silence, and without the moving of a muscle, she listened to the sentence condemning her to die. It was ten minutes past four in the morning of the 16th of October. The queen had, with hardly an interval, endured this trial more than twenty hours. "Rising from her seat, she walked away calmly and serenely, leaving her judges, or rather murderers, without one look of reproach or shade of anger. But on nearing the portion of the hall where, beyond the barriers,

the mob was collected, she raised somewhat her noble head. A great French painter has left a picture of this scene. The queen faces the spectator, as she walks along the side of the barriers, above which the crowd are eagerly scanning her; behind follow the *gens d'armes* with shouldered muskets; beyond, under the dim light of a lamp, appear the faces of the judges, a lurid background. Delaroche has introduced the thin, handsome face of a youth who seems to feel the iniquity of the transaction keenly: we recognize the features of Bonaparte. Next to the almost angelic sublimity of the figure of the queen, the most touching thing in the picture is the face of a young girl, who gazes, with a look of ineffable pity, through her tears, at the queen as she walks by."

Truly writes Sainte-Beuve. "I do not believe," he says, "that a monument of more atrocious stupidity, of greater ignominy for our species, can exist, than this trial of Marie Antoinette. When one reflects that a century which considered itself enlightened and of the most refined civilization, ends with public acts of such barbarity, one begins to doubt of human nature itself, and to fear that the brute, which is always in human nature, has the ascendency."

All Paris was under arms on this morning of the 16th of October. The roll of the drum was heard through all the sections; thirty thousand troops lined the streets along which lay the route of the queen's passage. The bridges were guarded with cannon, by which stood the gunners with lighted matches. Artillery was placed also upon the squares and points of junction. At ten o'clock no carriage was allowed in any of the streets that lie between the Conciergerie and the Place de la Revolution. All Paris was patrolled, and all this martial pomp, which

sounds as though the army of the enemy were at the very gates of Paris, had been brought out to see a woman die!

Before the Conciergerie, before those beautiful iron gates on which the royal arms of France and the golden lilies are conspicuous, the crowd was thickest; every window had its groups of spectators, every housetop had its crowd of people.

There stands the wretched open cart, with its single horse, its plank the only seat. There is a stir among the crowd, and the queen ascends the prison steps. On seeing the cart, she makes an involuntary pause. It is but an instant. Then, with proud step and undaunted mien, Marie Antoinette advances. A moment more, and she is seated in the cart. Sanson takes his place behind her.

Both he and his assistant have their three-cornered hats under their arms. "On that occasion the only people who behaved with decency were the executioners."

Slowly the cart winds its way through the Rue Saint-Honoré. The rabble yell, shout, and mouth at her, while for the last time falls on her ear that hateful cry, "*À bas l'Autrichienne! à bas l'Autrichienne!*"

Yet as much a queen is she, — this silent white-robed figure, so simple, yet so grand in its forlornness, — as when in her gilded coach, surrounded by a brilliant body-guard of cavalry, she swept through the Avenue des Champs Elysées, to the echoing shouts of "*Vive la reine!*"

> "You all know the Place de la Concorde,
> 'Tis hard by the Tuileries' wall.
> 'Mid terraces, fountains, and statues,
> There rises an obelisk tall."

Ah! what a sight was this mighty Place de la Concorde, then the Place de la Revolution, on that bright Octo-

her morning, filled with a vast and silent throng, while the splendid palace and gardens of the Tuileries, where so often the queen had been hailed with acclamations, the spacious Elysian Fields, the pride of Paris, were all spread around, as if in mockery of the sacrifice which was there to be offered; and in the centre, sublime in its terrific grandeur, towered the blood-red posts of the guillotine. Slowly the cart made its way between the noble buildings of the "*Garde Meuble*" and the Admiralty, and finally reached the foot of the scaffold.

As the queen mounted the slippery steps, she trod upon the foot of the executioner. "Pardon me," said Marie Antoinette, with as much courtesy as if she were addressing a *grand seigneur* in the palace of Versailles. Kneeling, she uttered a brief prayer, and then turning her eyes to the distant towers of the Temple, exclaimed, "Adieu, my children; I go to rejoin your father."

She was bound to the plank. The gleaming axe slid through the groove, and the long and dreadful tragedy of the life of Marie Antoinette was closed.

That night, upon the records of the cemetery of the Madeline, was made this entry: —

"*For the coffin of the Widow Capet, — six livres.*"

"The Revolution," says De Tocqueville, "will ever remain in darkness to those who do not look beyond it. It can only be comprehended by the light of the ages which preceded it. Without a clear view of society in the olden time, of its laws, its faults, its prejudices, its sufferings, and its greatness, it is impossible to understand the conduct of the French during the sixty years which have followed its fall."

If absolute power could ever be fitly confided to mortal man, where could nobler depositaries of that high trust

have been found than in the succession of great men who fill up the interval in the history of France from the accession of Henry IV. to the death of Louis XIV.?

"What ruler of mankind was ever gifted with a spirit more genial, or with views more comprehensive, than those of Henry IV.? or with an integrity and a patriotism more noble than that of Sully? or with an energy of will superior to that of Richelieu? or with subtlety more profound than that of Mazarin? or with a zeal and activity surpassing that of Colbert? or with greater decision of character than Louvois? or with a majesty transcending that of Louis XIV?" And yet, what were the results of so much genius and intellectual power when intrusted with political powers so vast and unrestricted? The favorable results were to add to the greatness of France, and to give birth to some undying traditions, pointing to her still more extensive aggrandizement. The unfavorable results were to produce every possible variety of internal and external misgovernment; to promote wars more sanguinary than had ever before been waged between Christian nations; to produce a waste of treasure so vast, that the simple truth seems fabulous; to kindle persecutions which altogether eclipse, in their enormity, those to which the early Christians were subjected by the emperors of Rome; and to corrupt the moral sense of the people by an exhibition, at the court of their sovereigns, of a profligacy of manners better befitting a prince of the barbarians than a king of France.

According to the doctrine of M. Thomas, there is a general law which regulates the progress of political society. "Emerging from chaos, where its elements battle with each other in wild confusion, it makes a steadfast, though it may be a tardy, progress toward that

perfect symmetry and order in which its ultimate perfection consists."

Thus the anarchy of the tenth and eleventh centuries was the chaotic period of France. Out of that abyss first rose the feudal oligarchy, — a state of orderly disorder. Then succeeded the Capetian despotism, destined to crush, one by one, the countless feudal privileges, whether legislative, administrative, or judicial. When the iron grasp of "royalty" had subdued and conquered them all, then "royalty," in the midst of the triumphs she had won, presented herself to the nation in the person of Louis XIV., the king *par excellence*, the *one* gigantic privilege, the conqueror and survivor of all the rest. This was the golden age of kings. The crown was everything; the people, nothing. Robbed under the name of custom and of law, the peasants toiled joylessly from the cradle to the grave. Their sons were sent to strew Europe with their bodies, in wars undertaken at the nod of a courtesan. Their wives and daughters were torn from them; and for the purpose of supporting lascivious, and riotous splendor, of building *Parcs aux Cerfs*, of pensioning discarded favorites, and of enriching corrupt minions of every stamp, they were taxed, — so taxed that the light and air of heaven hardly came to them free; and, sunk in the dregs of indigence, a short crop compelled them to live on food that the hounds of their taskmasters would reject; and, finally, when in their agony they asked some mitigation of their hard fate, they were answered by the bayonets of foreign mercenaries.

"And a people, — stout manhood, gentle womanhood, gray-haired age, and tender infancy, might turn their pale faces upward and shriek for food, while fierce, licentious nobles would scornfully bid them eat grass."

Such was the condition of the greater part of the French people during the reign of that vilest of monarchs, King Louis XV.

"Royalty" had sinned right royally. Right royally must "royalty" atone for it. And the guillotine upon the Place de la Concorde was but the expiation of St. Bartholomew, of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and of the *Parc aux Cerfs*.

And though we know that a people, crushed and down-trodden, are striving to free themselves from lawless oppression, we cannot but sympathize with Marie Antoinette, through no fault of her own made queen of France, to reap the whirlwind of wicked deeds sown by her husband's royal ancestors.

Frederick the Great, amid the battle-smoke at Sohr, or Napoleon, upon the ensanguined field of Waterloo, never struggled harder in support of their respective causes, than did she, in the *salons* of Versailles and the Tuileries, to sustain the falling monarchy.

"And when, at last, the long conflict was terminated, and her combined enemies were victorious, when bereft of her throne, of her husband, of her children, and of her liberty, she was a prisoner in the hands of those whose unalterable object was her destruction, she bore her accumulated miseries with a serene resignation, an intrepid fortitude, a true heroism of soul, of which the history of the world does not afford a brighter example."

In the royal burying-vault of the Bourbons, at the Cathedral of St. Denis, now rest the remains of her, — once the pride and joy of France, — the beautiful, unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette.

Grandeur, triumphs, sorrows, all are over.

"Ashes to ashes,
Dust to dust."

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

A.D. 1763-1814.

"Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown." — SHAKESPEARE.

"Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness." — SHAKESPEARE.

STRANGER than fiction are the facts of history; and nowhere, among the imaginary characters of romance and poetry, can be found a story of a life more marvellously varied in experience, more weirdly strange in its many thrilling scenes of unutterable misery or dazzlingly triumphant splendor, than the history of the Empress Josephine affords.

But remarkable as were the events of her life, her character was still more remarkable. With no early advantages of education, outside of the fashionable accomplishments of music, drawing, and dancing; by her self-taught acquirements, and diligent study, together with an intuitive perception and aptitude, which enabled her mind to grasp the gravest questions, she was in after-life a most brilliant conversationalist; and by her comprehensive genius and marvellous political foresight, she became the safest, wisest, and most far-seeing of all Napoleon's advisers and counsellors. When influenced by her persuasive voice, prompted by a heart incapable of any motive but that of the sternest rectitude, and most exalted and unselfish devotion, Napoleon's acts were always to be commended; and so highly did he prize her counsel, that he called her his "Mentor."

Never did she advise him to a false step; and history

JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNAIS.

has shown that, regarding those plans and deeds of Napoleon, which results have proved to have been unwise or grievous mistakes, the gentle voice of Josephine had never failed to give prophetic warning.

As Napoleon stands forth pre-eminent amongst the famous men of history, so does the name of Josephine shine with undying lustre among those of the most celebrated heroines of the world. We are dazzled by her gorgeous state and magnificence as empress. We admire her keen intellect and exquisite tact, which never failed to suggest the most perfect and pleasing demeanor, under every emergency, in a time of many unsettled political opinions and tottering thrones. But we love the gentle, unselfish *woman*, whose heart ever responded to every call for sympathy; whose hand was ever open to bestow benefits; and whose marvellous heroism could support her in the midst of such terrible reverses and peculiar trials as only a woman's heart could suffer, and only a woman's love could endure.

In writing the history of Josephine, we are forced to look upon the darker side of Napoleon's character. From the time he ceased to heed her loving voice, — the persuasive sweetness of which, he himself acknowledged; declaring, "that the first applause of the French people sounded to my ear sweet as the voice of Josephine," — from that time, the hitherto invincible Napoleon made one false step after another, allowing himself to be influenced by ambitious flatterers and deceived by evil counsellors; following the *ignis fatuus* of an overweening ambition and thirst for power, which had taken the place of the noble spirit of aspiring to the uplifting of his countrymen and defending the sacred rights of the people, which had actuated his former deeds, and covered his name with

the splendid glory and well-deserved honor which he had before achieved.

But now even his transcendent genius and glorious deeds of valor are to be tarnished by grievous mistakes, and even crime.

The first false step taken, his downfall was as terrible and rapid as his uprising had been sudden and glorious.

Already evil counsellors are whispering in his ear their diabolical advice. Just here, with all our admiration for Napoleon, we are amazed at him. That a man possessing such great genius, and with such far-reaching intuitions, should have allowed his mind and deeds to be influenced by the base flatterers who surrounded him, is strange indeed. That Napoleon should not have discovered the Mephistopheles, in Fouché, is surprising; equally amazing, that he should have become so blinded as to turn from his truest friends and most unselfish advisers, and have bared his breast to the poisonous fangs of the wily serpents, who hissed around him like a nest of rattlesnakes.

That steadfastness of purpose which made Napoleon so invincible in overcoming the most stupendous difficulties when his cause was righteous, and which made him the wonder of the world, became the greatest obstacle in his way when his cause was wrong and his resolves pernicious.

The very element in his nature which made him transcendent for good, rendered him also powerful for evil, when his resolution had once been taken in a wrong direction. His unconquerable will, which bore him upward through the most overwhelming difficulties, and crowned him with well-merited success, when his aspirations were inspired by true patriotism and the laudable desire to

benefit his country, — that same unconquerable will became his bane, and led him into the most lamentable errors when his former high aspirations had been supplanted by personal ambition and inordinate desire for power.

We cannot give a consecutive history of Napoleon's errors and downfall in this sketch, but they will appear from time to time, as we trace a short outline of the life of Josephine. We do not pretend to say that Josephine always consciously guided Napoleon's career and moulded the events of his life. His own genius raised him to his exalted position, we admit; but we do contend that with Josephine he prospered, and without her he fell.

And according to many authorities, it was Josephine's bridal gift to him that gave him the command of the army of Italy; for it was Barras who recommended Bonaparte to the convention; and it was Barras who assured Madame de Beauharnais that if she married General Bonaparte he would contrive to have him appointed to that command.

We have space but to give two scenes in the life of Josephine before she became Madame Bonaparte. The former occurred upon the island of Martinique, when Josephine was a young girl; the latter, after she had become Vicomtesse de Beauharnais.

One day, when Josephine was about fifteen years of age, she was walking through the spacious grounds of her uncle's West Indian plantation, in the island of Martinique, when she observed a number of negro girls gathered around an old woman who was engaged in telling their fortunes. Josephine, with girlish curiosity, drew near; whereupon, the old sibyl seized her hand, and, reading the lines there, appeared to be greatly moved.

"What do you see?" inquired Josephine.

"You will not believe me if I speak," answered the fortune-teller.

"Speak on, good mother," said Josephine; "what have I to fear or hope?"

"On your own head be it then; listen," said the old sibyl.

"You will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then, — you will be queen of France! Some happy years will be yours; but you will die in a hospital, amid civil commotion;" after saying which, the old woman speedily disappeared.

Josephine thought little of this matter at the time, and only laughed about it with her friends; and when she was residing at Navarre, after the divorce, she thus commented upon it: —

"On account of the seeming absurdity of this *ridiculous prediction*, I thought little of the affair. But afterwards, when my husband had perished on the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment this prediction forcibly recurred to my mind; and though I was then myself in prison, the transaction assumed a less improbable character, and when I, myself, had been also condemned to die, I comforted my companions, who were weeping around me, by smilingly exclaiming: —

"'That not only should I not die, but that I should become *Queen of France*.'

"'Why then do you not appoint your household?' asked Madame d'Aiguillon, who was also one of the prisoners of the Revolution.

"'Ah! that is true, — I had forgotten. Well, my dear, you shall be maid of honor; I promise you the situation.'

"Upon this the tears of those ladies flowed more abun-

dantly; for they thought, on seeing my coolness at such a crisis, that misfortune had affected my reason. Such, ladies, is the truth about this so celebrated prophecy. The end gives me but little inquietude. I live here peacefully in retirement; I have no concern with politics; I endeavor to do all the good in my power; and thus I hope to die calmly in my bed."

After the death of the Vicomte de Beauharnais on the scaffold, his wife Josephine, who had also been imprisoned by the Jacobins, was at length condemned to die.

A few days before her terrible doom was to have been sealed, Josephine and Madame de Fontenay, also a prisoner, were standing together at the barred window of their prison. M. Tallien, a man of much influence with the rising power which was opposing the tyranny of Robespierre, was in love with Madame de Fontenay, and daily walked past the convent of the Carmelites, where Josephine and the other ladies of high birth were imprisoned.

Observing M. Tallien, Madame de Fontenay made a sign for him to draw near, and she then dropped from the window a piece of cabbage-leaf, in which she had enclosed the following note: —

"My trial is decreed; the result is certain. If you love me as you say, urge every means to save France and me."

Roused by the danger of her whom he loved, M. Tallien proceeded to the convention, and making an impassioned and eloquent speech, denouncing Robespierre, he turned the tide of popular opinion against the tyrant, and in a short time Robespierre's head fell under the bloody guillotine, where he had already caused so many thousands to perish.

The manner in which Josephine received the news of

her enemy's death was strange and interesting. It was the day before that upon which it had been decreed that Madame de Beauharnais should be put to death. Josephine was standing at the window of her prison, calmly gazing upon the outward world, while her fellow-prisoners were weeping around, overcome with the thought of the terrible doom which awaited their loved friend. But Josephine's fortitude did not desert her, and she was endeavoring to comfort her mourning companions, when her attention was arrested by a woman in the street below, who seemed trying to give her some information by various strange signs.

At first the woman held up her robe, pointing to it several times. Josephine called out through the grated window, "*Robe?*" and the woman eagerly made a sign of assent; and picking up a stone, which in French is *pierre*, she held it up. Josephine cried out, "*Pierre?*" and the woman joyfully nodded, and then pointed first to her robe and then to the stone. Whereupon Josephine wonderingly exclaimed, "*Robespierre?*" and the woman again assented with every mark of delight, and continued to draw her hand around her throat, making the signs of cutting off a head. The glad cry soon resounded through the prison, "*Robespierre is dead!*"

Thus was the axe lifted from the neck of Josephine, and she soon walked forth free, saying smilingly to her friends: —

"You see I am not guillotined; and *I shall yet be queen of France!*"

Thus not only had the life of the future empress of France, but the fate of that great kingdom itself, depended at one time upon a tiny cabbage-leaf, thrown by the hand of a feeble woman.

After Josephine de Beauharnais was betrothed to General Bonaparte, on one occasion she requested him to accompany her to the residence of M. Raguideau, an old lawyer, who had long been her confidential friend and adviser, that she might inform him of her coming marriage. On arriving at the lawyer's office, Josephine withdrew her hand from the arm of Bonaparte, and requested him to wait for her in the outer apartment until she had spoken with her old friend alone. Neglecting, however, to close the door which separated the two offices, Bonaparte was able to overhear the conversation between his intended bride and the old lawyer.

"M. Raguideau," said Madame de Beauharnais, "I have come to inform you of my approaching marriage."

"And with whom, madame?" exclaimed the astonished lawyer.

"I am about to marry General Bonaparte, sir."

"General Bonaparte, do you say? Pshaw, madame! a soldier of fortune, who has his way to make."

"He will make it, my good friend!" replied Josephine, with flushed cheeks.

"When, and how?" was the incredulous retort. "But first, what is he worth at present?"

"Nothing, save his house in the Rue Chantereine."

"A *shed!* A likely fortune, indeed! And so you are really resolved to marry this adventurer?"

"I am."

"So much the worse for you, madame."

"Explain yourself, sir!" said Josephine, with offended dignity.

"Because, madame, you had much better remain a widow than marry a paltry general, without either name or prospects. You must assuredly be mad! Will your

Bonaparte ever be a Dumouriez or a Pichegru? Will he ever be the equal of our great republican generals? I have a right to doubt it. Moreover, let me tell you that the profession of arms is worthless now; and I would much rather know that you were about to marry an army-contractor than General Bonaparte."

"Every one to his taste, monsieur," disdainfully replied Josephine, stung to the quick by the contemptuous tone of the old man, who had always heretofore been fatherly to her. "You, sir, it would appear, regard marriage merely as an affair of finance;" and she rose with queenly dignity to take her leave.

"And you, madame," broke in the excited and angry old man, "you see in it only a matter of sentiment, and what you, no doubt, call love. Again I repeat, all the worse for you, madame! all the worse for you! I had given you more credit for good sense than to suspect that you would allow yourself to be dazzled by a pair of gold epaulets. Reflect before you make such a sacrifice; for rest assured, that if you are rash enough to persist in this foolish scheme, you will repent your folly all the days of your life. Who ever heard of a rational woman throwing herself away upon a man whose whole fortune consists in his *sword* and his *great-coat?*"

General Bonaparte had listened to this extraordinary conversation with rising excitement; and when he heard the words "sword" and "great-coat" so contemptuously uttered, he sprang from his chair, with blazing eyes, forgetting the presence of the astonished clerks; but, recovering himself instantly, he sat down again, determined not to expose himself to ridicule.

Josephine soon appeared, looking highly annoyed and indignant, followed by the irate old lawyer; but Bona-

parte, giving him no time for further insult, drew the hand of his betrothed within his arm, and, making a silent and contemptuous bow, withdrew.

Josephine had no idea that Bonaparte had been an unwilling listener; but she noticed his marked increase of kind and courtly attention on the way home; and not until the day of the coronation did either Josephine or Raguideau entertain the slightest suspicion that their conversation had been overheard by Bonaparte. On the day of the coronation, when the emperor and empress were about to proceed to the palace of the archbishop, Napoleon sent one of his chamberlains to M. Raguideau, with the command that the emperor desired his immediate presence at the Tuileries. The astonished lawyer, arriving with breathless haste, overwhelmed with mingled feelings of fear and hope at such unexpected summons, was ushered into the grand *salon*, where Napoleon, attired in his royal robes, was conversing with Josephine, who was also arrayed in her gorgeous coronation costume.

"Ah! here you are at last, M. Raguideau!" said Napoleon, with a quizzical smile upon his imposing countenance; "I am very happy to see you!"

"Sire," began the trembling old man, not knowing whether that august smile betokened promotion or decapitation.

"My good sir," continued the emperor, not giving him time to reply, "do you remember a day in 1796, when I accompanied to your house Madame de Beauharnais, now *empress* of the French?"—emphasizing the word "empress" with all the depth of his magnetic voice. "Do you remember the eulogy which you uttered on the military profession, and the personal panegyric of which I was the object? Well, what say you *now?* Were you a true

prophet? You declared that my fortune would always consist of my sword and my great-coat; that I should never make a name nor position, like Dumouriez or Pichegru; and that Madame de Beauharnais was insane to sacrifice herself to a '*mere general.*' I have made my way, nevertheless, as you perceive, and in despite of your sagacious predictions. Think you that the '*army-contractor*' would have bestowed a brighter boon upon his wife, after eight years of marriage, than a *crown*, and that crown the *imperial diadem of France?*"

As he ceased speaking, Napoleon lovingly raised the hand of Josephine to his lips, while she looked with amazement upon this bewildering scene. The poor old lawyer, overwhelmed with consternation, stood trembling in dumb despair; his eyes were cast upon the floor, and his limbs shook as with an ague fit; while the emperor gazed upon him with an amused smile, highly enjoying his discomfiture. At last the frightened man stammered: —

"Sire, I could not foresee. Sire, did you really overhear?"

"Every word, M. Raguideau. You are aware that walls have ears, and I owe you a severe reprisal; for, if my excellent Josephine had listened to your advice, it would have cost her a throne, and me the best of wives. You are a great culprit, M. Raguideau!"

At those terrible words "*reprisal*" and "*culprit*," the poor old man turned pale as a corpse; his tottering limbs almost refused to support his agitated form.

"How could I tell? how could I imagine?" he gasped out; "I thought only of her, of her fatherless children. I had loved them for years. I was anxious to see them once more restored to prosperity and happiness."

"I believe you," said the emperor, touched by the emotion of the gray-haired old man, who had been a friend to his wife in her days of need; "you could not tell; you could not foresee;" and for a moment Napoleon paused, and then continued in more solemn tones, "the future is beyond the grasp of any living man." Then, resuming his bantering way: "So, now, we will return to the present; and, as I cannot altogether overlook the injury which you sought to inflict upon me, I condemn you to go this day to Nôtre Dame, and to witness the ceremony of my coronation. Not in a corner, not behind a pillar, which will prevent my having ocular evidence of your obedience, but in the seat that I shall cause to be retained for you. Do you hear, sir? I must see you both in the cathedral and in the line of the procession."

Transported with the overwhelming relief and the ecstatic joy of such an honor, the poor old lawyer was hardly able to express his gratitude, and could scarcely maintain his dignity as he bowed himself from the royal presence, and hastened to prepare for the coming august ceremony.

Napoleon having jested with his wife over the abject terror of the trembling culprit, the emperor and empress entered their carriage, and proceeded to the archbishopric. As they left the cathedral after the magnificent ceremony of the coronation, Napoleon recognized the old lawyer in the crowd; and as their eyes met the Emperor smiled graciously upon his former enemy. The smile was answered by so profound a bow, that Napoleon afterwards laughingly declared to Josephine, "that for several seconds he was in doubt whether the sage prophet of 1796 would ever be able again to assume the perpendicular."

During Napoleon's campaigns, Josephine was at all

times in receipt of news from the army, brought to her by couriers from Bonaparte. No matter at what time the despatches arrived, day or night, she always received them with her own hands, and made inquiries of the courier of all in the army whom she knew. She would always say some pleasant thing to him, and reward him with a more or less costly gift, according to the importance of the news received.

At one time, when Bourrienne had remarked to Josephine, "Madame, I really believe that in spite of yourself you will be made queen or empress," Josephine exclaimed: "Bourrienne, such ambition is far from my thoughts. That I may always continue the wife of the First Consul, is all that I desire."

During the Prussian campaign, nothing was talked of throughout Germany but Napoleon's generous conduct with respect to Prince Hatzfeld. Among the letters seized at Berlin, and delivered to Napoleon, was one from the prince to the king of Prussia, in which he revealed the condition and strength of the French army. The prince was arrested, and tried as a spy, and condemned to death. The remainder of the scene is described in Napoleon's letter to Josephine, which is as follows:—

"I have received your letter, in which you seem to reproach me for speaking ill of women. It is true that I dislike female intriguers above all things. I am used to kind, gentle, and conciliatory women. I love them, and if they have spoiled me, it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have done an act of kindness to one deserving woman. I allude to Madame de Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she stood weeping, and in a tone of mingled grief and ingenuousness, said, 'It is indeed his writing!' This went to my heart,

and I said: 'Well, madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband now is safe; two hours later, and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are simple, gentle, and amiable; because they alone resemble you."

Josephine's kindness and consideration for the comfort of every one in her household, even down to the lowest menial, was proverbial. When travelling with Napoleon, a picket-guard was appointed by the emperor for her service. One cold night, in the early dawn, she heard marching and coughing under her window. She wondered who could be out so late in the chill of that hour; and upon inquiry, she learned that it was the sentinel posted there. She thereupon sent for the officer of the guard, and said to him, "Sir, I have no need of a sentinel at night; these brave men have endured enough in the army when they followed it to the wars; they must rest while in my service. I don't want them to catch cold." The officer, smiling at the apprehensive solicitude of the empress, and touched by her unexpected kindness, dismissed the sentinel, and his place was not supplied.

Napoleon is said to have talked but little. When out of his own house, if he chanced to stop and speak with any one, it was considered of enough importance to be remarked and reported. The following is Josephine's portrait of Napoleon at home: "He had a fine intellect, a sensible and grateful heart, simple tastes, and the qualities of an amiable man; to the sentiments of an honest man, he united a prodigious local memory."

When Josephine spoke of her husband, she always said, "The emperor says," "the emperor wishes," "the em-

peror orders," etc. She very rarely called him by name in public, and in private she called him Bonaparte; while her tender name for him was *mon ami*. When speaking of her, Napoleon usually called her *the empress*, or he would say, "I am going to see *my wife*"; but in addressing her he called her *Josephine*, unless he spoke with severity or on some serious occasion, when he called her *Madame*, without other title or name.

It cannot be denied that Josephine had a great weakness for extravagant jewels and adornments; but as she dressed always with perfect taste and elegance, and as she was as lavish in her bounties as she was in her personal expenditures, she may be pardoned this feminine weakness. She at least never offended the eyes of admirers of good taste, and her pleasing person, so becomingly adorned, was one of the most charming sights of the court of the empire.

This was another cause of the jealousy of her sisters-in-law; and even Pauline, the Bonaparte beauty, was often most sorely chagrined to find her own boasted charms thrown in the shade by the refined elegance and queenly bearing of the emperor's wife.

An amusing story is told of the mortification of this proud beauty upon one grand occasion, when she had resolved for once to outshine her hated sister-in-law.

Pauline, Madame Le Clerc, after wearing her widow's weeds for as short a time as possible after the death of her first husband, General Le Clerc, had wedded a real prince, and was accordingly to make her *début* at court as Princess Borghèse.

Pauline has kept her own counsel about her *grande toilette* for that momentous occasion; but the rumor is afloat that she intends to make a *grand coup* with her

NAPOLEON.

gorgeous appearance, and quite extinguish her august sister-in-law.

Josephine, having heard that she was to be crushed into utter insignificance by the vain beauty, quietly determined a little stratagem of her own. Confident of being mistress in the art of dress, she accordingly resolved to assume a costume which should delight by its very simplicity. But a simplicity so artistically arranged that the very splendor of her rival should but heighten the effect of her own toilet. Her dress was of the finest Indian muslin, bordered with gold and embroidery, and gracefully draped to show the perfect elegance of her figure. Her hair was dressed *à la grecque*, and banded with pearls, while antique gems and pearls formed her sole ornaments.

"*Ravissante!*" exclaimed her ladies, as she entered the *salon;* and even Napoleon's usual gravity relents, as he cries: —

"*Josephine, je suis jaloux! Tu es divine!*" and he kisses her on the forehead, pinching her ear laughingly, which was his favorite manner of bestowing a gracious caress.

The time passes, but no princess. Napoleon impatiently retires from the *salon;* his time is too precious to wait longer the "official visit," as he calls it, of the prince and princess.

At length the clatter of horses' hoofs is heard. A carriage grand enough, with its gilding and emblazonry, to have borne the *Grand Monarque* himself, dashes into the *Cour d'Honneur* of St. Cloud.

Six gayly caparisoned horses are harnessed to this gorgeous vehicle, and a large retinue of outriders surround it, bearing torches. On the grand staircase are stationed the entire staff of domestics to receive their princely guests.

Presently the *huissier* opens the doors of the *salon*, and announces with becoming grandiloquence: —

"*Monseigneur le Prince, and Madame la Princesse Borghèse.*"

The *grande entrée* is made with imposing hauteur, and Pauline sees with satisfaction that she has made a sensation. But her vain heart is ruffled because she is obliged to cross the room to Josephine, instead of being met by her, as *la grande princesse* had of course expected.

But she comforted her wounded pride with the thought that this promenade would give her the opportunity to display her velvet train embroidered with diamonds.

Pauline was indeed magnificent. Her costume was a pale green velvet embroidered with gold, and thickly sprinkled with flashing brilliants. The front of her dress was a *tablier* of diamonds, with diamond stomacher, and the same glistening jewels upon her sleeves. Her handsome head was adorned with a diadem of emeralds and diamonds, and the same gems sparkled upon snowy arms, wrists, and throat. In fact, she was loaded with the entire wealth of diamonds possessed by the princely family of Borghèse; and as it was reported that when she came back from St. Domingo, where her former husband died, she had guarded carefully a coffin, containing the supposed remains of her late husband, but in reality filled with diamonds and other precious stones. If this was true, Pauline doubtless had diamonds of her own to add to the vaunted store of the family of her second princely husband.'

Be that as it may, Pauline flashed in diamonds from head to foot; nay more, even to the end of her gorgeous train, where the same rich jewels also sparkled.

She was indeed dazzling!

Josephine and Pauline are at length seated side by side. The proud princess is forced to acknowledge that Josephine's toilet is charming; and all beholders are confirmed in their opinion that Madame Bonaparte's taste is faultless.

But horrors! What has happened? Pauline, *la princesse*, has grown pale as death. Is she ill? Oh! worse than that. Oh, awful catastrophe! Pauline, gazing into a large mirror before her, expecting to be ravished with her own beauty, perceives this dreadful fact. The furniture and draperies of the newly furnished *salon*, while giving full effect to Josephine's costume, actually transform herself into a hideous spectacle. Wearing a *green velvet gown*, she has seated herself upon a *blue velvet sofa!* It is positively *too shocking* for her nerves to endure. Had her boasted triumph encountered such ignominious defeat? Hastily rising, she made her adieus, and departed to weep in mortified chagrin and baffled pride. Poor Pauline! kind-hearted Josephine had not intended to achieve such an unexpected triumph.

The Empress Josephine was very generous to her attendant ladies, often making them costly presents. As she frequently gave them handsome costumes and pretty novelties which she had worn but once or twice, the ladies at length entered into quite a trade with certain Jews, who came to the court to display their merchandise. As the robes of the empress were often too rich for the ladies who received them to wear themselves, they exchanged them for piece-goods, which the Jewish merchants brought for sale. These garments of the empress became quite the rage; and at one ball, Josephine might have beheld the ladies in an entire quadrille, arrayed in her cast-off robes. Even princesses were frequently the pur-

chasers of these gowns from the Jews, who had obtained them in exchange for the merchandise with which they had supplied the ladies of Josephine's court.

At one time an ambassador arrived from Persia, bringing very magnificent presents to the Emperor Napoleon and costly cashmeres to Josephine. For some time his Persian Excellency was all the rage, and the ladies of the French court vied with each other in endeavoring to show attention to these eastern guests. The parties given by the Persian ambassador and his suite, at their residences, were largely attended, and much curiosity was evinced to partake of the foreign tea and queer cakes offered by their Persian hosts.

The empress at length determined to attend one of their parties incognito, being accompanied by several of her ladies. On being introduced to the ambassador, Josephine received a gracious smile, and the Persian presented her with a small bottle of attar of roses, a kind of present which, among the Persians, denoted a mark of high honor and respect.

Josephine tasted several mysterious Persian dishes, and expressed admiration of his Excellency's pipe, which was brought to him by two slaves, who kneeled when they offered it to their august master. Josephine noticed that the tips of his Excellency's finger-nails were colored with different tints.

The ambassador being impressed with the manner and grace of the empress, invited her to be seated by his side on his divan. She graciously declined the attention, saying that such an honor belonged only to privileged persons, fearing that her identity would be made known. The Persian then asked, through his interpreter, if she would be willing to go and reside with him in Persia, promising that he would give her a high position.

Scarcely restraining her mirth, Josephine replied that she was married and had two children, and that her duty and interests would keep her in France. And with as much haste as courtesy would allow, the empress and her ladies retired from the presence of their Persian host.

On the the day of the ambassador's public presentation at court, Josephine, arrayed in all her imperial magnificence, received him with a gracious smile. The poor, dumfounded Persian, who recognized in the empress the woman whom he had vainly tried to captivate, was completely amazed, and his manner and attitude expressed his astonished mortification.

But Josephine, with winning smile, quickly relieved him of his embarrassment, saying, in her sweet persuasive tones: —

"You must admit, Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, that I had good reason for telling you that I preferred to remain in France. If you think well of me, you will remain faithful to that beautiful wife of yours." And with a sign of respect, the humiliated Persian withdrew.

At Josephine's early receptions as wife of the First Consul, the costumes of the guests were very heterogeneous in style. The fashions of the Republic had been copied after ancient Greek and Roman styles; and the ladies of the Republic flaunted their Grecian tunics and Roman sandals with great pride. But after a time it was remarked "that military boots and pantaloons, clanking swords and cockades, were in a considerable minority, and that silk stockings, shoes with buckles, dress swords, and *chapeaux sous le bras* were the rule. Some of the company had, however, endeavored to spare their feelings too complete a shock, by an attempt to unite the past and the present. While returning to powder and embroidery,

lace ruffles and cravats, they contrived to retain in their costumes some reminiscence of the fast vanishing and much regretted '*sans-culottism*' of the Republic. This resulted in amusing and startling incongruities."

But during the empire, Napoleon was particular about the etiquette of his court. He regarded it as the chief barrier of the throne, and of great importance. He caused an exact account of all the ceremonies in use at the courts of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. to be drawn up, and he directed the most scrupulous attention to be paid to their performance. Josephine was sufficiently a daughter of the Revolution to smile at too strict etiquette; she said: "It was perhaps appropriate for princesses, born to the throne and accustomed to the restraints it imposes; but she, who had lived so many years as a private person, ought, she considered, to be less exacting, less severely punctilious in her intercourse with those who knew and remembered the circumstances of her former life." "And although she learned to wear her crown and mantle of state and to sit on her throne right royally, she was ever unfailingly indulgent in the matter of etiquette, and always pleased to throw aside its restraints."

After the imperial decree had ennobled many to whom the mysteries of the court had hitherto been sealed books, very amusing incidents occurred. The Faubourg St. Germain resented the indignity which had been offered to their patrician prejudices; and the newly created nobles were often treated with superb disdain by those entitled to such rank from birth.

"The Duchesse de Chevreuse desired her waiting-woman to inform her laundress that she should no longer intrust her with her linen, until she became a countess; and the Comte de Brissac addressed a note to his boot-maker as follows: —

'My dear baron! do not fail to bring me my boots to-morrow.' And when on the next day the astonished tradesman assured him that he had been the recipient of no such title, De Brissac exclaimed with elegant impertinence: 'Can this be possible? You really astonish me! Console yourself, however, Maizenat; for rest assured that you will be included in the next baking.'"

But it was hardly to be wondered at, perhaps, that the old nobles sneered at some of these new-titled persons, whose own presumptuous pride made them fit subjects for mirth. This throng of new courtiers, most of whom had sworn eternal hatred to kings and royalty, now danced attendance at the *levées* of the emperor, and vied with each other to obtain a look or word from his imperial highness, that they might repay him for it with the pompous titles of "Sire," and "Your Majesty," which they did with an air of self-gratulation, which appeared as if the individual considered himself to be ennobled by the privilege of merely uttering the magic words. Among the strange actions related of some of these "*newly baked dignitaries*," one or two are quite amusing.

The wife of a marshal purchased several dresses of old brocade, such as were worn at the Court of Louis XV., and kept them spread out upon chairs in the hall leading to her bedroom, as if placed there to air. When her curious visitors asked her what she was going to do with them, she replied with apparent carelessness, under which lurked much pompous pride: "Do with them? Oh! nothing at all; but they belonged to my grandmother, and I wish to keep them as long as I can for her sake."

Books on heraldry brought fabulous prices; and the father behind his counter, and the mother at her wash-tub,

were entertained by their pretty daughters, endeavoring to master the high-bred French titles of the *ancien régime*.

One soap-dealer, whose daughter had married an officer in the army, and had embellished the panels of her carriage with a gloved hand grasping a sword, — the military crest of her husband, — innocently thanked his daughter for having tried to copy the golden arm which figured above his shop-door; though he regretted that she should have had it painted to look like iron, and generously stated that had he known of it, he would willingly have paid the difference of cost himself.

The return to Paris of several *grandes dames* promised a gradual reorganization of "*la bonne compagnie*," and several of the contractors' wives were ambitious to be received in the Faubourg St. Germain; and one of them, Madame Privas, who was desirous of opening her *salon* to the *beau monde*, having read Madame de Genlis' work, "Adèle et Théodore," at once exclaimed to her husband: "Privas! this is the lady for us." Whereupon Madame Privas arrayed herself in resplendent robes, and attended by a negro servant in Moorish costume, she entered her gorgeous carriage and proceeded to take Madame de Genlis by storm.

She had not the least doubt of the success of her errand, which was no less than the attempt to secure Madame de Genlis, who had returned to Paris in pinched circumstances, to come to her magnificent hotel in the Rue St. Dominique, and as a lady, receive for her: in short, put her in the way of learning the old etiquette with which she should honor people who were quite *comme il faut*. And so with pompous brusqueness she announces the object of her visit to Madame de Genlis. She would give her a salary of twelve thousand francs. She would prom-

ise not to tyrannize over her, and even if she had a dear friend she also would be welcome. What more could she require?

"Madame, I thank you for your obliging offer, which I have the honor to inform you it is not in my power to accept," replied Madame de Genlis, rising with the courtly manner of a *grande dame* of the court of the *Grand Monarque*.

"You refuse it!" cried Madame Privas in astonishment. Why, I offer much more than you can get for your books. And besides, you would have friends in us;—friends with a fortune of five millions. *C'est beau, ca! eh?*"

"Madame," replied Madame de Genlis, "I have answered you. It is impossible."

"Well, adieu then, my *bonne dame*. Privas and I made sure you would jump at the offer. In case you should change your mind, I'll leave you my address. Write me, if you think better of it." And with her plumes waving in ruffled pride, and her velvets and satins rustling in their gorgeous costliness, Madame Privas bounced out of the room, forgetting her assumed elegance of manner at the affront offered to her darling dollars.

Josephine's manners, "*en representation*," were charming. She appeared a very queen at the emperor's public receptions. Her air and attitude were dignified, graceful, and yet natural. She conversed with ease and fluency, employing the choicest terms of expression; and the spectator could not resist a pleased astonishment at the gracious bearing which charmed all classes of society, and at her alluring tact which enabled her to address crowds of persons in quick succession, and yet with a pleasing and appropriate word to each, turning with equal ease from a tradesman to a monarch.

The emperor was one day about to undertake some important business, when Josephine besought him to put it off for a time, remarking that it was Friday, which was regarded as an unlucky day. Napoleon replied: "'Tis so perhaps to you, Madame, but it is the most fortunate in my life. I never shall forget that it was the day of our marriage." The empress was deeply touched at this mark of devotion from her husband, and she ceased to enforce her request.

The time for the coronation ceremony had arrived. Josephine felt the solemnity as well as the grandeur of the occasion, as is evinced from these few lines written to Pope Pius VII. at this time: —

"Ah! truly do I feel, that in becoming empress of the French, I ought also to become to them as a mother at the same time. What would it avail to bear them in my heart, if I proved my affections for them only by my intentions? *Deeds* are what the the people have a right to demand from those who govern them."

And truly, Josephine exemplified her words by her actions.

On the 2d of December, 1804, all was stir in Paris and the Tuileries from an early hour.

"On this morning, which was to witness the completion of her greatness, Josephine rose about eight o'clock, and immediately commenced her momentous *grande toilette*. The body drapery of the empress was of white satin, beautifully embroidered in gold, and ornamented on the breast with diamonds. The mantle was of crimson velvet, lined with satin and ermine, studded with golden bees, and fastened by an aigrette of diamonds.

"The coronation jewels consisted of a crown, a diadem, and a ceinture. The first used for the actual crowning,

and worn only on state occasions, consisted of eight branches, four wrought in palm, and four in myrtle leaves of gold, incrusted with diamonds; round the circlet ran a corded fillet set with eight very large emeralds, and the bandeau which immediately enclosed the head, shone with resplendent amethysts.

"The diadem worn before the coronation, and on the more ordinary state occasions, was composed of four rows of the finest pearls interlaced with foliage of diamonds, the workmanship of which equalled the materials; in front were several brilliants, the largest weighing one hundred and forty-nine grains. The ceinture was of gold, so pure as to be quite elastic, enriched with thirty-nine rose-colored diamonds.

"Napoleon's coronation robes were equally magnificent. His close dress was of white velvet, embroidered in gold, with diamond buttons; his stockings of white silk, the gussets wrought in gold, harmonized with the buskins of white velvet laced and bordered with gold; his upper garment, as also the short mantle, were of crimson velvet, richly embroidered in gold, with diamond fastenings. This mantle was similar to that of the empress, but much heavier, weighing upwards of eighty pounds.

"'All very fine, Monsieur le Drôle,' said Napoleon, to his favorite valet, playfully pinching his ear; 'all very fine; but we shall see the accounts.'

"At eleven precisely the cavalcade moved from the Tuileries towards Nôtre Dame. The imperial carriage, drawn by eight bays, had been constructed with the entire panelling of glass, a circumstance which accounts for the mistake made by their Majesties, who first seated themselves, like criminals, with their backs to the horses. Josephine was the first to discover this error, which she

instantly rectified by lightly assuming the proper position, saying at the same time to the emperor: —

"'*Mon ami*, unless you prefer riding *vis-à-vis*, this is your seat,' pointing to the rich cushion on the right. Napoleon, laughing heartily at his blunder, moved to the place indicated.

"The procession advanced, attended by ten thousand horsemen, the flower of 'Gallic chivalry,' who defiled between double lines of infantry, selected from the bravest soldiers, and extending above a mile and a half; while more than four hundred thousand spectators filled up every space whence a glance could be obtained.

"The thunders of innumerable artillery, the acclamations of the assembled multitude, expressed the general enthusiasm; and, as if to light up the gorgeous spectacle, the sun suddenly broke through the mists which till then had hung heavily over the city. The *cortège* stopped at the archiepiscopal palace, whence a temporary covered gallery, hung with the banners of the sixteen cohorts of the Legion of Honor, conducted into the interior of the cathedral and to the throne.

"To this latter was an ascent of twenty-two semicircular steps, covered with blue cloth, gemmed with golden bees, and crowded with the grand officers of the empire.

"On the throne itself, hung with crimson velvet, under a canopy of the same, appeared Napoleon, with Josephine on his left, attended by the princesses of the empire, and on his right his two brothers, with the archchancellor and archtreasurer.

"The religious ceremony continued nearly four hours, enlivened by music composed for the occasion, and sung by more than three hundred performers. The martial

band was still more numerous, which executed in the intervals marches afterwards adopted and still used in the armies of France.

"Napoleon, in the midst of the ceremony, stood up and laid his hand upon the imperial crown, — a simple diadem of gold wrought into a chaplet of interwoven oak and laurel, — and placed it on his own head. Afterward, Napoleon took the crown destined for the empress, and, first putting it for an instant on his own, placed it upon his consort's brow, as she knelt before him on the platform of the throne.

"The appearance of Josephine was at this moment most touching. Even then she had not forgotten that she was once an 'obscure woman'; tears of deep emotion fell from her eyes; she remained for a moment kneeling, with hands crossed upon her bosom, then, slowly and gracefully rising, fixed upon her husband a look of gratitude and tenderness. Napoleon returned the glance. It was a silent but conscious interchange of the hopes, the promises, and the memories of years.

"Cardinal Fesch, as grand almoner of France, now placed the Gospels on the throne; Napoleon stood up, laid his hand on the sacred volume, and in his deep and solemn tones pronounced the oaths with such firmness and elevation of voice, that each word was distinctly heard by the vast assembly.

"Shouts of 'Long live the emperor! God bless the empress!' resounded through the cathedral, and were caught and repeated by the multitude without; the organ pealed forth *Te Deum*, and the imposing ceremony was over.

"The *cortège* re-entered the palace at half-past six in the evening. Josephine retired to her closet to give vent

in secret to the fulness of her heart, and to implore the protection of Him by whom kings reign."

Josephine's mode of life after she became empress is thus described: "At the Tuileries, at St. Cloud, and during the grand journeys of the court, her habit was to rise at eight in the morning, and commence her toilet. While her hair was being dressed, she would glance over half a dozen journals, and receive her *modistes*, or such other persons as she could not admit into the *salon*. When she was fully dressed, which operation lasted ordinarily about an hour, she would pass into the *salon* at ten or eleven o'clock, where she found the *dames de service* and those whom she had invited to breakfast with her. At noon she sat at table at least an hour. Breakfast was in some sort her only meal, for, on leaving her bed, she was in the habit of taking nothing but a cup of tea with a little citron. I do not speak of her breakfasting with the emperor; for he was always so engaged that he scarcely had time to eat. After breakfast, if the weather was good, she would ride out in a calèche, and go to Malmaison or on a hunting party.

"In case she did not go out, she received calls from all such persons as had obtained the promise of a meeting, of which she was advised either by the *dame d'honneur*, or the *chamberlain de service*. These two functionaries could introduce only such persons as the empress was unacquainted with, or knew but slightly, whilst all the ladies who were admitted to her court came whenever they pleased, without a card of invitation, unless there was a concert or a spectacle,—a matter appertaining to the emperor's chief chamberlain.

"From breakfast until four o'clock, Josephine would receive two or three private visits in her separate apart-

ment, or repose upon a sofa; at four she retired to her cabinet, undressed, went to reading, and took a little refreshment. This lasted till five, when a second toilet commenced. She rarely received a call at this time, because it was the hour at which the emperor came, unless engaged in council."

M'lle Avrillion, *femme de chambre* of the Empress Josephine, tells several amusing stories regarding these visits of Napoleon while his wife was making her *grande toilette;* and the many suggestions he made as to the becomingness of certain attire, and his marked antipathy to some styles. The poor *femme de chambre* dreaded these visits as much as Josephine enjoyed them, for the emperor would always turn the entire wardrobe topsy-turvy in making the selections of his favorite costumes, and the jewel-caskets would suffer equal disarrangement. On one occasion, when Josephine had unconsciously donned an attire displeasing to the taste of her husband, he ruthlessly spattered ink upon the obnoxious gown, so that the amiable empress was obliged to remove the offending robe, and array herself to please her particular lord.

The emperor and empress usually dined together alone at six o'clock, and afterwards Josephine again entered the *salon*, where she found the *dames de service*. In the evening, the ministers, marshals, generals, and others made their calls. Josephine conversed with ease with every one, now and then playing a game of backgammon or whist. If the emperor came in, which was never before nine o'clock, he remained only about a quarter of an hour, unless he wished to form a party at play, and then he would appoint the persons to compose it. His party always consisted of ladies, never of gentlemen. But woe betide his partner! for such was the preoccupa-

tion of his mind that he paid no attention to the card he was playing, and did not notice his mistakes. No one dared to make any remark upon his mode of playing. After going through with this kind of game, the emperor left the apartment, Josephine meanwhile remaining in the *salon* until it was time to retire.

At Malmaison, the only difference in her mode of life was that she saw somewhat less company, and spent much time in walking through the delightful grounds of this rustic retreat. She had established at Malmaison a botanical garden, a menagerie, and a school of agriculture. Josephine preserved her simple tastes and her love for rural life even after she became empress. One of her greatest delights was the embellishment of her beautiful gardens. She was well versed in botany and natural history, and France and Europe are indebted to her for the camellia. Napoleon's happiest days were spent at Malmaison; and after the divorce, he continued to visit Josephine at this retréat. He would lead her into the park, remain an hour or two, bring her back to the *salon*, and then get into his carriage. She received him with perfect politeness and dignity of manner, going forward to meet him; and when he left, accompanying him to the door of the vestibule.

The appearance of Josephine after she became empress, is thus described: "Her features were small and finely modelled, the curves tending rather to fulness and the profile inclining to Grecian, but without any statue-like coldness of outline. The habitual character of her countenance was a placid sweetness, which perhaps would have given at first an impression of lack of energy. But this could have been for an instant only, for the real charm of this mild countenance resided in its power of

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

varied expression, changing with each vicissitude of thought and sentiment. 'Never,' says a very honest admirer, 'did any woman better justify the saying, The eyes are the mirror of the soul.' Josephine's were of a deep blue, clear and brilliant, even imposing in their expression when turned fully upon any one; but in her usual manner they lay half concealed beneath their long and silky eyelashes. She had a habit of looking thus with a mild, subdued glance upon those she loved, throwing into her regard such winning tenderness as might not easily be resisted; and even in his darkest moods, Napoleon confessed its tranquillizing power. Josephine's long hair 'was glossy chestnut brown,' whose sunny richness harmonized delightfully with a clear and transparent complexion and neck of almost dazzling whiteness. Her eyebrows were a shade darker, arching regularly, and pencilled with extreme delicacy. The perfect modulation of her voice constituted one of her most pleasing attractions, and rendered her conversation extremely captivating."

It was difficult for Napoleon ever to resist the persuasive voice of Josephine.

On the eve of Napoleon's departure for Germany, in April, 1809, having taken leave of Josephine, she had retired to her apartment, and thrown herself upon her bed in deep distress, because she could not obtain his consent to allow her to accompany him to Strasburg.

The emperor, returning unexpectedly to her room at the last moment, said to Josephine: —

"You have played the part of empress long enough; you must now become again the wife of a general. I leave immediately; you will accompany me to Strasburg."

Josephine herself thus tells the story: —

"I was not at all prepared for the journey, for only a

few days before he had refused to permit me to accompany him on the campaign. At three o'clock in the morning we were travelling speedily on the Alsace road. My husband scarcely gave me time to throw on a night-cloak, and all my women had left the chateau *en déshabillé;* so that when morning came, the officers who accompanied us could scarcely preserve their gravity at seeing us in such a plight. Napoleon was extreme in every thing, and it was never until the decisive moment came that he expressed his final resolution. I had been so long accustomed to his singular character, that I ceased to be astonished at the striking contrasts which it exhibited. Our journey was full of gayety; we met sundry original characters on the way, who furnished us abundance of amusement. We arrived at Strasburg. My husband had a secret presentiment that he should return victorious. He said to me, on leaving me: —

"'Josephine watches over all that I love, and my guardian angel will never cease to utter her prayers for the safety and success of her husband.'

"He knew me well, that mortal whose astonishing destiny had opened to him the road to the most splendid throne on earth. I cherished not a thought, I formed not a wish, which was not directed to his glory. If certain political drones have dared accuse me of levity in my conduct, let those unjust censors remember that it was under the mask of sincere friendship that I sought to overawe certain powerful personages. Had I regarded them with an eye of indifference, they might have surrounded Napoleon with perils from which no human prudence could have rescued him. Often did I, in concert with him, carry on a correspondence. I flattered all parties, for I love to do justice to all. When Napoleon sup-

posed he had grounds of complaint against any of his military officers, I warmly pleaded their cause. He would tell me: —

"'It depends only on me whether I will be rid of that officer. I have only to pronounce his doom.'

"'You are right,' I would reply; 'you are right; but such language does not become your generous and noble nature.'

"'And who can oppose me in it!' was his quick reply.

"'Yourself, Napoleon. 'Twould arm against your person a multitude of brave men who are necessary to you. Certainly, a great man should fear nothing; but he captivates all hearts when he pardons. The first function of kings and the firmest pillar of a throne is justice.'"

Thus Josephine's influence was always on the side of mercy and justice. She possessed the most perfect tact, which rendered her address irresistibly winning when partisans were to be gained for Napoleon. She was entirely engrossed in the welfare and glory of him to whom her heart was most unselfishly devoted and loyal. She gained for him friends on every side; as Napoleon himself acknowledged, saying, "I conquer empires; but Josephine wins hearts." Bonaparte was never so prosperous, so well-served, and so well-beloved, as during the years when he was blessed with the counsels and aided by the adoring love of the faithful woman, who was always his best adviser and most constant friend.

When on one occasion Josephine warned Napoleon to be on his guard against the advice which might be given him by his flatterers, he replied: —

"You are right, Madame, I know how to guard myself against all their influences. You are my *wife* and *friend*,

I want none other. Your lot is bound to mine forever; and woe to that one of us who shall be the first to break our oath."

And yet in 1809, he could not guard himself against the "bees" of his court, who hummed in his ears:—

"You must separate from the Empress Josephine. A princess of the blood of the Cæsars will esteem it a glory to give heirs to the great Napoleon. Then will his dynasty be established forever."

The divorce in 1809 was brought about by the joint efforts of all the members of the Bonaparte family, aided by some of Napoleon's most confidential servants, whom Josephine, either as Madame Bonaparte, or empress, had failed to make her friends, notwithstanding her ceaseless endeavors to harmonize all the hostile elements around her. Even as early as the time when Napoleon was in Egypt, these intriguers first tried to lay snares for the unsuspicious and magnanimous Josephine, and various scandals were originated and reported to the absent Bonaparte.

Junot was made their tool either willingly or unwillingly, and the evil whispers became louder and louder. During the first months of the Egyptian expedition, Bonaparte's letters to his wife were affectionate and confiding. But the poison was soon at work, and the rumors which Junot had repeated to Bonaparte roused his jealous anger.

Poor Josephine knew naught of these dread scandals, until the letters received from her husband, accusing her of errors of which she was guiltless, stabbed her to the heart. Her appeals against these injurious aspersions were in accordance with her own noble nature. We can only quote a few lines from her letter to Napoleon:—

"Can it be possible, my friend? Is the letter indeed

yours which I have just received? Scarcely can I give it credence, on comparing the present with those now before me, and to which your love gave so many charms! My eyes cannot doubt that those pages which rend my heart are too surely yours; but my soul refuses to admit that yours could have dictated those lines, which to the ardent joy experienced on hearing from you have caused to succeed the mortal grief of reading the expressions of a displeasure, the more afflicting to me that it must have proved a source of fearful pain to you.

"I am entirely ignorant in what I have offended, to create an enemy so determined to ruin my repose by interrupting yours; but surely it must be a great reason which can thus induce some one unceasingly to renew against me calumnies of such a specious nature as to be admitted, even for a moment, by one who hitherto has deemed me worthy of his entire affection and confidence.

"Oh, my friend! in place of lending an ear to impostors, who, from motives which I cannot explain, seek to ruin our happiness, why do you not rather reduce them to silence by the recital of your benefits to a woman whose character has never incurred the suspicion of ingratitude? On hearing what you have done for me and for my children, my traducers would be silent. Your conduct, admired as it has been throughout the whole of Europe, has in my heart but awakened deeper adoration of the husband who made choice of me, poor as I was, and unhappy. Every step which you take adds to the splendor of the name I bear — and is such a moment seized to persuade you that I no longer love you? What absurdity, or rather what vileness, on the part of your companions, jealous as they are of your marked superiority! I tremble when I think of the dangers which sur-

round you. God knows when or where this letter may reach you. May it restore to you a repose which you ought never to have foregone, and more than ever give you an assurance, that while I live you will be dear to me as on the day of our last separation. Farewell, my only friend! Confide in me, love me, and receive a thousand tender caresses."

This touching letter, from which we have only quoted a few lines, was probably not received by Bonaparte until after his return to France. And Napoleon returning to Paris found Josephine absent, for she had started to meet him in wild impatience to welcome him; but missing him on the road, he arrived home first and found his house deserted: but his mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law, and in short every member of his family, except Louis, who had attended Madame Bonaparte to Lyons, came to him immediately, and insinuated the basest scandals about his devoted wife, who was only absent because she had flown to meet him. But the impression made upon him by his deserted home and the false accusations of his family were profound and terrible; and nine years afterwards, when the tie between himself and Josephine was broken, he showed that he had not forgotten that time. From not finding his wife with his family, he inferred that she felt herself unworthy of his presence and feared to meet the man she had wronged; and he considered her journey to Lyons a mere pretence, — so cruelly had these evil slanderers blackened her lovely and devoted character. After the reconciliation which followed, Bonaparte seemed for a time to have forgotten these evil lies; but his family were intensely chagrined.

Madame Pauline Le Clerc was most vexed at the pardon which Napoleon had granted his wife. Bonaparte's

mother was also very ill-pleased, for she had never liked Josephine. Madame Bacchiocchi gave free vent to her ill-humor and disdain; and Bonaparte's brothers were at open war with Josephine. No wonder that with such a host of evil-minded, envious relations, poor Josephine was most terribly maligned! Bonaparte's brothers, desirous of obtaining entire dominion over Napoleon, strenuously endeavored to lessen the influence which Josephine possessed over him.

Napoleon would probably have adhered to his first idea of adopting Eugène de Beauharnais as his successor, had it not been for his own family, all eager for wealth and honors, all jealous of any favors shown to Josephine or her children, all of them constantly urging a divorce.

"Divorce her at once," Joseph Bonaparte exclaimed; "you are not married to her. The woman may die, and it will then be said you have poisoned her, — that you found it to your interest to do so."

Napoleon was staggered at these monstrous suggestions. His countenance became of a deathlike paleness as these terrible insinuations fell upon his ear. After a moment or two of silence he murmured: —

"You have forced on me an idea which would never have occurred to me, and with it the possibility of a divorce."

Thus was the evil working, which should end in the cruel blow to Josephine and the downfall of Napoleon. Years elapsed before Napoleon was induced to act upon these suggestions, but the tempters had begun their diabolical work.

As Napoleon's marriage with Josephine had at first been only a civil ceremony, — the religious service having been only performed at the time of the coronation, when

religious worship had been reinstated in France, — Joseph Bonaparte basely insinuated that the tie between them was not binding; and as by some mistake the necessary witnesses had not been present at the after religious ceremony, and a signature was said to be wanting to make the certificate of marriage complete, these circumstances were afterwards laid stress upon, in declaring that their marriage had been irregular and could therefore be annulled. And either by evil intent or inadvertence a notice of the religious ceremony did not appear in the *Moniteur*, which described the coronation at great length. Thus was the web spun by the political spiders closer and closer around their poor innocent victim, Josephine, and she became the subject of their vilest plots.

Napoleon's attachment to Josephine withstood all suggestions during the period preceding the Empire, and Josephine herself afterwards declared, "that unless urged by others, he would not of himself have thought of a separation."

But at length, instigated by Fouché and his own relations and other evil advisers, Napoleon determined to divorce Josephine. This same wily Fouché hinted to Josephine her coming doom, and advised that she should first broach the subject to the emperor; but Josephine indignantly refused.

"It was on Sunday, on returning from church, that Fouché, the minister of the police, leading Josephine to the embrasure of a window in the chatean at Fontainebleau, gave her the first shock on the subject of the divorce, which did not take place until two years after."

The family of Bonaparte became more openly hostile to Josephine. One of the writers of her memoirs says: —

"Joseph could not endure her, while on the other hand,

his wife rendered her the fullest justice. As to Madame Murat, she was by no means careful to conceal her thoughts, and on many occasions sought to humiliate Napoleon's wife. Madame Bacchiocchi, Napoleon's eldest sister, considered Josephine as the earliest instrument of her brother's greatness. 'But,' said she, 'the moment her power becomes too great it must be broken down, and that without pity.' She was one of the first to advise that unrighteous separation, which worked so much prejudice to the emperor and his whole family. Madame Letitia, Napoleon's mother, occasioned real trouble and vexation to her daughter-in-law. Their feelings were in perpetual opposition. The one was remarkable for her acts of benevolence; the other for her extreme parsimony. The mother loudly disapproved of the luxury which reigned at her son's court, and charged the fault to Josephine."

When Joseph Bonaparte became king of Naples, his sister Caroline, then Grand Duchess of Berg, avoided as much as possible her modest sister-in-law, the queen of Naples. But finding herself obliged to give her the title of "Your Majesty," she dared at length to complain to Napoleon that he had not yet given her a crown. Napoleon replied: "Your complaint astonishes me, madame! To hear you, one might suppose I had deprived you of your right of succession to the throne of your *ancestor*."

No one of Napoleon's evil advisers was more crafty, insidious, and unscrupulous than Fouché. Like a Mephistopheles, with sardonic smile he held his fingers on the keys which played the tune of politics. Through his minions, the police, he entered even the closed doors of his Majesty's cabinet, and caught the rumors which dropped in idle gossip from the rosy lips of the beauties of the court.

After his cool affront to Josephine, in endeavoring to persuade her that she should herself suggest to Napoleon the divorce, she begged the emperor to remove Fouché from his office of minister of police; but Bonaparte, with strange blindness, kept the wily serpent near him, and banished from his presence his own guardian angel. And when at last he had been stung himself by the treacherous fangs of the insidious viper, and Napoleon became at length convinced that Fouché was maintaining a correspondence with England, through his spies, the emperor dismissed him; but it was too late.

The same Fouché who had thrust the dagger into the heart of Josephine, afterwards proved to be one of the chief instigators of the plots which caused the second abdication of Napoleon. Bourrienne thus pithily describes him: —

"Fouché had opinions, but he belonged to no party; and his political success is explained by the readiness with which he always served the party he knew must triumph, and which he himself overthrew in its turn. He maintained himself in favor, from the days of blood and terror until the time of the second restoration, only by abandoning and sacrificing those who were attached to him. In all things he looked only to himself; and to this egotism he sacrificed both subjects and governments.

"Such were the secret causes of the sway exercised by Fouché during the Convention, the Directory, the Empire, and after the return of the Bourbons. He helped to found and to destroy every one of these successive governments."

Napoleon afterwards realized some of the treachery of this archtraitor, and thus spoke of him at St. Helena: —

"Fouché is a miscreant of all colors; — a priest, a

Terrorist, and one who took an active part in many bloody scenes of the Revolution. He is a man who can worm all your secrets out of you with an air of calmness and of unconcern."

What wonder that poor unsuspicious Josephine was betrayed by such a Judas!

This smiling Mephistopheles might thus have counselled with his crafty soul: —

"And so her Majesty beseeches that I be dismissed! We'll see, my lady, whether you or I shall conquer in this contest! You think you hold your husband's heart; but I hold the ear of his proud ambition. Which, think you, will prevail? You are surrounded by his relations, who hate you with envious and jealous hatred, than which there is none more bitter. I am their confidant. Ha! methinks my cards in hand shall win the game, even against the *Queen of Hearts!*"

Bourrienne relates the following conversation with Fouché, which bears upon this point: —

"I said a few words to him about Bonaparte's regret at not having children. My object was to learn Fouché's opinion on this subject; and it was not without a feeling of indignation I heard him say, 'It is to be hoped the empress will soon die. Her death will remove many difficulties. Sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear him a child; for as long as he has no direct heir, there is every chance that his death will be the signal for a revolution. His brothers are perfectly incapable of filling his place, and a new party would rise up in favor of the Bourbons, which must be prevented above all things.'"

And yet this same Fouché afterwards intrigued for the return of the Bourbons.

Just before Napoleon signed his second abdication, a provisional government was established with Fouché at the head. This crafty schemer was at that time the agent of Louis XVIII. and of the Duke of Wellington; and so it was Fouché, who, as a leader in the Chamber of Deputies, forced Napoleon to sign the second abdication. The Marquis de Bonnay wrote concerning his intrigues: —

"I know for a certainty that M. de M., who was sent to Vienna by Fouché, has taken part in a dialogue to the following effect: —

"'Do not go to war with us, and we will rid you of that man.'

"'Well, then; rid us of him at once.'

"'Would you like the king of Rome, or a regency?'

"'No!'

"'The Duke of Orleans?'

"'No!'

"'Well, Louis XVIII.? — since it must be so. But no nobility, no priestcraft, and above all, no Blacas.'

"'Begin by ridding us of Bonaparte and all his race.'"

And rid them of Bonaparte, Fouché did; and again this wily diplomat, or base traitor, — according as the reader sides with one or the other party, — came once more to the front, and received again the office of minister of police under Louis XVIII. Thus Fouché had played his cards and won, and Josephine and Napoleon had lost. Surely the title which Lanfrey applies to Napoleon would most fittingly describe Fouché, — "*an incorrigible gambler.*"

During their private conferences, previous to the direct announcement of his determination, Napoleon endeavored to persuade Josephine of the political necessity of a separation; veiling his real intentions, so that they should ap-

pear only hints of the measure. Sometimes these vague hints would be met by Josephine with tears and supplications; at other times she would rise in calm dignity and defend her claims with unanswerable facts and predictions. There are several most interesting accounts given of various conversations between them at different times, before the final announcement. The following is perhaps the most impressive.

On one occasion Josephine dared predict to him, that the day he separated himself from her his bright star of destiny should fade, and that their parting hour would be the beginning of his downfall.

"You need," she said, "a friend, and you have nothing but flatterers. Do you believe that your generals are truly attached to you? No! the most of them only wait a propitious moment to turn their arms against you. Do you think they will, with unconcern, see the Emperor Napoleon searching for a wife among the daughters of kings? No! they have been bred in the same school as yourself; they have *earned true nobility*, at the price of their blood; and the blazonry upon their armor, of which they are so justly proud, is but the evidence of valor which has given them the prodigious power they now enjoy in Europe.

"But remember! in you they but behold their equal. If they sustain the glory of your throne, it is only because your elevation seems their work. They believe you great, because the rays of your grandeur are reflected by themselves. If they burn incense to you, they breathe with delight the incense of a power which they share. But the moment a foreign wife shall come and seat herself at your side, the court will cease to be directed by the same influence. You are too *new* a man to attach to your per-

son the ancient families. You may load them with favors; you have it in your power, and it is your duty to make them forget the wrongs inseparable from the Revolution. But beware you do not humble the old generals who served their country before you. Banish from your halls that too severe etiquette which was not made for them. Their wives and children ought not to be made to blush, either in your presence or in that of your future companion. The sword of the brave will ever be your surest safeguard. I myself have ever been careful to conciliate all parties, and to be indulgent to all opinions; so much so, that, since your fortunes have become so wonderful, I have in a manner taught your officers to forget the immense distance which exists between General Bonaparte and the Emperor Napoleon."

Some days before the divorce, Josephine is reported to have thus addressed Napoleon: —

"Bonaparte, even now you have no confidence in the stability of your power. You want an ally; and the very sovereign whom you have lately vanquished, the sovereign who has just grounds to hate you, sees himself flattered by the very man who has so lately overrun his country. If such an enormous sacrifice as the giving his daughter to you in marriage be necessary to give peace to his subjects, you cannot but know that he will secretly despise you, and say to himself: —

"'The man who so lately made me tremble, who imposed such cruel conditions upon me, is on the eve of some dreadful catastrophe. Did he suppose himself firmly seated upon his throne, he would not need to resort to a foreign alliance; and the very circumstance that the mighty conqueror is so anxious to obtain a companion of illustrious birth, is evidence that he intends, should a storm ever arise, to lean upon that foreign support.'"

It was indeed strange that the cry of the Revolution, "Down with the *Autrichienne!*" did not warn Napoleon that it would be an impolitic action to place another Austrian woman upon the throne of France.

The Empress Josephine, after having long dreaded the terrible misfortune which at length overwhelmed her, was totally unprepared for the shock when it fell. She had for a time been lulled into a fancied security, and had regained tranquillity just as the blow came. Nothing had been done to prepare her for it. Even when all Europe was talking of this probable event, and after negotiations had been entered into regarding her successor, still no direct word had been spoken to the poor victim of this atrocious cruelty and perfidious crime.

The letter in which Napoleon told her of his approaching arrival at Fontainebleau still exists. Its tone is particularly affectionate; and he thus wrote: "*I am feasting on the thought of seeing thee again;* — I embrace thee. Ever thine." These were his words sent from Nymphenburg, Oct. 21, 1809. When he arrived at Fontainebleau, however, Josephine perceived that he was constrained and cold, which alarmed her; and the triumphant airs of her sworn enemies, his sisters and brothers and mother, who hastened to greet him with officious homage, betokened that some new effront would soon be offered her.

While she was obliged to conceal beneath a smiling countenance her consuming anxieties, in the midst of the brilliant *fêtes* of the court, she found that the communication between her suite of apartments and those of the emperor had been closed by his orders, which announced to her that her dreaded doom was nigh.

The Duchesse D'Abrantes gives this account of a visit to Josephine just previous to the public announcement of

the divorce: "I had an interview with the empress at Malmaison. I had sent her a plant from the Pyrenees, and she wished me to see it in the hot-house. But in vain she attempted to employ herself with those objects which pleased her the most; her eyes were frequently suffused with tears; she was pale, and her whole manner marked indisposition. 'It is very cold!' she said, drawing her shawl about her; but, alas! it was the chill of grief creeping about her heart, like the cold hand of death. 'Madame Junot,' she said, 'remember what I say to you this day here, in this hot-house, — this place which is now a paradise, but which may soon become a desert to me, — remember that this separation will be my death, and it is they who will have killed me! I shall be driven in disgrace from him who has given me a crown! Yet God is my witness that I love him more than my life, and much more than that throne, that crown, which he has given me.' The empress may have appeared more beautiful, but never more attractive than at that moment. If Napoleon had seen her then, surely he could never have divorced her."

Lanfrey thus comments upon this event: "On the evening of Nov. 30, the prefect of the palace was on duty in an apartment adjoining the drawing-room where the emperor and Josephine were sitting, when he heard piercing cries, and with amazement recognized the voice of the empress. A few moments afterwards the door opened, and Napoleon having called him in, he beheld the empress suffering from a violent nervous attack, and uttering exclamations of distress and despair. He then helped Napoleon to carry her into her own apartment. In fact, the much-dreaded explosion had taken place. The emperor had at first determined to await the arrival of the Prince Eugène in Paris, in order that the

presence and consolations of the son whom Josephine so tenderly loved might soften the bitterness of his intended communication. When he announced the terrible news to her who alone was ignorant of it,—to the woman who, by having brought him among her wedding presents the chief command of the army in Italy, had so eminently contributed towards his exalted fortune,—eight days had already elapsed since he had desired Champagny to ask for him the hand of the Emperor Alexander's sister. It was Russia, his ally, not Austria, whom he thought it better to address first.

"As the sad scene which had revealed the domestic trouble in the imperial family was soon publicly known, the divorce became the subject of conversation at the court and throughout the nation. The unfortunate Josephine was supported, it is true, by the affection of her children, who felt the blow scarcely less keenly than herself; but being convinced of the absolute futility of resistance, she had, after the deepest anguish, submitted, rather than resigned herself to that strong will which henceforward became inflexible.

"In order to feign consent, it was necessary that she should show herself in public. Hence she was dragged about to all the grand official receptions, and the scandal-loving public watched her closely, in order to note the extent and progress of her misfortune. The echoes of the palace more than once repeated her sobs and complaints; but it was desirable that this victim of pride and policy should appear content to sacrifice herself, and she was not allowed the satisfaction even of a display of grief. In the *fêtes* given at the commencement of December, to celebrate the anniversary of the coronation, Paris beheld her, with death in her heart and a smile on her lips, bear-

ing the despair which was a torture to her, with grace, playing her part of sovereign for the last time; surrounded by her children, who, to use the expression of a contemporary, were dancing at their mother's funeral."

Upon his arrival in Paris, after the blow had fallen upon poor Josephine, Prince Eugène had a mournful interview with his afflicted mother.

"'Tis not," said that noble woman in the agony of her heart, "'tis not that I regret the throne, my son, but I feel that I am leaving the emperor a prey to the evil-minded men who seek his ruin. I shall be no longer here to warn him against their false-hearted counsels. The task reserved for me henceforth will be to pity him, and to pray for him and the French people whom I love. *My children will imitate my example.*"

Bourrienne gives the following words of Josephine, regarding her divorce: —

"I was ushered into the drawing-room at Malmaison, where I found Josephine and Hortense. When I entered, Josephine stretched out her hand to me, saying, 'Ah, my friend!' These words she pronounced with deep emotion, and tears prevented her from continuing. She threw herself on the ottoman on the left of the fireplace, and beckoned me to sit down beside her. Hortense stood by the fireplace, endeavoring to conceal her tears. After a struggle to overcome her feelings, Josephine said: —

"'I have drained my cup of misery. He has cast me off! — forsaken me! He conferred upon me the vain title of empress only to render my fall the more marked. Ah! I knew the destiny that awaited me; for what would he not sacrifice to his ambition!' As she finished these words, one of Queen Hortense's ladies entered with a message to her; Hortense withdrew, so that I was left alone with Josephine.

"She seemed to wish for the relief of disclosing her sorrows. Josephine confirmed what Duroc had told me respecting the two apartments at Fontainebleau; then, coming to the period when Bonaparte had declared to her the necessity of a separation, she said: —

"'My dear Bourrienne, during all the years you were with us you know I made you the confidant of my thoughts, and kept you acquainted with my sad forebodings. They are now cruelly fulfilled. I acted the part of a good wife to the very last. I have suffered all, and I am resigned!

"'What fortitude did it require latterly to endure my situation, when, though no longer his wife, I was obliged to seem so in the eyes of the world! With what eyes do courtiers look upon a repudiated wife! I was in a state of vague uncertainty worse than death, until the fatal day when he at length avowed to me what I had long before read in his looks!

"'On the 30th of November, 1809, we were dining together as usual. I had not uttered a word during that sad dinner, and he had broken silence only to ask one of the servants what it was o'clock. As soon as Bonaparte had taken his coffee, he dismissed all the attendants, and I remained alone with him. I saw in the expression of his countenance what was passing in his mind, and I knew that my hour was come.

"'He stepped up to me, — he was trembling, and I shuddered; he took my hand, pressed it to his heart, and after gazing at me a few moments in silence, he uttered these fatal words: —

"'"Josephine! my dear Josephine! You know how I have loved you! . . . To you, to you alone, I owe the only moments of happiness I have tasted in this world.

But, Josephine, my destiny is not to be controlled by my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France."

"'"Say no more!" I exclaimed, "I understand you: I expected this; but the blow is not the less mortal."

"'I could not say another word,' continued Josephine. 'I know not what happened after. I seemed to lose my reason; I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself in my chamber. Your friend Corvisart and my poor daughter were with me. Bonaparte came to see me in the evening; and oh! Bourrienne, how can I describe to you what I felt at sight of him! even the interest he evinced for me seemed an additional cruelty. Alas! I had good reason to fear ever becoming an empress!'"

The 15th of December, 1809, was the fatal day appointed for the consummation of the divorce. The imperial council of state was convened, and the official announcements of the coming separation were made. Napoleon's address on this occasion is well known. The prepared response which Josephine attempted to read in acceptation of this cruel decree, was too much for even her marvellous fortitude to endure; and Eugène was obliged to take the paper from his weeping mother, and finish for her the heart-breaking avowal which her quivering lips refused to utter.

Upon the following day the council was again assembled with the imperial family in the grand *salon* at the Tuileries, to witness the legal consummation of the divorce.

All were in court costume. Napoleon entered the apartment, clothed in the imposing robes of state. Pale as a corpse, he stood leaning against a pillar, with folded arms, motionless as a statue.

Again the poor victim of this cruel sacrifice must appear. The keen-edged knife of the political guillotine of blind ambition must this day perform its final act of political decapitation.

The door opens; a sad figure appears. Some reports clothe this sorrowful, weeping woman in white muslin; others in black satin. As the latter seems more fitting to this funereal scene, we incline to that supposition, which would surely appear more appropriate than bridal white for this moment of public repudiation.

The graceful woman, bending like a weeping-willow before the storm of sorrow which is crushing her to the earth, walks slowly to the seat prepared for her, followed by her son and daughter. The pallor of death is upon her brow. A coffin would have seemed less cruel than the mocking chair of state waiting for her. Had she been Marie Antoinette upon the scaffold, she could scarcely have suffered more; for Marie Antoinette could at least love her dead husband without reproach; while the living husband of poor Josephine holds in his hand the cruel dagger which is piercing her bleeding heart, and his word tears from her brow her rightful royal diadem of wifehood.

The iniquitous decree is read. The quivering victim must pronounce her own sentence. Pressing her handkerchief to her streaming eyes for a moment, she slowly rises, and the oath of acceptance passes her pallid lips. The pen is handed to her, and she signs her own *death-warrant;* and then glides like a mournful spectre from the grand *salon* of state, the imperial grandeur of which, together with the presence of her triumphant foes, mock her unutterable woe.

It is the evening of the same day. The weeping woman

has still another heart-rending duty to perform. She must take her final farewell of the man who has stabbed her to the heart; of the husband whom she still adores with every heart-beat of her loyal, loving soul; of the emperor who has crowned her, only to tear from her brow his royal gift and bestow it upon another. Was ever woman's soul torn with such conflicting emotions? Pride and love have fought a terrible battle within her heart, since the cruel public sacrifice of the morning. But love has conquered; yes, so royally conquered, that there is no place left in her soul for aught but overpowering devotion to the adored husband of her heart.

Napoleon had retired to his apartments. His valet was about to be dismissed for the night when the door opens, and upon the threshold stands Josephine! — more irresistible in her infinite sorrow than in her most imperial robes of dazzling splendor. Her tender eyes are glistening through her tears; her hair falls in disordered locks around her quivering face; her hands are clasped in agonizing despair. For one moment she gazes upon the face of him who has been her life and happiness; — then, forgetting all but her overpowering love, she throws herself into his arms, exclaiming, in tones of commingled tenderness and heart-broken anguish, — "My husband! — My husband!"

Napoleon was overpowered at last. With streaming eyes he beckoned to his valet to retire, and the husband and wife were left alone for their last sad interview. When an hour afterwards Josephine retired from the apartment, still sobbing with irresistible emotion, the valet entered to remove the lights, and found Napoleon with face buried in the pillow and form convulsed with choking sobs.

The next morning, at eleven o'clock, Josephine was to bid a last adieu to the Tuileries. At the appointed hour she

appeared, heavily veiled and leaning upon the arm of one of her lady attendants. Silently she walked through the spacious halls, where all the household had assembled to take final leave of their loved mistress. Not a word was spoken; and as Josephine entered the close carriage she waved an adieu to the weeping friends around her, and without another glance at the grand palace which had witnessed her proud happiness and unutterable woe, she was driven rapidly to her future sad retreat at Malmaison.

But the envious hate of the Bonaparte family received its just reward on the occasion of the marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa; and they were then obliged to swallow a more bitter pill of mortified pride than any which had been administered to them during the reign of Josephine.

Madame Mère Bonaparte and the queens of Holland and Naples, the princesses Eliza and Pauline, and the kings Louis and Jerome, were gathered to discuss the coming marriage ceremony of the future empress. Murat, the handsome king of Naples, entered, attired in his rich gala dress of fawn-colored satin embroidered with silver, and wearing a purple mantle lined with ermine and clasped with jewels. The hilt and sheath of his sword sparkled with gems, and his belt was covered with rubies. He wore a sort of cap, of purple, surrounded by an open crown of precious stones, while his boots were of purple velvet edged with fur, and his knee-breeches and vest were of white satin. As he entered the apartment, so proud and so handsome, all of his family exclaimed: "What a handsome dress!"

"Yes, I flatter myself!" said Murat, gazing into the long mirror before which *la Princesse Borghèse* was paying court to her own beauty; "but do you know, fair ladies,

that you are about to be disgraced in the eyes of all Europe?" continued Murat, holding up a printed paper.

"What is it?" exclaimed all in a breath.

"Read! — *mesdames les reines!*" replied Murat, "and you will learn that *all*, *queens as you are*, you will to-morrow, in the chapel of the Louvre, during the marriage ceremony, have the honor of bearing the train of the imperial mantle of your august sister-in-law."

"Napoleon can never request of us such an insulting office," said one.

"It is no *request*," said Jerome, "the emperor *commands* it."

"As for me," cried *la Princesse Borghèse*, "I would like to see myself touch her odious mantle!"

"Do not excite yourself, sister," said the queen of Naples, "this matter does not concern either you or the *grande duchesse;* you are neither of you *queens*."

"But I am more than a *parvenue* queen," gasped Pauline, between her sobs, "my husband was a noble from birth."

"I, for one, will not officiate as the waiting-woman of my sister-in-law," said the queen of Naples haughtily.

"I could not venture to hint at such a degradation to my wife, — the daughter of the king of Wurtemberg," declared Jerome.

"Sons and daughters, son-in-law and daughter-in-law," said *Madame Mère*, "bear in mind that Napoléoné is accustomed to be obeyed. He is entirely wrong in this matter; but if he is resolved, you will obey."

"The others may do as they like; but not *I*, *Madame Mère*," said the spoiled beauty, Pauline.

"*You*, like the rest," replied Madame Bonaparte, with decision.

At that moment the doors were thrown open, and the usher announced, "The Emperor!"

It was in vain that Pauline tried to conceal her tears of rage; or that the queen of Naples endeavored to smoothe her ruffled brow; or that Murat hastily sheathed his splendid sword, which he had just drawn in mock defiance to the imperial command.

"*Madame la Princesse Borghèse!* explain what all this means," said Napoleon, with severity.

"My sisters and I do not think it proper to carry the mantle of your wife," Pauline exclaimed defiantly.

"What! do you all refuse?" asked the emperor.

"I cannot disgrace my crown," sobbed Caroline Murat.

"I will not publicly outrage my unhappy mother!" bravely said Hortense.

"And you, Eliza?" remarked Napoleon; "you probably dread the reproaches of your husband. Ladies, what did I owe to you when I was called upon to reign over France? I have placed you all on such a giddy elevation that it has turned your heads. I have bestowed upon your husbands and yourselves kingdoms, principalities, and splendid establishments; I have overwhelmed you with wealth and honors. What are you without me? Which of you could sustain yourself, if I did not stretch out my hand to support you? Oh! so this is the tone that you assume! Your thrones belong to you by feudal right? Mark me, ladies; the archchancellor of state shall make to you, or rather to your husbands, an official declaration; and whichever one among you ventures to disobey my commands, shall be considered as a culprit, and shall be put under the ban of the empire. And as regards you, Madame Borghèse, who honor us by your

alliance, as soon as the marriage *fêtes* have terminated you will leave Paris; and as you first gave the signal of resistance, so you shall be the first to obey. It is my express determination that the empress, archduchess of Austria, shall receive all the homage due to her birth and rank."

The emperor then haughtily withdrew. The poor Princess Borghèse fell upon the floor in violent hysterics; and Napoleon, having been apprised of the fact, sent his physician to attend her, bearing also the information to her, that it was the *command* of the emperor that she should be perfectly recovered before the next day. So Pauline could not feign sickness, and was obliged to resign herself to her fate. But even Napoleon himself could not conquer women's tears; and although his unwilling relations were forced to obey his imperial command, that fatal train of the empress, measuring twelve yards in length, was borne by weeping queens and princesses, who did not even try to conceal their tears of mortification; and they doubtless then realized that an empress of *royal birth* was not after all such a desirable acquisition to their family as they had supposed. If poor Josephine had not been too generous to be spiteful, and too sad to note aught but her own humiliation and woe, she might have felt herself somewhat avenged by her unconscious successor. As the gorgeous spectacle passed through the magnificent gallery which connected the Tuileries with the Louvre, a child exclaimed to its mother:—

"Mamma, why does the queen of Holland cry? I thought queens were always laughing."

Poor Hortense! It was indeed cruel in the extreme, that she should have been forced to bear the mantle of the woman who was so unjustly supplanting her own mother.

Whenever Josephine's friends conversed in her presence regarding the woman who had taken her place, she was careful to avoid the slightest remark which could be construed into a censure of Maria Louisa, though her sorrow could not be concealed. "He will never love her," she exclaimed with deep feeling; "he has sacrificed everything to his politics; but his first wife — yes, his first wife, will forever possess his confidence." And she did not deceive herself in this belief, for the ex-empress had reason upon many occasions to exult in the irresistible ascendency she still exercised over Napoleon.

On hearing of the birth of the king of Rome, Josephine evinced her generous sympathy by making a present to the baby archduke of a little carriage drawn by two superb *merinos*. The emperor was much pleased with this kind attention, but when he spoke of it to Maria Louisa, the Austrian was offended; for she could never endure to hear a word of praise regarding the woman who had preceded her, and she always tried to prevent Napoleon's visits to his former wife. But the emperor never ceased to honor Josephine by frequent letters, hurried visits, and constant delicate attentions. Josephine was never forgotten by him, and he always spoke of her with new and increasing interest. He was displeased with certain of his courtiers who affected to forget the forsaken Josephine. "Have you been to Malmaison?" he would inquire of them. "How does the empress?" and these fickle courtiers perceived that if they would please the emperor, they must pay their respects to Josephine. Often when returning from a hunt, Napoleon would go and surprise Josephine at Malmaison with a visit, and walk with her in the garden, conversing with the greatest interest about all his affairs; she was still his most

intimate confidant. To Josephine alone could he confide his inmost thoughts, sure of never being betrayed, and always receiving her most devoted interest. The emperor would often send word to the grand *écuyer* to detain the Empress Maria Louisa at the riding-school; and then took advantage of the moment of liberty to go and surprise Josephine at Malmaison. It is said that Napoleon was much displeased with Madame de la R., because, having been in Josephine's service, she proposed to fulfil the same duties for the Empress Maria Louisa. "No," said he with indignation; "she shall not. Although I am charged with ingratitude towards my wife, I will have no imitators, especially among the persons whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with her favors."

After her divorce, Josephine passed her time alternately at Malmaison and the chateau of Navarre. She here dispensed daily bounty to multitudes of poor families, who were the recipients of her generous benevolence and the objects of her personal care. The following touching incident is said to have occurred just before Napoleon set out on his fatal campaign to Russia.

The Empress Josephine was seated in her gallery of paintings, when the emperor came upon her unawares, and found her reading that passage in the life of Diocletian relating to his abdication: "O ye, who have seen me seated on a throne, come now and see the lettuce which I have planted with my own hands!" Napoleon appeared to be singularly impressed by these words, and said to Josephine with unusual tenderness: "My wife" (for so he continued to call her), "I shall, perhaps, terminate my course in the same way, and take pride in showing the beautiful fruits of your gardens, cultivated by my own

QUEEN LOUISE.

hands, to the envoys of the different nations who may come to visit Napoleon the *Philosopher*."

"So much the better," answered Josephine; "then should we be happy indeed." But soon her eyes filled with tears, and she said with inexpressible sadness: "My friend, you have a new wife and a son; I desire henceforth only to aid you by my counsels. But should you ever be free, or should the blast of adversity ever deliver you to your enemies, come, come, O Bonaparte, to my cherished asylum!"

Josephine was very desirous to behold the young king of Rome. Madame Montesquieu, by the order of the emperor, went to Trianon with her august *élève*. Hither Josephine went, and when she beheld the young prince, she lavished her caresses upon his baby face, exclaiming with streaming eyes: "I now pardon her freely for the wrong she did me in coming to usurp my place. I am now willing to overlook all my husband's errors, and concern myself solely about the happiness of a father."

Napoleon's overthrow was the result of political errors, into which he was led by evil advisers. They were: —

"1. The unjust war in Spain; an almost insupportable draught upon the blood and treasure of France, and utterly unproductive of profit or glory.

"2. The divorce of his wife Josephine, — a matter of cold-blooded calculation; a wrong determination as to the results to arise from the respective positions of the objects upon the political chessboard. It was discarding a *French woman* for an *Austrian princess*. It offended France; it shocked all hearts by an apparent indifference to the love of a noble-minded, innocent, faithful, and beautiful woman.

"3. The unfortunate campaign to Russia, an effort which France was not then strong enough to sustain;

though it was one of the grandest displays of military power in the history of the world."

And yet, with all Napoleon's plans, it was not *his* son who afterwards sat upon the French throne, but the *grandson* of *Josephine*, — the son of Hortense and Louis Bonaparte who subsequently reigned over France as Emperor Napoleon III. What had the cruel and iniquitous divorce availed after all? Thus a wise Providence seems to declare to the sons of men through the sequences resulting from such historical events, *Ye shall not do evil, presuming to imagine that thereby good may arise!*

Napoleon's unfortunate and unjust war with Spain proved in the end to have been an enterprise regarding which the keen intuitions of Josephine had not deceived her. She was endowed with an instinct so perfect, which enabled her to foresee the future with such marvellous skill, that it amounted with her almost to a gift of genius; and she was seldom deceived respecting the good or evil tendency of any of Napoleon's measures. When informed that the emperor intended to place Joseph Bonaparte upon the throne of Spain, she declared that "she was seized with a feeling of indescribable alarm."

"When Bonaparte separated from Josephine, he left the woman who had exercised a great influence upon his destinies. It was she who had in a manner launched him upon fortune's car, who knew how to uphold him in spite of envy, who was the guardian angel sent by Providence upon the earth to repair a thousand wrongs; and from the moment he repudiated her, Napoleon, the invincible Napoleon, began to be a prey to fearful forebodings. This false step was a triumph to his enemies, and all Europe was amazed that a man whose former achievements had covered him with glory, should thus, with a

sort of ostentation, run after the daughter of a sovereign whom he had subdued by force of arms. 'From that moment' (such was the general exclamation) 'that Napoleon shall start this scandalous project of a divorce, and, not content with severing the bonds which are for him not less sacred than advantageous, shall dare aspire to the hand of the august daughter of the Cæsars, Napoleon is no longer anything of himself; he is but an ambitious man. He will tremble for the result of the part he is acting, for he will seek to sustain himself by force and not by popular favor.'"

As the disasters of his last days gathered around Napoleon, he said to Josephine on one occasion, when paying her a visit at Malmaison: —

"Josephine, when my soul is filled with pain, I feel the need of a true friend into whose bosom I may pour my sorrows. What astonishes me is, that men should study every other science except that of happiness. 'Tis only in retirement that I have found it, and that I may, perhaps, hereafter meet with it!"

Josephine said, regarding the taking of Paris by the allied sovereigns: —

"My courtiers could not long conceal from me the occupation of the capital. I found myself almost in the sad condition of the family of Darius. Should I await the orders of my husband's conquerors, or should I go and implore their generosity? The melancholy state to which Bonaparte was reduced wholly engrossed my feelings and my thoughts. I was resolved to share his death, or to follow him into exile."

"Noble-hearted woman! What a contrast does this feeling present to that which actuated his second wife, who abandoned him as readily and with as little com-

punction or concern, as though her child had been the son of a German boor, and not of one as great as Cæsar or Alexander!"

While Josephine was at Navarre, and anxiously awaiting the next news from the captured city, she received word from the minister Talleyrand, inviting her to return to Malmaison, to meet there the Emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia, who had expressed a wish to see the queen of that palace of enchantments. Of her interview with these sovereigns, Josephine says: —

"I thanked those magnanimous princes for having had the generosity to honor with their presence the forsaken wife of Bonaparte; I recommended to their kind consideration that brave army which had long displayed such prodigies of valor; I pleaded the cause of those brave soldiers who still formed a bulwark around the hero of Austerlitz; and I claimed, earnestly claimed, the liberty of the man whom I still loved. I forgot all his wrongs towards me, and thought only of his misfortunes."

The Emperor Alexander of Russia said to Josephine: "I congratulate you on having reigned over the French, a nation so worthy to be well governed; I congratulate you on having known how to make friends while on the throne, friends who have followed you into retirement. 'Tis to you, madame, that France is in a great measure indebted for the tranquillity she enjoyed during the first years of your husband's reign. Had Napoleon continued to listen to your advice, he would probably now have reigned over a great and generous people. All the sovereigns in Europe, and myself the first, would ultimately have applauded the wisdom of his institutions and the strength of his government."

When Napoleon returned from Elba to Paris, and was

once more receiving the acclamations of his adherents at the Tuileries, he is said to have fallen into a "melting mood," a few nights after his return thither, and he sent for M. Horan, one of the physicians who had attended Josephine in her last illness. After talking about his former wife with much feeling, to whom he certainly was attached even when he so cruelly abandoned her, he said to the physician: —

"So, Monsieur Horan, you did not leave the empress during her malady?"

"No, sire."

"What was the cause of that malady?"

"Uneasiness of mind — grief."

"You believe that?" and Napoleon laid a strong emphasis on the word *believe*, looking steadfastly in the doctor's face. He then asked, "Was she long ill? Did she suffer much?"

"She was ill a week, sire; her Majesty suffered little pain."

"Did she see that she was dying? Did she show courage?"

"A sign her Majesty made when she could no longer express herself, leaves me no doubt that she felt her end approaching; she seemed to contemplate it without fear."

"Well! — well!" and then Napoleon, much affected, drew close to M. Horan, and added, "You say that she was in grief; from what did that arise?"

"From passing events, sire, from your Majesty's position last year."

"Ah! she used to speak of me, then?"

"Often; very often."

Here Napoleon drew his hand across his eyes, which were filled with tears. He then said: —

"Good woman! My excellent Josephine! She loved me truly, did she not? Ah! she was a Frenchwoman!"

"Oh yes, sire! she loved you, and she would have proved it, had it not been for dread of displeasing you; she had conceived an idea."

"How? What would she have done?"

"She one day said that as empress of the French she would drive through Paris, with eight horses to her coach, and all her household in gala livery, to go and rejoin you at Fontainebleau, and never quit you more."

"She would have done it! She was capable of doing it!" exclaimed Napoleon, with deep emotion and eyes full of tears; and then he asked the physician the most minute questions about the last hours of Josephine: the nature of her disease, the friends and attendants who were around her at the hour of her death, and the conduct of her two children Eugène and Hortense.

How different was Josephine's fidelity to the man who had even cut her to the heart by his cruel desertion when he was at the height of his glory, but whom in his dire misfortunes she did not cease to love and desire to aid, from the cold apathy of the woman who had taken her rightful place!

After the fall of the emperor, and his departure to the island of Elba, Josephine fell into a profound melancholy. For several days she preferred to remain alone. Her ladies noticed that she often perused a letter which the emperor had written to her from Brienne, in which he said:—

"Josephine, while revisiting the spot where I passed my early childhood, and comparing the peaceful hours I then enjoyed with the agitations which I now experience, I am constrained to say to myself, I fear death no longer—

to me it would this day be a blessing, — *but I would once more see Josephine.*"

Speaking of Napoleon at this time, she is reported to have said: "I am the only one to whom he intrusted all his secrets — all except the one which has caused his ruin; and had he communicated that to me in season, I should still have enjoyed his presence; and by means of my counsels he would perhaps have escaped these new calamities."

Among the last words uttered by the faithful Josephine, were these, regarding Napoleon, whose loved portrait she then gazed upon: "Banished to an island under a foreign sky, torn from France, from a wife and a beloved son, from all his friends; fallen from the palaces of kings, among the hills of Elba, overcome by cares and fatigues, sad and melancholy, alone amidst the dwellers upon that island, there still remains to him one faithful Pylades, and a few warriors who have voluntarily shared his exile. Bonaparte can never find consolation in his deep misfortunes, except in the reflection that there still remains to him one true friend who hath never ceased to watch over his precious life. But, alas! she is lost for him."

"Josephine, Bonaparte's last friend; Josephine, the first object of his ambition, and the only woman whom he truly loved. Bonaparte was fortunate while her lot was connected with his. His after-life was less miserable while she survived. Dying, she still wished to press his hand; his name was the last word she uttered, and her last tear fell upon his portrait."

Time destroys great reputations, but that of Napoleon's first wife will be deathless while woman's self-sacrificing love remains.

"At least," said Josephine, with dying breath; "at

least I shall carry with me some regrets. I have aimed at the good of the French people; I have done all in my power to promote it, and I may say with truth to all who attend me in my last moments, that never, no, never, did the first wife of Napoleon Bonaparte cause a tear to flow."

Beautiful May had already clothed the gardens of Malmaison with verdure and adorned them with radiant flowers. The sunset tints crimsoned the western horizon, and tipped the white clouds with purple and gold. The birds in the groves were softly carolling their vesper songs, and the gentle breeze, swaying the delicate leaves, fanned with caressing touch the fevered cheek of the dying Josephine, who, with eyes fast dimming in death, gazed once more through the open window upon the loved beauties of her favorite Malmaison, which on this 29th of May, 1814, seemed to have put on new loveliness to comfort the gentle spirit so soon to take a fond and last farewell. As the shadows of twilight deepened, and the dying empress looked once more on the portrait of her idolized husband, the emperor, she exclaimed, "*L'isle d'Elbe —— Napoleon!*" and closed her eyes on earth, and passed beyond the portals of mortal life.

"The death of Josephine threw all France into tears, and even strangers shared in the general sorrow. They witnessed the universal regrets her death occasioned, and it may be truly said, to the praise of both the friends and foes of Bonaparte, that, on this mournful occasion, all united to scatter flowers upon the tomb of the woman who had adorned the happy days of the illustrious exile."

On the 2d of June, the funeral honors were paid to the mortal remains of the Empress Josephine, in the parish church at Ruel. Commissioners from the sovereigns of

Russia and Prussia headed the procession, which proceeded from Malmaison to Ruel. Many foreign princes, marshals, generals, and officers of the French and allied armies escorted the renowned remains.

The military consisted of Russian Hussars and the National Guards of France. The chief mourners were Prince Eugène, the Grand Duke of Baden, Marquis de Beauharnais (brother-in-law), Count de Tascher (nephew), Count de Beauharnais (cousin), and the grandchildren of the deceased empress.

The funeral oration was pronounced by the Archbishop of Tours, while the bishops of Evreux and Versailles assisted in the religious ceremonies. The body of the empress was enclosed in a leaden coffin, which was afterwards placed in one of sycamore wood covered with black cloth. The casket was deposited in a vault in the church at Ruel, over which was raised a *chapelle ardente* formed of funeral hangings; the altar, richly decorated in the form of a tomb, and the altar-piece, representing a cross, were surmounted by a canopy. On the right was placed a statue of Immortality, on the left that of Religion. A sepulchral lamp was suspended in the middle of the *chapelle ardente*.

Queen Hortense, who had been conveyed to the church before the funeral obsequies, knelt for a long time beside the tomb, with her brother, after the other mourners had left the church.

The spot is now marked by a monument of white marble, representing the empress kneeling in her coronation robes, and bears this simple and touching inscription: —

EUGÈNE AND HORTENSE TO JOSEPHINE.

The widow and the orphan went daily to weep by her

tomb. Many of her faithful friends continued to make visits to the last resting-place of her whose memory was honored by universal respect and sincere mourning. The poor and the rich alike honored her life and mourned her death. "What now remains to Josephine is the recollection of her good deeds," — a more fitting memorial than costly monument or marble sarcophagus of most elaborate art.

As an empress, none can claim a more exalted place, as the personification of grace, beauty, and queenly dignity. But it is as a *woman* — as a *wife* and a *mother* — that the brightest halo of glory crowns the pure brow of Josephine; and as *Love's Martyr,* she has gained the highest place amongst the self-sacrificing women of historic fame.

QUEEN HORTENSE.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

A.D. 1826.

"Then happy low, lie down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." — SHAKESPEARE.

"EVERYTHING happens in France," says La Rochefoucauld; and indeed it would seem so. The history of no other country of modern times presents such a series of rapid changes, decided extremes, and strange incongruities. Monarchies, empires, republics, follow each other in rapid succession. Yet through it all — in base servility or in fierce revolt, in licentiousness or prudery, in anarchy or order, in despotism or demagogy; under Valois, Bourbon, or Bonaparte; from Versailles and Louis XIV. to Malmaison of the First, and Compiègne of the Second Empire — we see the same thoughts, the same ideas, the same traits of character, though veiled under different garbs.

In 1685 the House of Bourbon was at the zenith of its glory. France, crushed with oppression, bowed beneath its yoke. One hundred and fifty thousand souls rioted in luxury. Twenty-five millions toiled to administer to their luxury. The people cried for bread, and proud, licentious nobles bid them "eat grass," while the monarch, from his gilded palace, thundered forth his arbitrary dictum, "*L'État c'est moi!*"

"The kingdom is in a deplorable state," said Mirabeau. "It can only be regenerated by some great internal convulsion. But woe to those who live to see that. *The French people do not do things by halves.*" The convulsion

comes. The French people do not do things by halves. The throne falls with a crash, and the guillotine stands in the *Place de la Concorde.*

Then comes the Empire. Glory is the object sought, and glory is attained. France is ablaze with glory. Rivoli, Austerlitz, Waterloo! And the First Empire — with its glories and its triumphs, its crowns and its sceptres, its stars and its crosses — fades like a dream, and is gone. The Bourbons return to the homes of their ancestors. Again the storm arises, and the Republic is proclaimed. The Republic becomes the Empire. Laurels, crowns, triumph! Glory is sought, but 'tis pacific glory. "The Empire is peace." France prospers. But a dark cloud gathers on the horizon. The thunder peals. War rages fast and furious. Defeat, disaster, ruin! The Empire has fallen to pieces! Bourbon and Bonaparte wander through Europe.

'Tis the height of the Paris "season," and with its gayly dressed crowds and splendid equipages, the *Avenue des Champs Élysées* wears a festive, smiling air. Bright shines the sun, gilding with its rays the dome and turrets of the Tuileries, the terraces and statues, the obelisk of Luxor, and sending back the waters of the fountains in showers of glittering diamonds, while far in the distance the massive outline of the *Arc de Triomphe* looms lofty against the clear blue sky. Carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, a countless throng, are on their way to and from the *Bois de Boulogne;* but one alone attracts universal attention. A tall and graceful figure clad in a dark green habit, and above whose head there floats a snow-white plume, she sits proud and erect upon her splendid thoroughbred. Paris sees with admiration, and in every mouth there is but one question, "Who is yonder

ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

fair *equestrienne*, who sits so splendidly, who rides so fearlessly?"

"'Tis Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Téba."

Born in Spain in 1826, in the province of Granada, her early days were passed among the picturesque scenery with which the pen of Irving has made us familiar. Her father, the Count de Montijo and Téba, was a grandee of Spain, and from him she inherited many titles of nobility. Washington Irving, who was then in Spain, knew her mother, Maria Manuela Kirkpatrick, and was a frequent visitor at her house, where he soon made friends with the little Eugénie; and in later years, when she was dazzling Europe with the costliness of her costumes and the splendor of her court, he recalled with interest and amusement the many times he had held upon his knee the future empress of the French, "when she was an alert, dark-eyed little girl, doubtless very happy to be entertained with such stories of her native land as he could tell her."

From Spain she was sent to Toulouse, and afterwards to Bristol, to pursue her education; and when she left school, beautiful and accomplished, easy in manners and fluent in conversation, — which she could carry on with apparently equal ease in Spanish, English, or in French, — possessing more than average information, and displaying a readiness and aptness of *repartee* approaching the brilliancy of wit, with a beauty striking and exceptional, a form slender and perfectly moulded, a complexion brilliantly fair, and black eyes, large and expressive, it is not surprising that she became successively the belle of the season in London, Paris, and Madrid.

While in London she was introduced to Louis Napoleon, then an exile from France, and distinguished chiefly for the disastrous failure of his first attempt to overthrow the

government of Louis Philippe. In 1851 she met him again. He was then called *Napoleon III.*, and she was regarded as one of the leaders of fashion in Paris. His attentions to her gradually became marked and suggestive, and finally he offered to share with her his throne. On the 22d of January, 1853, the approaching nuptials were announced publicly to the Senate. In this communication, Napoleon thus expressed himself: —

"I come, then, gentlemen," he said, "to announce that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mingled with sacrifices. She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honors and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger she will be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavor to revive in the same position the virtues of the Empress Josephine."

On the 29th of January, the civil marriage of Louis Napoleon with Mademoiselle de Montijo took place at the Tuileries, and on the following day the religious ceremonies were celebrated at the cathedral of Nôtre Dame. Never had the arches of that venerable pile looked down upon a more brilliant assemblage. The imperial couple sat on two thrones erected in front of the high altar, and the representatives of the army, of the Senate, of the munici-

pal authorities, and of the diplomatic corps surrounded them. All the pomp and splendor of the Catholic service, all the opulence of France's great capital, all the beauty and brilliancy of the court, all the grim majesty of the military; science, art, and lavish luxury,—all were united and exhausted on the incidents and displays of this momentous occasion.

At last all was over, and to the echoing shouts of "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" Eugénie de Montijo returned with her imperial consort to the palace of the Tuileries.

The career of the great Napoleonic dynasty is without a parallel either in ancient or modern times. Long since, the universal judgment of mankind has decided that its founder, Napoleon I., was in every respect as great a hero, and probably a greater, than Alexander, Cæsar, or Charlemagne, the three most renowned representatives of ambitious daring in the world's history. The variety and extent of Napoleon's abilities, both as a commander, a legislator, and a ruler, place him above all his rivals; while the splendor of his victories, the extent of his conquests, and the grandeur of his elevation, exceeds theirs in an eminent degree.

"But in addition to all these elements of superior greatness, the family of Napoleon I. add an unequal attraction to his career. None of his illustrious rivals could boast of a wife as graceful and bewitching as Josephine, or as high-born and nobly descended as Maria Louisa. None could claim brothers as sagacious as Joseph, as gallant as Murat, as capable as Lucien, as romantic as Jerome. None could point to as many relatives who were sovereign princes and princesses, and who owed their lofty elevations to his own powerful arm. And none had a successor equal in talent and in desperate, successful daring, to Napoleon III."

Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Louis Napoleon, king of Holland, and Hortense, daughter of the Empress Josephine and of her first husband, the Viscomte de Beauharnais, was born at Paris, on the 20th of April, 1808. Along the whole line of the *grande armée*, and throughout the entire extent of the Empire, from Hamburg to Genoa, and from the Danube to the Atlantic, salvos of artillery announced the happy event. This was an honor which fell to the lot of only two members of the imperial family, Louis Napoleon and the king of Rome, for they only were born under the imperial *régime*. It is not our purpose, in this short sketch of the life of the Empress Eugénie, to trace the career of Napoleon III., except in so much only as it bears upon her own.

The Revolution of 1848 was over, and France needed a monarch skilled to rule in a reign of peace. Three very poor specimens of that article had been tried, in the persons of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and Louis Philippe, and had proved miserable failures. They did no great harm, because they did nothing at all.

"Providence wrested the useless sceptre from the last, and bestowed it upon Napoleon III."

Truly "there is nothing so successful as success," and never has it been more clearly illustrated than in the history of Louis Napoleon. All writers who have narrated the events of his life, when in the full plentitude of his power he sat upon his throne at the Tuileries, have extolled him as a demi-god, and praised in most extravagant terms his wonderful abilities; but those who have written since the fall of the Empire denounce him as a cold and selfish conspirator and revolutionist, *roué*, and libertine; and declare "that among the rulers of Christendom in modern times there is not one whose record is so utterly

devoid of any redeeming act, so entirely dictated by selfishness, lust, and sordid greed, as that of Charles Louis Napoleon."

Between these two extremes lies the truth, and among the defeats and disasters of 1870 we must not forget the glories and triumphs of 1855. This much is certain, that from the time of his attainment of the supreme power, Louis Napoleon exhibited *administrative talent* of the first order. France was governed with the regularity and system of a gigantic piece of machinery. More vigor, energy, and harmony had never before pervaded the administration. It was said of Augustus, that he found Rome brick and left it marble. That saying would not be exaggerated if applied to Louis Napoleon and Paris. The gay capital of the Empire was the special object of his care, and Paris seemed to have thrown off the dingy and faded habiliments of past ages, which still clung to her, and to have assumed the freshness, beauty, and energy of youth. Public monuments, palaces, temples, and boulevards were, by his orders, embellished, enlarged, renovated, and repaired. Old Paris disappeared, and new Paris started up in its place. Dark, dirty, ill-paved, and worse-drained streets were replaced by noble boulevards full of palaces. He completed the Louvre, reconstructed the Tuileries, regenerated the Palais Royal, and interminably prolonged the Rue de Rivoli.

"His acts and deeds speak for themselves, and they prove, on undeniable evidence, that France was never better governed than by him. A people as fickle as the wind, as restless as the sea; a people as whimsical as women, as fanciful as children; a people with whom novelty is a mania and faction a disease; a people brave, intelligent, and generous by fits, and treacherous, frivo-

lous, and vindictive by starts, — such a people could have been governed at that crisis only by such a ruler. And single-handed, by the sheer force of his genius, and the moral power which is the body-guard of genius, he governed them wisely and well. In spite of almost invincible opposition, in the face of almost unsurmountable obstacles, he raised them, step by step, to be regarded as the most enlightened nation of Europe; he unsparingly promoted their national welfare, he perceptibly diminished their national evils; in short, for nearly twenty years he was the glory of France and the wonder of the world."

The alliance between France and England having terminated so gloriously for the arms and diplomacy of both countries, the emperor and empress of the French, in 1855, visited Queen Victoria in her own dominions, probably the first instance on record in which a reigning French monarch set foot upon the soil of his hereditary foes. The rejoicings on this occasion were prodigious, and Louis Napoleon, who had once paced the streets of London a penniless wanderer, was received in the same capital with universal greetings, with flying banners, with military salutes, with the congratulations of the sovereign and nobility, and with the joyful acclamations of the millions. Albert and Victoria in a short time returned the compliment, and the scene was transferred from London to Paris. "On that memorable occasion France's gay and brilliant capital, that great centre of the world's civilization and luxury, assumed unwonted hues of splendor, exhibited scenes of unusual festivity and rejoicing, and exhausted her varied and infinite resources to impress, delight, and charm her august visitors."

The felicity of Louis Napoleon was now about to receive a further augmentation, and his sudden and vigor-

ous empire to be strengthened by an additional element of perpetuity and power. On the 16th of March, 1856, a son was born at the palace of the Tuileries. On that occasion, the emperor thus addressed the Senate: "The Senate has participated in my joy on hearing that Heaven has given me a son, and you have hailed as a happy event the birth of a child of France. I intentionally make use of that expression. In fact, the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, who had applied to the new system created by the Revolution all that was great and elevated in the old *régime*, had resumed that ancient denomination of the children of France. The reason is, gentlemen, that when an heir is born who is destined to perpetuate a national system, that child is not only the scion of a family, but also in truth the son of the whole country, and that appellation points out to him his duties. If this were true under the old monarchy, which represented exclusively the privileged class, how much more so is it now, when the sovereign is the elect of the nation, the first citizen of the country, and the representative of the interests of all? I thank you for the kind wishes which you have expressed for this child of France and for the empress."

The birth of the Prince Imperial realized national hopes long deferred. And never was title more perfectly representative of truth and fact, than that of "*Fils de France.*" The son of France, — the son of the nation, — the gift of Providence to the people. It was in this sense that the title was bestowed, and in this sense that it was interpreted by the country. Throughout France the joy manifested was excessive, and the municipal authorities and public bodies of all kinds came forward with affectionate eagerness to manifest their sympathy in the happiness of their sovereign. What prophet could then have fore-

told that Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial, and *Fils de France*, whose birth was now so proudly hailed, whose future seemed so brilliant, and who was heir to the grandest throne in Europe, would, in a few years, be an exile in a foreign land, and that ultimately, at the early age of twenty-three, the javelins of hostile savages would terminate his career amid the wilds of Africa?

It is a bright May afternoon in the year 1857, and every avenue leading to the vast area of the *Champ de Mars* is crowded with endless masses of troops, marching with stately tread and martial music to the grand rendezvous. For his Majesty Napoleon III. is to hold, in honor of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, one of those public reviews by which he exhibits, to such great advantage, the strength and majesty of his army. As far as the eye can reach, along both banks of the Seine, and through the immense perspective of the adjacent boulevards, glittering arms of cavalry and infantry flash brightly in the rays of the refulgent sun. As the hour of two tolls from the lofty towers of the Invalides, seventy thousand men, disposed so as to produce the most sublime and impressive effect, stand motionless in military array, awaiting the approach of that single man who has so heroically grasped and maintained the sceptre of dominion in France.

The noble *façade* of the *École Militaire*, the splendid dome of the *Hotel des Invalides*, the towering mass of the *Arc de Triomphe*, and a hundred other monuments of architectural beauty and historic celebrity, are within the view, combining, with the majesty of military power assembled in their centre, a *coup d'œil* of unrivalled magnificence.

At length the graceful waving of red and white plumes, and the gleam of polished silver helmets on the *Pont de Jena*, the roll of a thousand drums and the music of a thousand trumpets indicate the approach of Louis Napoleon and his illustrious guest.

Surrounded by his magnificent *État Major*, composed of the chief officers of all the regiments, the emperor rides with military precision into the centre of the gorgeous array. The *Champ de Mars*, familiar as it has been with the glories of the First Empire, has never seen the conqueror of Marengo and Austerlitz surrounded with a halo of greater martial grandeur than this which now encompasses this man who has never seen a solitary conflict of arms or commanded a single battalion in the field.

On the right of the emperor, in the costume of a Russian admiral, rides the Grand Duke Constantine, and on his left the Prince Napoleon and the Duke of Nassau, while behind them, in a sumptuous carriage, arrayed in the most gorgeous and elegant of *toilettes*, the very picture of loveliness and beauty, comes the Empress Eugénie.

Three times the splendid *cortége* passes through the field; after which the emperor, the empress, and the grand duke take up their positions under the central pavilion of the *École Militaire*, and the *defile* begins. During three hours seventy thousand men, composed of seventy-four battalions of foot, sixty squadrons of cavalry, and a hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, all arrayed in new uniforms, with untarnished arms and accoutrements, march by to the inspiring notes of martial melody, and beneath a bright and propitious sky. "Many of the regiments bear immortal names upon their banners, which must forcibly remind the Grand Duke

Constantine of those far-famed and bloody struggles in which the colossal power of the First Empire strove with desperate energy and effort to crush forever the throne of the Muscovite kings. Nevertheless, the grand duke looks on complacently, and utters nothing but polite phrases of praise and commendation."

With such pageantries Louis Napoleon regaled and impressed the splendor-loving Parisians. All the *pacific* splendors of the First Empire were restored, and he neglected no means of impressing upon his subjects and upon the world the greatness of his power and the security with which he sat upon his throne.

In the early part of the month of January, 1858, as the carriage of the emperor and empress was approaching the Italian Opera House, three bombs were aimed at their persons, and exploded beneath the wheels. Many persons were wounded, and some of those forming the imperial escort were killed; but Napoleon and Eugénie escaped unharmed.

The chief conspirators were Italian refugees, some of whom suffered the well-merited penalty of death for their sanguinary but unsuccessful purpose.

In an address, soon after, to the legislature, the emperor mentioned the event. "I thank Heaven," he said, "for the visible protection which it has granted to the empress and myself; and I deeply deplore that a plan for destroying one life should have ended in the loss of so many. Yet this thwarted scheme can teach us some useful lessons. The recourse to such desperate means is but a proof of the feebleness and impotence of the conspirators.

"And again, there never was an assassination which served the interests of the men who armed the murderer.

Neither the party who struck Cæsar, nor that which slew Henry IV., profited by their overthrow. God sometimes permits the death of the just, but he never allows the triumph of the evil agent. Thus these attempts neither disturb my security in the present nor my trust in the future. If I live, the Empire lives with me; if I fall, the Empire will be strengthened by my death, for the indignation of the people and of the army will be a new support for the throne of my son. Let us, then, face the future with confidence, and calmly devote ourselves to the welfare and to the honor of our country. *Dieu protege la France!*"

Alas! that Louis Napoleon, the prudent and sagacious administrator of 1858, and the wise and powerful monarch of 1867, should have become the short-sighted and inefficient general of 1870.

And when, upon the ensanguined field of Sedan, the star of the Second Empire fell to rise no more, and the bloody demons of the Commune were carrying destruction and death through the streets of beautiful Paris, Europe and America — in short, the civilized world — re-echoed the sentiment, exclaiming in the fulness of their anxious minds, "*Dieu protege la France!*"

The year 1867 was a memorable one in the annals of the Second Empire, for in it was held the Exposition Universelle, in which the arts, the sciences, and industries of the whole world were displayed with unequalled magnificence.

France on that occasion fraternized with all nations, and her resplendent capital was the admiration of eyes of the universe. Here was the culmination of the happy reign of Louis Napoleon and Eugénie. "The Empire was peace," and nations of every clime beheld the marvellous

progress of France under the administration of her sagacious rulers. Unclouded happiness pervaded the land, and untarnished glory shed a lustre over the Empire.

The first of July, 1867, a lovely day. The sun shone brightly in a clear sky, and beautiful Paris never looked so fair. The Exposition was at its height, and the gay capital was crowded with distinguished visitors. On this day Napoleon III. was to distribute prizes to the successful competitors.

In the most gorgeous of state carriages, blazing with red and gold, drawn by eight horses splendidly caparisoned, and preceded and followed by Cent Gardes, squadrons of Lancers, and officers and servants of the imperial household, the emperor and empress left the Tuileries, and at precisely two o'clock arrived at the *Palais de l'Industrie,* in the *Champs Élysées.* The interior of the edifice had been magnificently decorated for the occasion. The semicircular glass roof was lined with a thin white drapery dotted over with golden stars and bordered with a band of pale green.

The galleries were hung with elegantly arranged crimson velvet draperies trimmed with gold lace; while on the fronts of the columns that supported the roof were displayed the armorial bearings of the different nations that had taken part in the Exhibition. All around the floor of the vast hall were ranged, tier upon tier, rows of crimson-colored benches, enough to seat twenty thousand people. In the centre of one side of the hall, and interrupting the terraces of encircling benches, was the imperial throne, gorgeous in crimson and gold, and whose velvet and golden, bee-spotted canopy, surmounted by a massive crown, towered to the very roof. In great folds of velvet of the richest hue, — darker than crim-

son, and lighter than purple, — and relieved with embroidery of gold, the curtains sloped gracefully to the crimson and black moquette carpet of the *dais*, filling the eye with a splendid blaze of color.

Here the Emperor Napoleon sat enthroned in the midst of his guests and of his court. On his right was the Sultan of Turkey, in a blue and gold uniform, and wearing upon his breast the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and a diamond star. On his left sat the Empress Eugénie dressed in white, spotted with gold, with a mauve satin train. On her head she wore a green wreath surmounted by diamonds; diamonds in her ears, a diamond necklace which fell in long pendants upon her breast, and a diamond stomacher. This glittering attire, in contrast with the dark draperies of the throne, was very effective.

Next to the sultan sat the Prince of Wales. Then came the Prince of Orange, the Prince of Saxony, and the Prince Imperial; and next to him, the Grand Duchess Marie, the Duke of Aosta, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess Mathilde, by the side of whom, in a crimson and gold brocaded petticoat and a black tunic bordered with gold lace, sat the brother of the Japanese Tycoon. On the left of the empress were the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Princess of Saxony, Prince Humbert of Italy, Prince Napoleon, and Abdul Hamed, son of the sultan.

In the second row were the members of the Murat and Bonaparte families, and behind all were the marshals of France, the ministers of state, the officers of the imperial household, and the Turkish beys and pachas in attendance upon the sultan.

Between twenty and thirty thousand people were present at the ceremony, the ladies attired in splendid toilets

of the lightest and brightest tints, while the gentlemen were either in evening dress, in some picturesque national costume, or in uniform. Nothing could be more striking than the immense variety of the latter.

"There were Turks in fezes and turbans, surtouts literally covered with gold lace, and in long robes of gorgeous colors; Hungarian magnates in blue velvet tunics bejewelled all over, crimson pantaloons fringed with gold, and felt hats with diamond aigrettes and clusters of feathers; Japanese dignitaries in cloth of gold, with light blue petticoats, scarlet breeches, white stockings, patent leather shoes, and spiked hats fringed with gold or silver lace; Tunisians in green and gold, with diamond ornaments in front of their crimson fezes; Austrian uhlans in their well-known and picturesque uniforms; Persians wearing the tall national head-dress; and Siamese in their flat hats, short brocaded tunics, and baggy satin breeches.

"There were, moreover, the members of the Council of State, senators, deputies, and prefects in their elaborately embroidered costumes; with the lord mayors of London and Dublin, aldermen, sheriffs, councilmen, masters of arts, and doctors of divinity. Beyond these were endless varieties of French, Russian, German, Italian, Dutch, and British military and naval uniforms.

"Stars, crosses, and ribbons of every order under the sun, met the eye in all directions."

The proceedings were opened with Gluck's overture to "Iphigenie en Aulide."

At its conclusion M. Rouher, vice-president of the Exposition, addressed the emperor at considerable length.

The emperor thus replied: —

"Gentlemen, after an interval of twelve years I have come for the second time to distribute rewards to those

who have most distinguished themselves in those works which enrich nations, embellish life, and soften manners. The poets of antiquity sang the praises of those great games in which the various nations of Greece assembled to contend for the prize of the race. What would they say to-day were they to be present at these Olympic games of the world, in which all nations, contesting by intellect, seem to launch themselves simultaneously in the infinite career of progress towards an ideal incessantly approached, without ever being able to be attained? From all parts of the earth the representatives of science, of art, and of industry have hastened to vie with each other, and we may say that peoples and kings have both come to do honor to the efforts of labor, and to crown them by their presence with the idea of conciliation and peace. The Exhibition of 1867 may be justly termed 'universal,' for it unites the elements of all the riches of the globe.

"Side by side with the latest improvements of modern art appear the products of the remotest ages, so that they represent, at one and the same time, the genius of all nations and all ages.

"It is universal, for in addition to the marvels luxury brings forth for the few, it displays also that which is demanded by the necessities of the many.

"The interests of the laboring classes have never aroused more lively solicitude. Their moral and material wants, their education, the conditions of life at a cheap rate, the most productive combinations of association, have been the object of patient inquiries and serious study. Thus all improvements go forward. If science, by turning matter to account, liberates labor, the cultivation of the mind, by subduing vices, prejudices, and vulgar passions, also liberates humanity.

"Let us congratulate ourselves, gentlemen, upon having received among us the majority of the sovereigns and princes of Europe, and so many distinguished visitors. Let us be proud of having shown to them France as she is, — great, prosperous, and free. One must be destitute of all patriotic faith to doubt her greatness; must close one's eyes to evidence to deny her prosperity; must misunderstand her institutions, tolerant sometimes even of license, not to behold in them liberty. I thank the imperial commission, the members of the jury and the different committees, for the intelligent zeal they have displayed in the accomplishment of their tasks. I thank them also in the name of the Prince Imperial, whom, notwithstanding his tender age, I have been happy to associate in this great undertaking of which he will retain the remembrance. I hope the Exhibition of 1867 will mark a new era of harmony and progress. Assured that Providence blesses the efforts of all who, like ourselves, desire good, I believe in the definitive triumph of the great principles of morality and justice, which, while satisfying all legitimate desires, are alone able to consolidate thrones, to elevate nations, and to ennoble humanity."

The names of the exhibitors to whom the chief prizes — gold or silver medals — had been awarded were then read. They had been marshalled in procession, two and two, under the distinctive banners of the various groups into which the Exhibition was divided. The whole number was about nine hundred. One by one, as each name was called, the exhibitors ascended the steps of the throne, and received from the hands of the emperor the ribbon belonging to the decoration of the Legion of Honor. At the close of the distribution, the imperial party, leaving their seats on the throne, and headed by the Corps Diplo-

matique, passed entirely round the hall, amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, while the orchestra of twelve hundred pieces played the chorus of Handel's oratorio of "Judas Maccabeus," — "See! the Conquering Hero comes."

In the matter of dress, if in no other, the name of the Empress Eugénie will be historical. It was within her province to decide what fashions should prevail in France, in Europe, in America, and in some parts of Asia; and the marvellous *modes* she introduced among the ladies of all countries have immortalized her. Her own costumes were of the most elaborate construction, and were changed with the greatest frequency. She displayed three or four dresses in the course of each day, and even the most expensive were never worn more than twice. Many writers derived their income from describing in the journals of the day these successive "creations" of the Paris milliner and dressmaker.

She accumulated a collection of fans, furs, laces, and jewels that probably surpassed any other in existence.

During the period that elapsed between her marriage and her flight she received twenty thousand dollars pin-money every month, which sum she never failed to spend to the last cent.

Never in modern times have the fashions been more elaborate and extravagant than while this "queen of fashion" occupied the palaces of France.

Eugénie was fitted by nature to play the part of Lady Bountiful and dwell in the House Beautiful. The city of Paris voted her a large sum for the purchase of jewels; she accepted the money, but requested permission to devote it to founding an institution for the education of young girls of the working classes. She further bestowed

in charity twenty thousand dollars of a present of fifty thousand given her at the same time by the emperor; and her reign was marked by many other striking gifts to charitable and scientific objects.

The empress was partial to colored servitors. At one time she had a Nubian page, and on his death took a young Abyssinian into her service, whose daily duty it was to stand immediately behind her chair at dinner, in front of the line of tall, fresh-colored, clean-shaven, powdered lacqueys, in green, scarlet, and gold liveries, who encircled the imperial dining-table.

The empress gave also a great number of splendid and costly entertainments at the Tuileries, Campiègne, Fontainebleau, and elsewhere. State balls were numerous, especially during the latter years of the Empire. These took place usually at the Tuileries. The invitations, having been drawn up by the high chamberlain from a carefully prepared list of some ten thousand persons, were distributed by mounted servants in the imperial livery of green and gold.

The guests arrived at the vast marble vestibule, and, ascending the grand staircase, were received on the landing by a splendidly attired official, who took from them their cards of invitation. The ball took place in the *Salle des Marcheaux*, the largest and most splendidly decorated *salon* in the palace, and at its conclusion supper was served in the *Galerie de Diane*. All the old forms of etiquette in vogue at the court of Louis XIV. were revived; and had the *Grand Monarque* been present at a ball in the Tuileries Palace, he would no doubt have felt as much at home, as far as all forms and ceremonies were concerned, as in his own *Galerie des Glaces*, at Versailles.

Twice during the absence of the emperor, once in 1865,

TUILERIES PALACE.

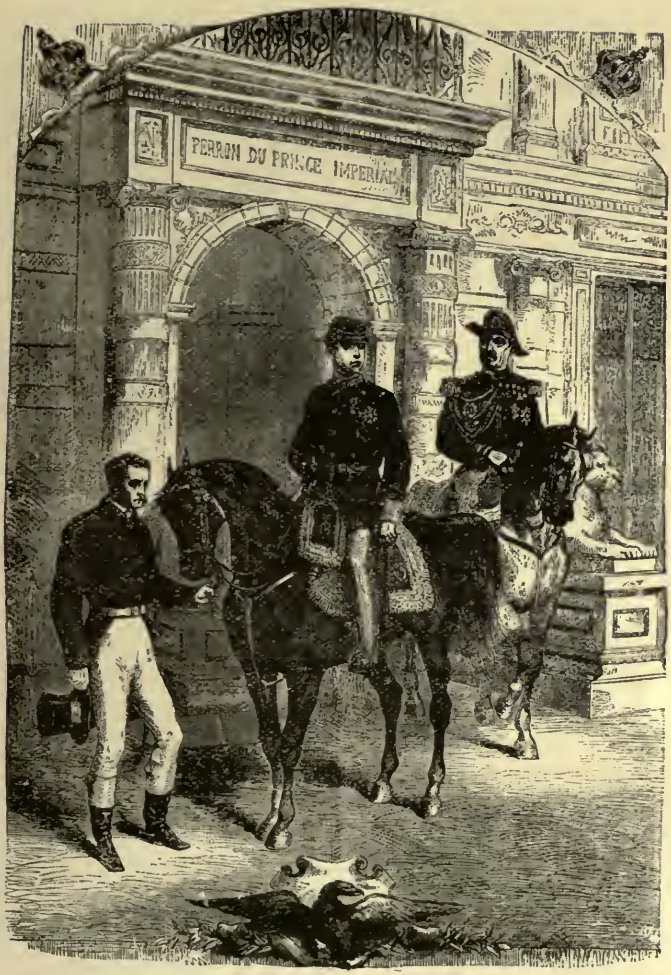
when he was in Algeria, and again in 1870, during the Franco-Prussian War, Eugénie was left the nominal head of the state, with the title of Empress-Regent. At the opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, she was present in the yacht *l'Aigle*, and took a chief part in the celebration. The *Aigle* formed one of the "inauguration fleet" of forty-five vessels, and took the lead in making the passage to the Red Sea, where, with the empress on board, it arrived on the 22d of November, returning the next day to the Mediterranean.

"It was mid-afternoon on such a May day as is seen only under Parisian skies. But the invitation of the sky could not alone account for the multitudes thronging the leafy park, the blooming *parterres* of the gardens, and the broad ways of the *Champs Élysées*. The court was about to set out for St. Cloud, and the pleasure-loving Parisians were to be treated to a spectacle.

"Gorgeous lines of soldiery formed in statuesque ranks along the pebbly walks and hot asphalt ways facing the palace. Save for the waving plumes, the glistening wall rested immobile and silent as the granite sphinxes whose solemn eyes blinked sleepily under the ardent sunshine. There was just the perception of a movement in the shining cuirasses as the swelling notes of a cavalry bugle echoed and re-echoed in sonorous blasts through the crowded aisles of the park and died away far over the turrets of the palace. The Imperial Guards, flaming in scarlet and glittering casques, formed in serried ranks from the Rivoli gates and the *Place du Carrousel* to the borders of the Seine. Outriders in the magenta and gold of the line dashed in excited movement along the gravelled roadways, adjusting the obstacles, for the imperial advent. Squadrons of the guards formed on each side of the wide

way through which the procession was to pass to the *Champs Elysées*. On a signal from the trumpets, they divided, facing their horses inward, and waited immovable as the Egyptian figures at the golden gate. A thin column of smoke curled upward from the Arch of the Carrousel, a loud, cracking detonation of artillery announced that majesty was about to leave the palace, another that majesty was in the vestibule, and the long line of fire made by the red-breeched troopers moved, as with one impulse, into an attitude of respectful attention." From the central porch of the Tuileries, as the guards came to a salute, a short, stout figure, clad in a gentleman's walking-dress, appeared, and slowly descended the velvet-carpeted steps. To the salutations of the soldiers and the populace he slightly raised his hat. The crowd in the rear broke into shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" Halting, as the lackeys held the door of the landau open, the emperor half turned.

A lady, tall, slight, and graceful, appeared in the group at the door-way. She was speaking with animation to the chamberlain, with her face to the multitude. Her black eyes were full of life and vivacity, and her hair, coiled in great masses over her shapely head, shone like burnished copper as the sunbeams fall upon it. "She tripped lightly down the broad steps, a sunshade in her right hand serving as a walking-cane, while with her left she upheld with charming daintiness a robe of silver-gray color. As the outlines of her figure became distinct upon the crimson carpet, a tumultuous cry of '*Vive l'Impératrice!*' resounded far back in the shrubberies of the garden. The lady bowed with gracious recognition, and, giving her hand to the emperor, stepped into the landau. At the same moment a graceful youth of fourteen,



PRINCE IMPERIAL OF FRANCE.

mounted on a jet-black pony, shot out from the entrance of the Carrousel, and riding close to the carriage, reined in suddenly, and raising his hat, brought it down to the saddle as he bent to the occupants. '*Vive le Prince Impérial!*' shouted the crowd; and the emperor, empress, and prince bowed gravely in response.

"The trumpets broke into another long blast, the postilions touched their horses; majesty was *en route*, the prince riding beside the imperial carriage, the troopers falling into groups of four.

"Who of all that crowd, filling the palace gardens and thronging the banks of the Seine, would have then told *Cæsar* that he should never again pass those fateful portals in state?

"The Parisians afterwards recalled the event as the Romans had the journey of the great Julius from the tearful pleadings of Calpurnia to the base of Pompey's statue. But there was nothing of the Ides of March in the emperor's reception on the present occasion. The acclamations of the multitude were spontaneous and hearty, and all hats flew off when the benignant smiles of Eugénie supplemented the gracious inclinations of Napoleon."

On the 15th of July, 1870, Louis Napoleon declared war with Prussia. The numerous vicissitudes of his eventful life may have suggested to him the possibility that the war, if long protracted, might prove unfavorable to his hopes; but no seer could have predicted to him that, in seven weeks from that day, he would be defeated, dethroned, and a prisoner in the hands of the one man among all the crowned heads of Europe whom he most hated, and that all the hopes which he had cherished of the perpetuation of a Bonaparte dynasty in France would be at an end.

We cannot, in this short sketch, attempt to portray the progress of this war, which, in its rapid movement, its terrible destructiveness, and its stupendous results, is without a parallel in history. Suffice it that, with the defeat of the French army at Sedan, the star fell. An empire which had progressed through nearly twenty years, ran out in a moment like a reel of thread. Napoleon was sent as state prisoner to Wilhelmshöhe, the Germans entered France, marched to Paris, and William, king of Prussia, slept in the palace of the *Grand Monarque*.

And now occurred one of those strange anomalies which the history of France so often presents.

It is the 18th of January, 1871. The grand gallery of Versailles is filled with an eager, anxious throng. But it is not such a throng as has been wont to gather here. Where are the cavaliers, with their red-heeled boots and slashed doublets, and the *grandes dames*, with their lofty plumes and flashing jewels?

The top-boot, the clanking spur, the sword, and sabretache, these are the accoutrements of this band of stern, martial men who now stand beneath Le Brun's gorgeous frescoes. At one end of the gallery a throne is erected, and its presence reminds us of that silver throne erected here in 1685, at whose foot the Doge of Genoa bowed in homage, and upon whose summit, the personification of pompons pride and royal prerogative, stood King Louis XIV. But no king or emperor of France stands upon the throne of the Versailles gallery on this 18th day of January, 1871. A king is there, it is true, but he is William, king of Prussia, who is this day to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany. It seems like fate, like an avenging Nemesis, that in this palace of Versailles, whose marble portals

bear the inscription, "To all the glories of France," — in this *Grande Galerie des Glaces*, the scene of so many glories, and triumphs of the houses of Bourbon and of Bonaparte, — the crown of United Germany should be placed, with mighty shout and loud acclaim, upon the head of that stern old warrior, William I. of Hohenzollern.

The last four weeks of her abode in France the Empress Eugénie spent at the Tuileries. Those were days of confusion and distress. The series of defeats which culminated at Sedan had already begun, and a proclamation had appeared declaring Paris in a state of siege. Still the empress was hopeful. "She thought with a lady's romantic ideas about military possibilities," says a narrator, "that everything could be retrieved by a *grand coup*."

But then came the news of the emperor's surrender at Sedan. Eugénie was up all night; council after council was held, as new reports and scraps of information arrived. Finally it was decided that she should ride on horseback through the streets of Paris, and herself proclaim to the unpopular legislature its dissolution. This resolution, however, was never carried into effect, for lack of a riding-dress! A plain, black habit, with the cross of the Legion of Honor pinned upon her breast, was what she had decided to wear. Was it a fatality that out of the three hundred and sixty dresses then hanging in their wardrobes at the Tuileries, the needed one was missing? A few days before there had been a general stampede of servants, who had gone off, carrying great quantities of imperial property, and the dark riding-dress, which the empress now sought, had probably been among the spoils of her domestics. There was only one habit to be found,

and that was neither black nor plain. It was a dress of gorgeous green, embroidered with gold, and designed to be worn with a three-cornered Louis XV. hat, the costume of the imperial hunt at Fontainebleau. This was pronounced, with evident justice, to be too theatrical, and the enterprise was consequently abandoned.

"What grotesque mischances mar great destinies and shift potent purposes!" The lack of a spur by the messenger whom Louis XVI. had sent to call M. de Machault to the post of prime minister, delayed his departure, and thus — by giving Madame Adelaide time to write, in favor of her friend the Count de Maurepas, to that feeblest of monarchs who, not being able to withstand the strongly worded appeal of his strong-minded aunt, recalled his messenger as he was mounting his horse, — caused an entire change in the policy of the ministry of the kingdom.

And now "the lack of a petticoat — on the testimony of Thiers himself, who spoke of it afterward — brought about the expulsion of a dynasty; for had the woman, pathetic in her misfortune, ridden out among the multitude, like Elizabeth to Tilbury fort, the chivalrous sentiment of Paris would have acclaimed her, and the history of a people would have been written in less lurid colors."

Upon the fourth of September, the mob so long feared made its appearance. The infuriated insurgents to the number of one hundred and fifty thousand crowded the Tuileries gardens, the *Place de la Concorde*, and the *Champs Élysées*, shouting, "Down with the Empire! down with Bonaparte! death to the man of December!"

At two o'clock in the afternoon, Signor Nigra, the Italian ambassador, entered the empress' apartment, to tell her that the time for flight had come. "You have not an instant to lose," he said. "The revolutionists are entering the palace by the *Place du Carrousel*."

And now for the first time Eugénie's courage wavered; but she mastered her emotion, and giving her hand to the ambassador, with a melancholy flash of her old imperial grandeur, said calmly, "I will take leave of our friends."

"The door of the white drawing-room was thrown open, and the empress appeared for a moment on the threshold — an inexpressibly touching figure, in her simple black dress and white collar. She made a courtesy and waved her hand, trying hard to smile, while many — not all of them women — were sobbing aloud. Then, with gentle persuasion, Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian ambassador, drew her back, and the door was closed again."

Through the magnificent galleries of the Louvre, hung with the masterpieces of Rubens, Van Dyke, Leonardo, Poussin, Claude, and the imperishable dynasties of art, fled the Empress Eugénie and her few faithful followers.

The square of St. Germain L'Auxerrois was empty. A cab stood by the curb. The veiled empress and Madame Carette, her lady-in-waiting, escorted by Signor Nigra, Prince Metternich, and M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, approached it.

Sinking back upon the cushions, Eugénie for an instant raised her veil to catch a last glimpse of the Louvre. As her eye rested on that fatal colonnade, where Catherine de' Medici and the king had stood on the night of St. Bartholomew, a little ragamuffin, seated on the stone foundation of the golden railing, started up, shouting, "There is the empress!"

A group of artisans, lounging at the corner, vaguely caught the cry and came forward. But M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, with admirable presence of mind, caught the

urchin, whirled him round and sent him sprawling in the roadway, saying furiously: —

"Ah, you are crying '*Vive l'Empereur*,' are you? That will teach you to hurrah for the Bonapartes, when the Republic is proclaimed."

The group on the sidewalk approved this laudable sentiment. M. de Lesseps sprang inside, with the empress. The cab was whirled away; and thus ended for Eugénie de Montijo the empty dream of greatness, by which she had been so long beguiled.

Leaving Paris, she embarked on board the yacht *Gazelle*, and was conveyed to England, where Victoria and the royal family received her with great kindness, and placed at her disposal the beautiful country residence of Camden Place, Chiselhurst. Here she was joined by the Prince Imperial, and later by Louis Napoleon.

"Camden Place, Chiselhurst, 1871. A gentleman sixty-three years of age, a lady, and a youth of fifteen are resting in the pleasure grounds of an English rural mansion. This does not seem much. But this gentleman is he who, a twelvemonth since, was emperor of the French nation, and the most powerful monarch in Europe. He is a student and a writer — as well as an actor — of history, which must have taught him the value of an imperial title. Can he think it worth the pursuit or possession, having once sat upon a throne which was perhaps not so agreeable as his present seat on the Chiselhurst garden-chair? If he desires, for himself or for his son, to leave Camden Place, or a similar abode, and go back to the Tuileries Palace, we can only say it is a matter of taste."

But Louis Napoleon was not destined to behold again the Tuileries Palace. On the 9th of January, 1873, he

died, consoled by the presence of the empress, but not of the Prince Imperial, who, summoned from Woolwich, arrived too late to see him alive.

All the hopes and affections of the widowed empress then centred in her son, and his recent fate cannot but be remembered. He joined the expedition to Zululand, and on the first of June, 1879, perished by the javelins of the savages while scouting with a few companions. On the 10th of July, the body arrived in England, and on the 12th the final ceremony took place at Chiselhurst. It was a soldier's funeral, but there was no glare and glitter of martial splendor.

Mind rather than matter was pre-eminent in giving voice to the public sorrow. At the head of the military pageant, whose every feature was pervaded with a genuine pathos, marched the cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, with arms reversed; then, to the solemn strains of the "Dead March," the Royal Artillery Band; then the cross before the gun; and then the gun, drawn by six dark-brown horses by whose sides rode mounted artillerymen. The coffin above the gun was wrapped in the English and French flags. The sword of the prince, his belt, and sabre-tache were placed upon it; while on a cushion were the great cross and ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

By the side of the coffin walked the pall-bearers, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway, and M. Rouher on the left. The Duke of Edinburgh, the Prince of Wales, Prince Leopold, and the Duke of Bassano on the right. Behind the coffin came the prince's favorite horse, "Stag," caparisoned in the white and silver starred trappings of the imperial stable, and led by M. Gamble, the faithful

retainer who had attended the baptism of the prince, and who now followed his coffin. Next came the chief mourners, Prince Napoleon and his sons, Prince Victor and Prince Louis; Prince Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Joachim Murat, Prince Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, and Prince Louis Murat.

After these came the great officers of the imperial crown, and many personages of princely rank not related by kindred.

So mournful a ceremony was not regarded in the light of a spectacle, and even the elements accorded with the nature of the scene. There was no sun to flash from the polished helmets of the Lancers, or linger on the gold of the splendidly mounted Horse-Artillery.

"It was an unusual and impressive sight to see that strangely and variously composed line of soldiers on horseback, and priests and mourners on foot, moving slowly along the serpentine road across the great, uneven plain of the common, with thousands of spectators stationary on either hand."

To those who thought of the widowed, childless empress in her lonely house, and knew that the chief mourners were princes, and that the queen was watching the procession from her black tribune, unless she had left it to console the sorrowing mother, the sight was much more than impressive.

"The tragic elements which prevailed at the death of the prince, the inexpressible desolation of the imperial mother, the lessons of mutability in human affairs which the case enforced upon the mind, the remembrance of the virtues of the departed young man, and the tale of broken hopes, baffled aspirations, and defeated purposes, which the circumstances so clearly exhibited, preoccupied the

thoughts and feelings of the mourners, and shut off for the time being all interest in the mere external traits of the scene. The realities to which it pointed stood out so clearly from the outward semblances in which they were pictured, that the latter were forgotten, and the overpowering force of the former were exclusively recognized.

"Seldom in recent times has any public ceremonial so closely touched the hearts of those who took part in it."

And now in the little Roman Catholic church at Chiselhurst, by the side of the emperor his father, lies all that was mortal of Napoleon Eugène Louis Jean Joseph, Prince Imperial.

Requiescat in pace.

Under the elms at Chiselhurst, at the close of a mild spring afternoon, we may see a lady walking. Her figure, once so straight and graceful, is slightly bowed with age, and her fast-whitening hair is covered by a widow's cap. And as she turns toward us her sad face, still retaining the traces of its former loveliness, we recognize her whom we have seen seated, amid the pomp and pageantry of a court, upon the throne at the Tuileries Palace, and flying with her scanty escort through the galleries of the Louvre, — Eugénie de Montijo, Comtesse de Téba, the once brilliant empress of the French.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

A.D. 1819.

"Broad based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

TENNYSON, *To the Queen.*

FIFTY years a queen! and still seated upon her ancestral throne. This is the remarkable record of England's present sovereign. This fact alone would make the reign of Queen Victoria illustrious. But more than this, she has reigned during one half of this marvellous nineteenth century — a period phenomenal among the centuries of history.

Although the Victorian Era has not produced a Shakespeare, a Homer, a Dante, or a Milton, it will be remembered as an epoch of astounding progress, not only in England and Europe, but throughout the civilized world.

The unprecedented onrush of the mighty waves of enlightened civilization, bearing to all lands the blessings of Christian liberty; the flashing and dazzling lights of wonderful inventions and results of scientific researches, which have belted the world with gleaming bands of iron, chained the lightning at man's bidding, caught and imprisoned the waves of sound, unlocked the secrets of the earth, and almost annihilated space and time,— these are some of the marvellous achievements of the nineteenth century which make the history of the past one hundred years read like the story of the most amazing transformations ever invented by the imagina-

tion in Oriental fairy tales or attributed to the weird magicians of the Arabian Nights.

Telegraphs, railroads, telephones, electric lights, phonographs, photography, the discovery of petroleum, the improved use of steam, the invention of Bessemer steel, and the practical use of gaslight for the illumination of cities, are all numbered among the inventions and discoveries of the nineteenth century.

But more wonderful still, perhaps, is the rise of the mighty Republic of the United States, which, though beginning in the eighteenth century as an independent power, has, in the short space of a little more than one hundred years, taken the foremost place in the rank of nations, and stands to-day *the miracle of the nineteenth century.*

To have reigned for fifty years, the sovereign of one of the greatest powers of the world, during such a time of human progress and religious liberty, will make the Victorian Age shine forth in the pages of history as one of the most resplendent epochs in the annals of the world.

Alexandrina Victoria, called by her German relations "the little Mayflower," was born on the 24th of May, 1819. She was the granddaughter of George III. of England; her father being Edward, Duke of Kent, fourth son of that monarch.

Her mother was Victoria, the sister of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. The baby Princess Victoria was left fatherless at the age of eight months, and an establishment was formed for the future queen at Kensington Palace, under the superintendence of her mother, the Duchess of Kent. The education of Victoria was carefully watched, although she was not allowed to know that she was heir to the throne,

until she was twelve years old. At this time it was thought best to make known to the little princess her future prospects; and her tutor, Dr. Davys, gave her a lesson in tracing out the genealogy of English royalty. At length the young princess exclaimed, with some astonishment, "Mamma, I cannot see who is to come after Uncle William, unless it is myself."

Upon being told that this was the fact, she said in an unusually thoughtful manner for one so young:—

"It is a very solemn thing. Many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is splendor, but there is responsibility;" then, with an expressive gesture, she earnestly continued, "*I will be good.*" And the verdict of fifty years of sovereignty has been, "Good mother, queen, and wife."

At five o'clock, on the morning of the 21st of June, 1837, the Princess Victoria, then a young girl of eighteen, was awakened from her slumbers and saluted as queen. Hastily throwing over her night-robes a loose wrapper, and with slippers on her bare feet, and hair in unregarded disorder, she was ushered into an apartment where stood the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, who had just arrived at Kensington, and demanded to see the "Queen" immediately. State business will not wait for ladies' toilets, and the *déshabillé* of the young princess was rather impressive than unbecoming, as the grave elderly men bent the knee before her and addressed her as "Your Majesty." The king was dead, and Victoria was queen. Even as the royal salutation fell upon her youthful ears, the fair young girl seemed in a moment to don a new garment of dignity and self-possession. She had been always retiring, and obedient to others, to a marked degree, but as the words "Your Majesty" were

WINDSOR CASTLE FROM THE RIVER.

addressed to her for the first time, she instantly put out her hand to receive the customary kiss of allegiance, and even attired as she was, looked a very sovereign. From that moment Victoria assumed all the dignity and prerogatives of a queen. She had been the most docile of daughters; but as queen, the Duchess of Kent, her mother, received only her filial affection, and was allowed no privilege of dictating the affairs of state, or even advising her royal daughter regarding her actions or duties as sovereign.

The young queen took as her residence Buckingham Palace, making Windsor Castle her country home. Mr. Charles Greville says of her at this time: "The queen's manner and bearing are perfect. It is the remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, — good nature, with propriety and dignity, which make her so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. I have been repeatedly told that they are all warmly attached to her, but albeit all feel the impossibility of for a moment losing sight of the respect which they owe her. She never ceases to be a queen, and is always the most charming, cheerful and obliging, unaffected queen in the world."

On the 28th of June, 1838, occurred the coronation of Queen Victoria. The famous musical composer, Felix Mendelssohn, who was then in London, thus writes concerning the imposing pageant: "At a quarter-past twelve the procession began to arrive at Westminster Abbey, and by an hour later the whole had been absorbed in the cathedral. Nothing more brilliant could be seen than all the beautiful horses, with their rich harness, the carriages and grooms covered with gold embroideries, and the splendidly dressed people inside. All this, too, was encircled by the venerable gray buildings, and the crowds

of common people under the dull sky, which was only now and then pierced by sunbeams; at first, indeed, it rained. But when the golden, fairy-like carriage, supported by Tritons with their tridents and surmounted by the great crown of England, drove up, and the graceful girl was seen bowing right and left — when at that instant the mass of people was completely hidden by their waving handkerchiefs and raised hats, while one roar of cheering almost drowned the pealing of the bells, the blare of the trumpets, and thundering of the guns, one had to pinch one's self to make sure it was not all a dream out of the Arabian Nights. Then fell a sudden silence, the silence of a church, after the queen had entered the cathedral. I mixed among the crowd, walked up to the door of the abbey, and peered into the solemn obscurity; but my involuntary emotion was dispelled by a sense of the ludicrous as I looked closely at their dressed-up, modern *cinquecenti halberdiers* (the beef-eaters), whose cheeks suggest beef, and whose noses tell tales of whiskey and claret."

Victoria wore a royal robe of crimson velvet, furred with ermine and bordered with gold. A small circlet of gold banded her head, and the collar of the Order of the Garter adorned her neck. Three swords were borne before her, emblems of justice, defence, and mercy. Her train was carried by eight young maidens of high rank, dressed in cloth of silver, with roses in their hair. After the queen entered the cathedral and advanced to the foot of the throne, she knelt there for a moment in devotion. As she rose, the Archbishop of Canterbury turned her round to each of the four corners of the abbey, saying to the assembled people: "Sirs, I here present unto you the undoubted queen of this realm. Will ye all swear to do her homage?" Each time he asked the question the air rang with shouts of "Long live Queen Victoria!"

The anointing followed, whereupon the archbishop gave her his benediction. The primate then placed her on the throne, or rather in St. Edward's chair, used by the sovereigns in this ceremony since Edward the Confessor. The young queen then received the ring, betrothing her to her people, and the orb of empire — a small globe surmounted by a cross — was placed in her hand, and the sceptre of rule was given to her. The crown of England was then laid upon her head by the archbishop, and at the same moment peers and peeresses donned their coronets; bishops, their mitres; heralds, their caps; the trumpets sounded, the drums beat, the cannon boomed, and the Tower guns answered, and the shouts of the people broke forth in loud and joyous acclamations. The archbishop then presented the Bible to her Majesty, and bent in homage. He was followed by bishops and lords, according to their rank, who each in turn, lifting their coronets, touched the crown on the queen's head, and repeated the oath of allegiance.

The Communion Service followed; and the queen, in homage to the *King* of kings, removed her crown while she received the sacrament. Then, resuming her royal diadem, with the sceptre in one hand, and the orb of empire in the other, the crowned queen of England left the abbey, followed by her imposing retinue.

Mr. Charles Greville gives us this little bit of human nature enacted between these pompous scenes of solemn ceremony: —

"Lord John Thynne, who officiated for the Dean of Westminster, told me that nobody knew what was to be done, except the archbishop and himself (who had rehearsed), Lord Willoughby (who is experienced in these matters), and the Duke of Wellington; and conse-

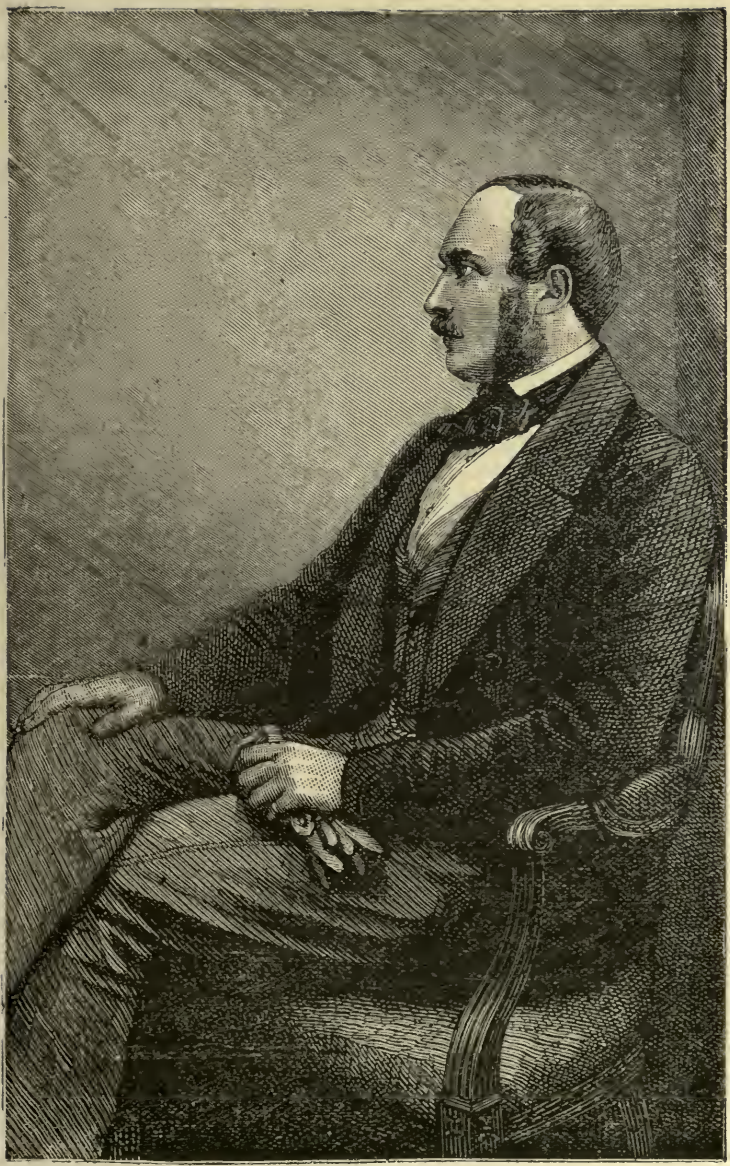
quently there was a continual difficulty and embarrassment, and the queen never knew what she was to do next. They made her leave her chair and enter into St. Edward's chapel before the prayers were concluded, much to the discomfiture of the archbishop. She said to John Thynne, 'Pray tell me what I am to do, for they don't know.' And at the end, when the orb was put in her hand, she said, 'What am I to do with it?' 'Your Majesty is to carry it, if you please, in your hand.' 'Am I?' she said; 'it is very heavy.' The ruby ring was made for her little finger instead of the fourth, on which the Rubric prescribes that it should be put. When the archbishop was to put it on, she extended the former, but he said it must be put on the latter. She said it was too small, and she could not get it on. He said it was right to put it there, and as he insisted, she yielded, but had first to take off her other rings, and then this was forced on; but it hurt her very much, and as soon as the ceremony was over she was obliged to bathe her finger in iced water in order to get it off."

Most royal marriages have little to do with love and sentiment, but that of Queen Victoria was a delightful exception.

It is a pretty scene, and one full of fascinating charm, which presents the young queen making her offer of marriage to the handsome young Prince Albert, son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalgeld.

As she was a sovereign, the prince could not with propriety make the offer to her, and so the blushing girl, now the *woman* rather than the *queen*, in the presence of the youth who had already gained her love, forgot the sovereign, as she timidly took this momentous step.

Their married life was beautiful and happy, and within



ALBERT, PRINCE CONSORT.

the sacred circle of such a love-life none have right to enter, even though royal lives are considered public property. No shadow seems to have come between their perfect confidence; and the sweetest tribute to the character of Queen Victoria fell from the lips of her dying husband, when twenty years after, she bent over his deathbed, and he lifted his trembling hand and stroked her cheek, murmuring, "*Liebes Fraüchen*" (dear little wife), "*Gutes Weibchen*" (good little wife), and resting his aching head upon her shoulder, saying, "It is very comfortable so, dear child," and having kissed her, fell asleep in her arms, to waken no more on this side the river of death.

We can only enumerate the most important political events of Queen Victoria's reign, without detailed description. The Victorian Era will only rightly take its place in the annals of history when the entire epoch shall have become the past. While the present is weaving the history for the future upon the loom of time, it is impossible clearly to discern the intricacies of the pattern, or rightly to estimate the importance of the various-colored threads which are being employed to work out the finished design. Only when the epoch has become past history, can we truly measure its importance in the annals of the world.

Although during the past fifty years there has been no change in the sovereign of England, there have been vast and momentous changes in the parties which control the government of that nation. Prominent men in the ministry have arisen and declined, and the position of the *English people* to-day, as regards their influence in political affairs, is much changed from the comparatively insignificant part they played in past epochs. No longer does a

despotic Elizabeth hold the lives of her people subject to the caprices of her individual will; and more and more clearly is the voice of that people, not only *heard*, but *heeded*, even in the House of Lords.

At the time of Victoria's coronation, a Whig ministry was in power, led by Viscount Melbourne.

Queen Victoria was much attached to her first premier, Lord Melbourne. But soon changes took place in the ministry. The Conservatives, led by Sir Robert Peel, came into power. Sir Robert Peel, remembering the pernicious influence of *women-intriguers* in the time of Queen Anne, insisted that the ladies of Victoria's household should be changed with the change of the ministry. But Victoria was a very different woman and sovereign from the weak-minded Anne. With indignation, she wrote:—

"They wanted to deprive me of my ladies, and I suppose they would deprive me next of my dressers and my housemaids; but I will show them that I am queen of England." And show them she did, and the Conservatives were obliged to yield and retire, and Lord Melbourne was recalled to office.

But in 1841, the Whigs were again succeeded by the Conservatives; and Sir Robert Peel became prime minister. He was succeeded in 1846 by Lord John Russell, who was placed in power by the combined efforts of the Protectionists and Whigs.

The Revolution in France, which resulted in the overthrow of Louis Philippe and the ascension to the French throne of Prince Louis Napoleon, as Napoleon III., occasioned outbursts of the people in various parts of Europe. There were wild threats of an insurrection in London, but the scare passed over, and the preservation of order was secured without bloodshed.

The renowned Duke of Wellington was the chief military authority in England, and the leader in the House of Lords up to the time of his death, in 1852, in his eighty-fourth year. The queen greatly mourned his loss. She had given him the distinguished honor of standing godfather to one of her own children, Prince Arthur, and when she heard the news of his death she wrote: —

"What a loss! One cannot think of this country without the duke, our immortal hero. In him centred almost every earthly honor a subject could possess. Above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the sovereign."

In this same year the Conservatives again came into power, with the Earl of Derby as premier. We cannot give the various changes in the English ministry during Victoria's reign. Suffice it to say, the Derby ministry retired in 1858, and were succeeded by the Palmerston ministry. Again, Lord Palmerston was obliged by circumstances to resign, and Lord Derby again came into office. But he was soon deposed, and Lord Palmerston returned to office as prime minister. On the death of Viscount Palmerston in 1865, Lord John Russell again became premier, but was soon defeated by the Conservatives, who came into power with the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Benjamin Disraeli. Lord Derby afterwards resigned, and Disraeli became prime minister, and subsequently received the title of Lord Beaconsfield. In 1880 Lord Beaconsfield's party was defeated, and a Liberal ministry came in with Mr. Gladstone. Later changes it is not necessary to note here.

The English wars during the last fifty years have been wars in Afghanistan, the quelling of various revolts in India, England's alliance with France in the Crimean

War, the Abyssinian War in 1867, and the recent war with Egypt, which resulted in the loss of several Englishmen of note, especially the renowned and brave Chinese Gordon, whose imprisonment and inhuman murder by the savage followers of Mahdi, at Khartoun, called forth loud denunciations against the military measures of the English government.

The Franco-German War in 1870, resulting in the downfall of Napoleon III., although not entered into by England, was watched with intense anxiety by Queen Victoria. Two of her daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Alice, were obliged to see their husbands depart for the seat of war, and the beloved Princess Alice devoted herself with untiring energy to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. For the second time Queen Victoria welcomed the fallen French monarchs to her realm. She had received the family of Louis Philippe with kindness; and the Empress Eugénie, together with the dethroned emperor and the young Prince Imperial, were equally the recipients of her pity and sympathy. Strange vicissitudes of fortune! During the Crimean War, the emperor and empress of the French had visited Queen Victoria, their royal ally.

"How strange," says the queen's journal, "that I, the granddaughter of George III., should dance with Emperor Napoleon, nephew of England's greatest enemy, now my most intimate and nearest ally, only six years ago, living in this country an exile, poor and unthought of!"

This visit was afterwards returned by Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, when they were received by Napoleon III. with great magnificence in Paris, and attended there the *Grande Exposition;* as the French were the first

to follow the example of the English in the great World's Exhibition, which had been originally conceived of by Prince Albert, when he devised the famous Crystal Palace.

This great International Exhibition, inaugurated and carried out by Prince Albert, this first Crystal Palace of the world, of which the Paris Exposition, and others of the kind, have been copies, some on a larger scale, but none of equal beauty, is best described in Queen Victoria's own words: —

"The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation I can never forget, and I felt much moved. We went for a moment to a little side-room, where we left our shawls, and where we found mamma and Mary, and outside which were standing the other princes. In a few seconds we proceeded, Albert leading me, having Vicky at his hand and Bertie holding mine. The sight, as we came to the middle, where the steps and chair (which I did *not* sit on) were placed, with the beautiful crystal fountain just in front of it, was magical — so vast, so glorious, so touching. One felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion, more so than by any service I have ever heard, — the tremendous cheers; the joy expressed in every face; the immensity of the building; the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains; the organ (with two hundred instruments, and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing); and my beloved husband, the author of this Peace Festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth. All this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live forever.

God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all! The only event it in the slightest degree reminded me of was the Coronation, but this day's festival was a thousand times superior. In fact, it is unique, and can bear no comparison, from its peculiar beauty and combination of such striking and different objects. I mean the slight resemblance only as to its solemnity; the enthusiasm and cheering, too, were much more touching, for in a church naturally all is silent. . . . That we felt happy, thankful, I need not say; proud of all that had passed, of my darling husband's success, and of the behavior of my good people."

Thus did the queen gracefully acknowledge her indebtedness to the devoted husband, who, refusing all titles but that of Prince Consort, spent his life in ministering to her greatness, and consecrated his superior talents of mind in unostentatiously smoothing the difficulties in her royal path. Prince Albert would, without doubt, have made one of the best and most beneficent rulers that England ever had, if he had been the sovereign; it was to his wise head and clear judgment that Victoria was indebted for many of the popular measures of her government during his life; and his loss was indeed irreparable. And her constant devotion to his memory is a more noble tribute to him than the magnificent memorial erected by her in his honor, even though the inscription reads: —

To The Beloved Memory
OF
ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD PRINCE CONSORT.
Raised by his Broken-Hearted Widow
VICTORIA R.

Charlotte M. Yonge, in her recent "Jubilee Book," "The Victorian Half-Century," gives the following incident: —

"We have a charming picture of domestic life in the letters of the great musical composer Mendelssohn, who was in England in the summer of 1842. 'Prince Albert had asked me to go to him on Saturday, at two o'clock, that I might try his organ before I left England. I found him alone, and as we were talking away, the queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. She said she was obliged to leave for Claremont in an hour, and then suddenly interrupting herself, exclaimed, "But, goodness! what a confusion!" For the wind had littered the whole room, and even the pedals of the organ (which, by the way, made a very pretty feature of the room), with leaves of music from a large portfolio that lay open. As she spoke she knelt down and began picking up the music; Prince Albert helped, and I, too, was not idle. Then Prince Albert proceeded to explain the stops to me, and she said that she would meanwhile put things straight. I begged that the prince would first play me something, that I might boast about it in Germany, and he played a chorale, by heart, with the pedals, so charmingly and clearly and correctly that it would have done credit to any professional; and the queen, having finished her work, came and sat by him and listened, and looked pleased. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul," "How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse they had both joined in the chorus, and all the time Prince Albert managed the stops so cleverly for me, . . . and all by heart, that I was really quite enchanted. Then the young Prince of Gotha came in, and there was more chatting,

and the queen asked if I had written any new songs, and said she was very fond of singing my published ones. "You should sing one to him," said Prince Albert, and after a little begging, she said she would try the "*Frühlingslied*" in B flat, "if it is still here," she added, "for all my music is packed for Claremont." Prince Albert went to look for it, but came back, saying it was already packed. "But one might, perhaps, unpack it," said I. "We must send for Lady ——," she said (I did not catch the name). So the bell was rung, and the servants were sent after it; but without success, and at last the queen went herself, and whilst she was gone, Prince Albert said to me, "She begs you will accept this present as a remembrance," and gave me a case with a beautiful ring, on which is engraved "V. R., 1842." Then the queen came back, and said, "Lady —— is gone, and has taken all my things with her. It is really most annoying."'

"However, Mendelssohn begged that he might not be the sufferer, and after some consultation, Prince Albert said, 'She will sing you something of Gluck's.' Then they proceeded to the queen's sitting-room, where there stood by the piano a mighty rocking-horse and two great bird-cages. The walls were decorated with pictures; beautifully bound books lay on the tables, and music on the piano. Mendelssohn found among the music a set of songs of his own, and, first sending away the parrot, 'for he will scream louder than I can sing,' the queen sang '*Schöner und Schöner schmückt sie*' quite charmingly, in strict time and tune, but with one slight error. Mendelssohn confessed that the song was not his, but his sister Fanny's, and she then, with some doubt, undertook to try to sing his '*Pilger Spruch, Lass dich nur*,' which she did quite faultlessly, and with charming feeling and expression.

"Mendelssohn says: 'I thought to myself, one must not pay too many compliments on such an occasion, so I merely thanked her a great many times; on which she said, "Oh! if only I had not been so frightened; generally I have such a long breath." Then I praised her heartily and with the best conscience in the world, for just that part, with the long C at the close, she had done so well, and taking the three notes next to it all in the same breath, as one seldom hears it done, and therefore it amused me doubly that she herself should have begun about it.' Afterwards the prince sang '*Es ist ein Schnitter*,' and Mendelssohn improvised till it was time for her Majesty to start for Claremont."

Madame de Bunsen, the English wife of the Prussian ambassador, thus described Queen Victoria: —

"She is the only piece of female royalty I ever saw who was also a creature such as God Almighty has created. Her smile is a real smile, her grace is natural; although it has received a high polish from cultivation, there is nothing artificial about her."

Her present appearance is thus given: "Queen Victoria possesses a short, stout figure; a face with the long upper lip, and cold, blue eyes of the Georges; straight bandeaus of gray hair; a rather flushed complexion; a most graceful walk; and a sort of sweet, venerable, natural dignity and power about her."

On the first of January, 1876, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

The first wedding among her children was the marriage of her eldest daughter, the Princess Victoria, to Frederick William, now the Crown Prince of Germany. The queen herself thus writes in her diary: "Went to look at the rooms prepared for Vicky's honeymoon. Very pretty!

It quite agitated me to look at them." And again, regarding the ceremony, she writes: "My last fear of being overcome vanished on seeing Vicky's quiet, calm, and composed manner. It was beautiful to see her kneeling with Fritz, their hands joined, and the train borne by the eight young ladies, who looked like a cloud of maidens hovering round her."

So royal mothers are akin to other mothers when they witness the wedding ceremonies of their children. The Princess Alice was the next to marry; but as her marriage occurred soon after her father's death, the wedding was very quiet. This lovely princess was the favorite of the family. She seemed to inherit a large portion of her lamented father's tastes and traits; and as the wife of Prince Louis of Hesse, won all hearts. Her sad death, from malignant diphtheria, which dread disease had just snatched away a darling little daughter, is remembered by all. Since her death, the queen has lost another child, her youngest son, Leopold, Duke of Albany.

The heir to the throne, the Prince of Wales, married the beautiful and charming Princess Alexandra of Denmark. Many have seen her fascinating face, and English people love to greet her and receive her gracious smiles. Of the sweet Princess of Wales, all speak in lavish terms of praise. The other children of Queen Victoria are: the Princess Helena, married to Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein; Princess Louise, now Marquise of Lorne; Princess Beatrice, lately married to Prince Henry of Battenberg; Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, married to the daughter of the Czar Alexander II. of Russia, she being sister to the present czar; and Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, who married the Princess Marguerite of Prussia, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, called the Red Prince.

Thus, surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, Queen Victoria has entered upon her Jubilee Year.

The 21st of June, 1887, will be the fiftieth anniversary of her ascension to the throne of England. As Empress of India and Queen of Great Britain, though having reigned half a century already, she may rule many years yet, as she is but sixty-eight years of age.

Many have been the various scenes presented in these sketches, from the history of Queen Semiramis, to that of Queen Victoria. What a stretch of time! What a broad sweep of historical horizon! What kaleidoscopic views of weird and fascinating epochs! What marvellous designs have the ages woven into the web of history, upon the loom of time! As Semiramis recedes into the dim past, fading, perchance, altogether into the mists of mythology, it is very fitting that our last glimpse of the Famous Queens of History should be of this illustrious sovereign, still seated upon the royal throne of one of the most renowned nations of the world, holding sway over dominions so vast that it is said, "Upon England's domains the sun never sets."

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